AD BLOOD — TRUE STORY OF HARRY TRACY

OLD WEST

47304
Summer, 1983
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TRUE WEST
OLD WEST

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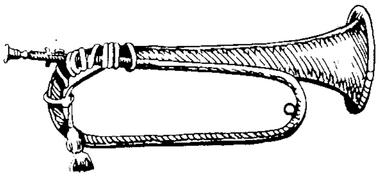

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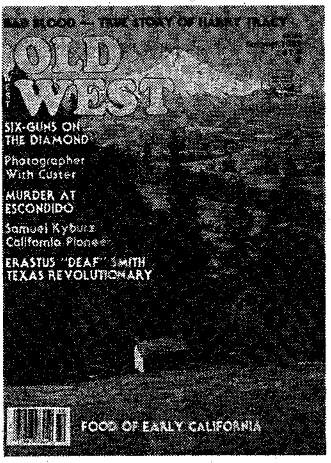
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MURDER AT ESCONDIDO
Samuel Kyburz California Pioneer
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FOOD OF EARLY CALIFORNIA

OUR COVER

Although the residents of Oregon may not consider it such, this is "Harry Tracy country." Tracy passed west of Mount Hood, in background, as he traveled up the West Coast in 1902. The green pastures of Hood River Valley are in the foreground of this photo taken by William D. McKinney of Hood River, Oregon.

Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope of sufficient size for return, with all submissions. Mail to 700 E. State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

Editor's Notebook

Harry Tracy is not one of your glamorous outlaws. He's not a Sundance Kid or a Jesse James. Not much good has ever been said about Tracy. But some of what was said was untrue.

Tracy has been of great interest to me since 1972 when I was living in Spokane, Washington. I learned Tracy died just 50 miles west of town in 1902. And I discovered people still living who remembered the Tracy affair.

People still felt chills when they recalled Tracy's declaration at remote and defenseless farm houses: "I am Tracy." It seemed no lawman could catch Tracy; no jail could hold him. He was a menace beyond the law.

Tracy escaped from the Oregon penitentiary at Salem in June 1902, and for nearly two months he terrorized the Pacific Northwest. He killed three prison guards during the breakout; killed three more lawmen in his flight up the West Coast; killed his partner who broke out of prison with him and then, wounded by a posse, he killed himself.

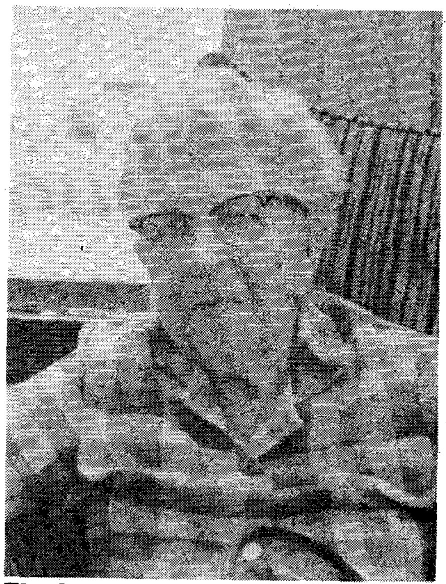
Despite this gory reputation, Tracy was not the "mad dog" killer it would seem. He wasn't even much of an outlaw. He came from a respected Wisconsin family and, but for a difficulty in his family, might have lived a normal life.

It was while researching Tracy in 1977 that I first met Tracy's childhood playmate, Emma Smith of Cloquet, Minnesota. Emma, in her mid-90s, died recently but from 1977 to 1981, she told me all she remembered of Tracy and knew of his family. She was related to Tracy by marriage. Her recollections are part of the Tracy story in this issue.

Much, too much, has been written about Tracy, from dime novels to articles appearing almost annually in Northwest newspapers and magazines. They simply repeat the same old story: Tracy's escape. No one bothered to discover who Tracy really was.

For the first time, in this issue, we give you the complete, authentic story of one of the most notorious badmen in western history.

But if you like something different, we lead off with Bill O'Neal's sometimes humorous account of "Six-Guns on the Diamond," a story of athletics in the West.



The late Emma Smith. As a girl in Wisconsin, she was Harry Tracy's playmate. She fondly recalled Tracy's growing-up years. In her heart lingered an affection for the notorious outlaw.

O'Neal, a college history teacher in Texas and former coach, combines the two disciplines with thorough, painstaking research to give us an account of athletics at a time in our history when we usually think more of Indian raids and shootouts on main street.

In 1874, Gen. George A. Custer led an expedition into the Black Hills of South Dakota. Gold was discovered leading to the anticipated gold rush. But Custer had invaded sacred Sioux territory. He paid for his intrusion with his life two years later. The journey was recorded by a St. Paul, Minnesota, photographer. See Dana C. Jennings' story in this issue.

Names like Marshall, Sutter and Fremont are forever linked with the American settlement of California. But many who pioneered that great effort are forgotten. One such man is Samuel Kyburz. Donovan Lewis sets the record straight on this issue.

Dr. C. Dana Carter was one of those typical, and heroic, frontier doctors who risked life and limb to save patients in remote areas. But it seems that Carter had more than his share of hardships in north central Wyoming, as you'll discover in Vera Saban's story.

Ebba Kingstrom tells the story of one of Texas' revolutionary heros, Erastus "Deaf" Smith. A spy and scout, he gave one year of monumental service to Texas independence.

Some readers like the old-timey cowboy stories, so in this issue Bill Cellers offers a story called "Cowboy Mutiny." You'll find out that a roundup boss meant business.

James Steven Peters tells a sad story about the hanging of an 18-year-old youth named Damian Romero. It was Sheriff Mason T. Bowman's first execution and he hoped everything would go smoothly. But, of course, it didn't.

Another shocking story is Lynda Sanchez' account of a stoning at Escondido, New Mexico. The school teacher who recalled that brutal slaying said she never returned to Escondido.

Geraldine Duncann remembers the savory repast of California's past in her story, "Foods of Early California." She includes some marvelous recipes which reveal the Spanish and Indian influence on those early foods.

There's a pack of other good stories in this issue along with artwork, book reviews, photos and a cartoon. The cartoon, by the way, is by Gary Larson of Tacoma, Washington. His cartoons appear regularly in OLD WEST.

Right about here I should mention that our sister magazine, TRUE WEST — the older sister — is celebrating her 30th birthday this summer. The old gal is having a birthday party too, and you're invited. It will be Saturday, Aug. 6, at 7 p.m. in the Hitching Post Inn in Cheyenne, Wyoming. There'll be a hosted bar for a couple of hours, food, and a cowboy band for dancing.

In addition to these party events, we plan to give readers a chance to meet some of our regular writers like Bill O'Neal, Barbara Blackburn, Chuck Parsons and others. Joe Austell Small, founder and publisher of TRUE WEST, and his wife, Elizabeth, will be there along with Chet Krause and the Iola crew. Everyone who reads OLD WEST and TRUE WEST is invited. We can't send you a personal invitation, so consider this an invitation to come join the fun and meet the crew. We want to meet you.

Oh, and while you're at it, take a look at the beautiful brass belt buckle with the 30th anniversary logo on it being advertised in TRUE WEST May issue. We've got a special deal where you can get one FREE if you subscribe to TW or extend your subscription for three years for $26.50. If you just want one of these *limited edition*, numbered collector's items, send 10 bucks.

— Jim Dullenty

Letter Rip

Source for Stories

I have been reading and enjoying your magazines for almost 30 years, primarily due to the authenticity and obvious research of each article. Research, investigation and reading between the lines of OLD WEST has long been my hobby, i.e. lawmen, outlaws, gunfighters (and gunmen).

Of course these terms are often interchangeable as in cases such as Tom Horn, John Selman, Wyatt Earp, and Henry Brown, to name a few, which at various times were all of the above, and unlike Wes Hardin, Clay Allison (the shootist), Billy the Kid and Luke Short who apparently never pretended at any time to be connected with the "law."

I hope some day to visit all the historic spots that have provided the material for this interesting period of our frontier, and have in fact already been able to visit some of them including El Paso, Texas, and Tombstone, Arizona.

I have read a great deal about the Tombstone "street fight" (as Wyatt Earp always referred to it) and it seems to me that in spite of all the stories written of the fight, many incidents before and after the event near the O.K. Corral would themselves provide interesting short stories, not to mention the individuals themselves. Consider:

1. How many Old West buffs are aware the older brother of Frank and Tom McLaury, a Fort Worth attorney, was part of the prosecution team against the Earps and Doc Holliday? And in fact, he succeeded in having them remanded to custody (for only one day, however) and tried for several days to "send them over the Bay." (He failed.)
2. All the Earps (five) lived on Fremont Street where the fight took place, within two blocks. It's entirely possible that the wives or other two brothers witnessed the fight. This brings up the question, how come the other two Earps (James and Warren) were not in the fight?
3. As to the youngest Earp (Warren), who was a teenager in October, 1881, there could be a story about him alone. He was reportedly killed in a card game in Prescott, Arizona, in 1900, nineteen years after the Tombstone fight. He was also a member of the group that killed Frank Stillwell at the Tucson depot, and rode to Colorado with Wyatt and Holliday. James is reported to have been a "saloon keeper" and nothing more is said of him. It is known that Wyatt and Virgil both had wives in Tombstone; probably James was married, but in all likelihood, Warren and Morgan were single.
4. Pete Spence, one of the suspects in the killing of Morgan Earp in 1882, was a next-door-neighbor of the Earps — small matter, but interesting. — **Ben Lawson, 63 Longview Dr., Vacaville, CA 95688.**

Smokey and Boog

The story "Top Hand" by Bill Kirley in the fall issue of OLD WEST, 1982, contained a picture of the Diamond A Cattle Company roundup wagon and crew.

The last man in the picture was called Smokey, the nighthawk, and was also one of two night riders who the company employed at one time. After he left there, he worked on a ranch up the creek from my folks' place. Later he went about 65 miles northwest to Meadow, South Dakota, an inland town where he ran a bar. The last time I saw him was after World War II.

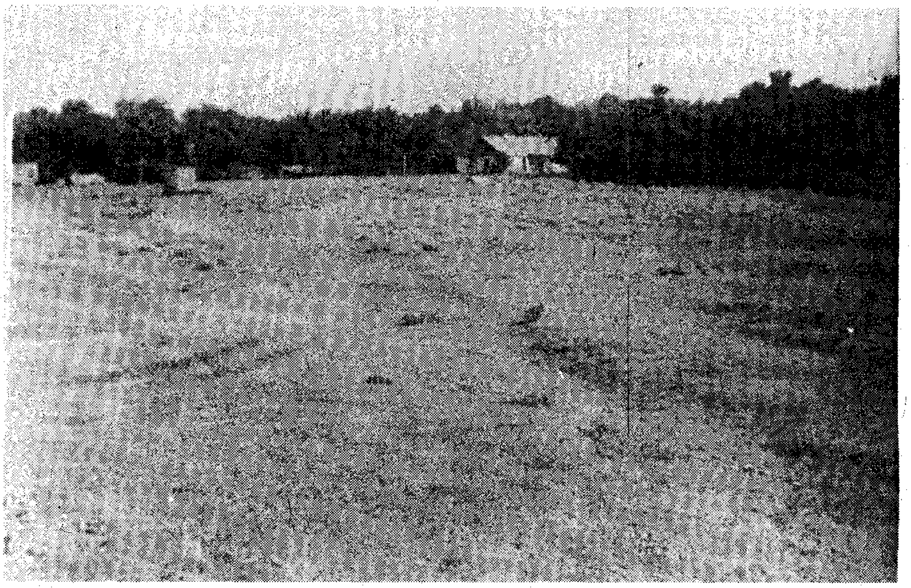
Another one in the picture, Ernest (Boog) Eidson, was foreman a number of years. First he was manager for the Sword and Dagger outfit, they were bought out in 1907, and he became foreman and held that position until 1929.

He then bought a ranch on the Cheyenne River. He was hired by the CBC horsefit to look after a portion of their operation; they ranged some 25,000 horses on the reservation. He passed away in Sturgis, South Dakota, in 1970, at the age of 93. — **Leonard Linn, RR Box 16, Dupree, SD 57623.**

Former Hobo Reader Likes Hobo Writer

I, along with many other people, enjoy Hood River Blackie articles.

I was a run-away hobo at age 16, in 1931. — **Willard E. Crawford, 1604 Sweem Street, Oroville, CA 95965.**



The old Linn ranch house on Bear Creek, two miles east of Dupree, South Dakota. Photo taken in the early 1930s.

Interesting Issue

The winter, 1982 OLD WEST is most interesting to me, but I will try to keep my comments to one page.

Page 9: Thanks for repeating the bit about Lloyd Mitchell's spurs.

Page 10: Good for you — puncturing the Bloody Bill Anderson myth.

Page 11: The lady who wrote about Marvin J. Hunter did not know much about him. He was a hard worker; I visited his print shop and museum several times when I was college age.

Page 12: I first became "acquainted" with Bill O'Neal in the May, 1980 FRONTIER TIMES. His account of the Horell-Higgins feud was superb. I had an article in the same issue, but it was overshadowed by his. J. Tom Higgins, grandson of "Pinck" Higgins, is my lawyer when I have legal business in adjoining Lampasas County.

Page 18: When I see anything about Chief Joseph, it reminds me of the most grammatical sentence in American history: "I shall fight no more forever!"

Page 30: Sacajawea died in 1812, according to the way I have taught it. When I showed a certain Lewis and Clark film to my high school history classes, I would get some surprises from the test that followed, but none of them ever forgot the name of the dog Cannon.

Page 43: The book review about Sitka was great. I was there in the army in 1943. The old Greek Orthodox church was a history buff's delight. It burned in 1966.

Page 56: Masons claim they built Solomon's Temple. I wish they could explain why they tore down historical walls before building their lodge at Fort McKavett — it certainly was not for want of space!

Page 72: It's none of my business, but the Journeyman Legitimate ads don't sound legitimate. — **Morris Bell, 120 N. 29th St., Gatesville, TX 76528.**

No Old Book

I have just picked up the latest copy of OLD WEST and would like to compliment you on several changes, additions, etc. and offer what I hope might be constructive criticism on some points.

I noted two things which I would like to mention. First, for the first time ever there was no old book published in OLD WEST. I hope this is not a permanent change. I myself can think of at least a dozen titles worthy of your magazine.

Second, and perhaps more relevantly, I noted that some of the stories appear short. Have you changed the word policy?

Congratulations on a fine magazine. There are a lot of people depending on you. — **David Johnson, 6918 Hoover Rd., Indianapolis, IN 46260.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by OLD WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to OLD WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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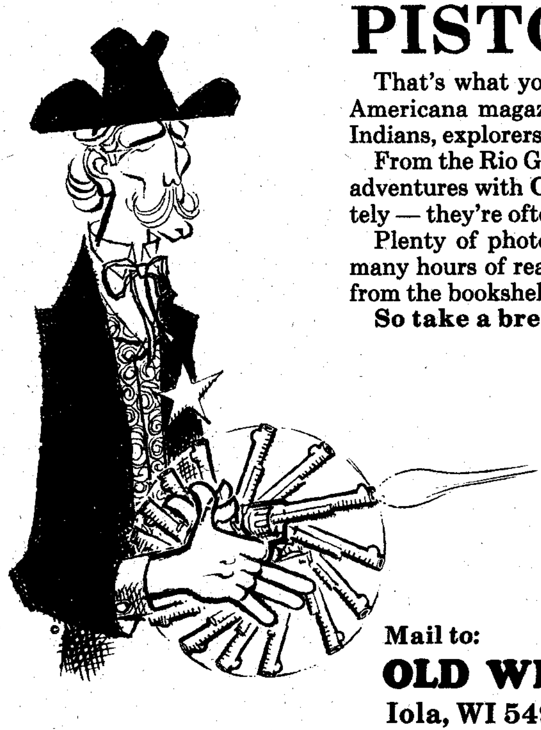

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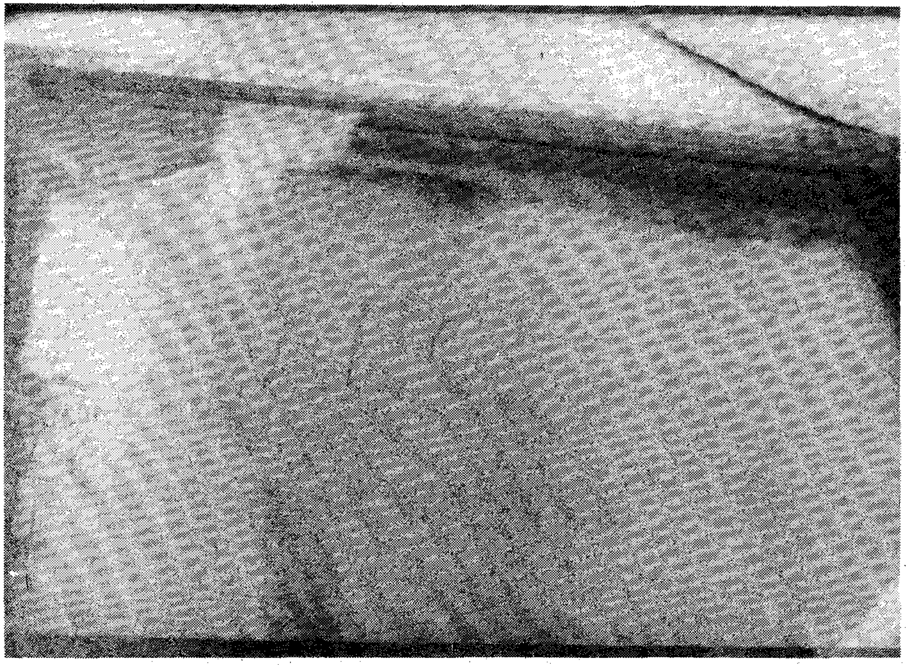


Captain William Clark's inscription on Pompey's Pillar.

On July 25, 1806, Captain William Clark inscribed his name at Pompey's Pillar, 28 miles east of Billings, Montana (U.S. 10 and 312 and Interstate 94). Today this historic point is the only remaining physical evidence of the entire Lewis and Clark Expedition and is well worth seeing.

This — Montana's first landmark — was autographed by a man whose maps were used by Western explorers. The northeast side of the pillar is the only accessible side.

Lewis and Clark's expedition covered eleven states. In Clark's journal there is a description of how they signed the pillar. There is also a pine box display case with sketches depicting methods of Indian burials along with items found at the burial grounds. This area near the pillar was often used as a burial place.

As you continue the Yellowstone River tour, more history unfolds. There is a settler's cabin which contains authentic pioneer furnishings; a farm and sheep wagon are also in the vicinity.

This national historic landmark is open June 1 to September 1, from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. The map at the Visitor's Center lists the points of interest.

Cowboy Legacy Preserved. An educational and entertaining museum, the Prorodeo Hall of Champions and the Museum of the American Cowboy was founded to preserve the legacy of the cowboy contests, their heritage and the champions.

The Hall, located in Colorado Springs, Colorado, contains more than 50 exhibits. Founders Hall recognizes individuals, firms and foundations which contributed to building and research for the Hall of Champions. Saddles, chaps, ropes, boots, clothing and western artifacts are displayed in the Heritage Hall. The Hall of Champions is the main hall in which five to seven cowboys in each rodeo event are honored.

Besides the halls, there is an Outdoor Garden Exhibit which houses four live rodeo animals in paddock and stalls, and many works of art grace the hallways and waiting areas.

The museum is open Memorial Day to Labor Day, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. All other times hours are 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday, and noon to 4:30 p.m. on Sunday. The museum is closed on Mondays. Admission is $2.50 for adults, $1 for children 5 through 12, and children under 5 get in free.

Stars Attend Film Festival. John Russell, John Agar, Susan Oliver and Beverly Garland.

Those are just four celebrities who will be attending the Memphis Film Festival in Memphis, Tennessee, August 3 through 6, 1983.

A galaxy of guest stars, a massive film program, musical entertainment by the stars and an awards banquet will highlight the event which will be held at the Holiday Inn Rivermont. Several of the performers who entertained at last year's awards banquet and show are expected to return this year.

Country music entertainment will include Merle Travis and Leon McAuliffe, former steel guitar player for Bob Wills.

Registration is $40 for 4 days for each individual; $50 for a couple. For more information write Memphis Film Festival, 100 N. Main Bldg., Suite 3008, Memphis, TN 38103.

Cheyenne Rendezvous. The Hitching Post Inn in Cheyenne, Wyoming will be the site of the 1983 rendezvous of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History. The event will begin on Wednesday, August 3, and conclude on Saturday, August 6.

In addition to the usual speakers on outlaw and lawman history topics, NOLA plans to sponsor a commercial rendezvous. Firms with western art, jewelry, guns and knives, western books, magazines, and any other goods of interest to westerners are invited to set up a display booth or use a table. Firms and groups with items to sell will be charged $100 per table; non-commercial groups will be charged $35 per table.

Included in the NOLA schedule is a banquet Friday night and a tour of the Western Research Center at the University of Wyoming in Laramie. NOLA has a room in the center.

On Saturday evening, TRUE WEST will host a 30th anniversary celebration party. OLD WEST readers are invited to attend. Details will be announced.

For information, write NOLA, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, WY 82071.

Oldest Museum in Texas. The history, tradition, and the lore of a thousand centuries pass in review as the visitor passes through the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum in Canyon, Texas, the oldest and largest museum in the state.

Life of the earliest sedentary Indians down through the nomadic tribes is revealed in the anthropological record of the region. The weapons, utensils, clothing, and crafts depicting the life of the Comanche and the Kiowa are known traditionally for their completeness.

Artifacts of the cattle industry from the open-range days include saddles, spurs, lariats, branding irons, bridles, quirts, and chaps.

Pioneer Village, with its full-size, indoor restoration of streets, stores, and shops of a typical small Western town, and rooms representative of the pioneer home, recreates the life of the pioneer.

Guns of the Old West and today tell their own graphic story in a display of nearly 1,000 weapons of the world.

The museum collection of representational art from the region and of the world includes 1,300 paintings, valued in excess of three million dollars.

It is open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays and from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays.

Treasure Chest of Nostalgia. Yellowstone County Museum in Billings, Montana, is a rare treasure chest of old-time articles donated by loyal and enthusiastic people across the country.

The museum's front door opens to a typical living room of the 1890s, a social center for many years after the cabin was built in 1893 by Paul McCormick, Sr. The lower area of the Museum has an authentic roundup wagon used by the 7-7 Ranch on Crow Indian Reservation from 1893 to 1946.

Indian artifacts, dioramas, Calamity Jane memorabilia, and many other Western articles and scenes are available for visitor sight-seeing.

Owned by Yellowstone County, the museum is operated by two curators and governed by three trustees. It was founded in 1953 and officially dedicated in 1956.

Visitors are welcome and admission is free. It is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10:30 a.m. to noon and 1 to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m.

World's Oldest Rodeo. Round up family and friends for the world's oldest continuous rodeo — the 99th Annual PCRA Rodeo.

Located at the Payson rodeo grounds in Payson, Arizona, this event will be held August 26 through 28, 1983. The 99th Annual Rodeo Parade on August 27 at 9:30 a.m., Highway 87 to Highway 260, will accent the rodeo festivities.

Friday the 26th the rodeo will be open at 7:30 p.m.; Saturday, at 1 p.m. and again at 8; and Sunday at 1 p.m. The admission fee is $5 for adults, $4 for senior citizens and $3 for children.

Library of Congress "Cowboy" Exhibit. A major exhibition on the American cowboy opened in March at the Library of Congress in Washinton, D.C.

"Cowboys" is a project of the Library's American Folklife Center. The exhibition will trace America's century-long fascination with the cowboy, following the growth of the cowboy myth from the dime novels of the 1870s to the fashion crazes of the 1980s, and contrast that development with the reality of cowboy life, both then and now.

More than 300 objects will be displayed, including artifacts, paintings, watercolors, prints, posters, books, manuscripts, music, and film clips, the largest collection of visual material on cowboys ever assembled in one exhibition.

The exhibition is scheduled to run until September 1983 and will then travel to three other North American museums.

The Ghost of Shakespeare. Shakespeare, New Mexico is an authentic and completely uncommercialized ghost town located two-and-a-half miles southwest of the present town of Lordsburg in southwestern New Mexico.

At least two buildings on this National Historic Site were built before the Civil War and one or two more during the war. When new stage lines reopened the old Butterfield route, miners came back into the area and silver ore was discovered.

William Ralston and his group were interested in the new mines. During the resulting silver and diamond mining boom the population climbed to 3,000 people and the town was officially named Ralston.

The silver ore played out and the diamonds had only been planted. The population dwindled rapidly. In 1879 a mining engineer named William George Boyle got hold of the mining claims and changed the town's name to Shakespeare.

When the Southern Pacific Railroad was built in 1880, it stayed down in the valley. Businesses moved to the railroad and Shakespeare slowly shrank.

The present owners bought the town in 1935. They have tried to preserve the six remaining adobe and mud and rock buildings which were in the center of town.

On the second Sunday of each month visitors are welcome at 10 a.m. and at 2 p.m. They may walk along the main street and go into the buildings.

Camaraderie is the Key. It is a time for Western writers to get together and exchange experiences, to see other writers they haven't seen in a while, and to update themselves on the state of Western writing in the United States.

This easy-going method of conducting business is perhaps the secret behind the success of the Western Writers of America. Its 30th Annual Convention will be held in Amarillo, Texas this year.

Located at the Hilton Inn in Amarillo, the convention will run June 27 through the 30th. Included in the events held there will be a business breakfast, an open session for all members to vote on future convention sites, panels, films, presentations on Western fiction and non-fiction, an autograph party sponsored by an area bookstore, a day of sightseeing, and continuous camaraderie among various Western writers throughout the country.

For more information, contact Jim Jennings, 207 Mescalero Trail, Route 5, Amarillo, Texas 79118.

Going Western is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Going Western, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

Courtesy El Paso Public Library

During the 1890s, El Paso, Texas, firemen, shown here, competed in hook-and-ladder tournaments with fire departments from other frontier communities. The firemen competed to see how fast they could get their equipment into action under different conditions.

The Story of Athletics As Played on the Frontier

SIXGUNS ON

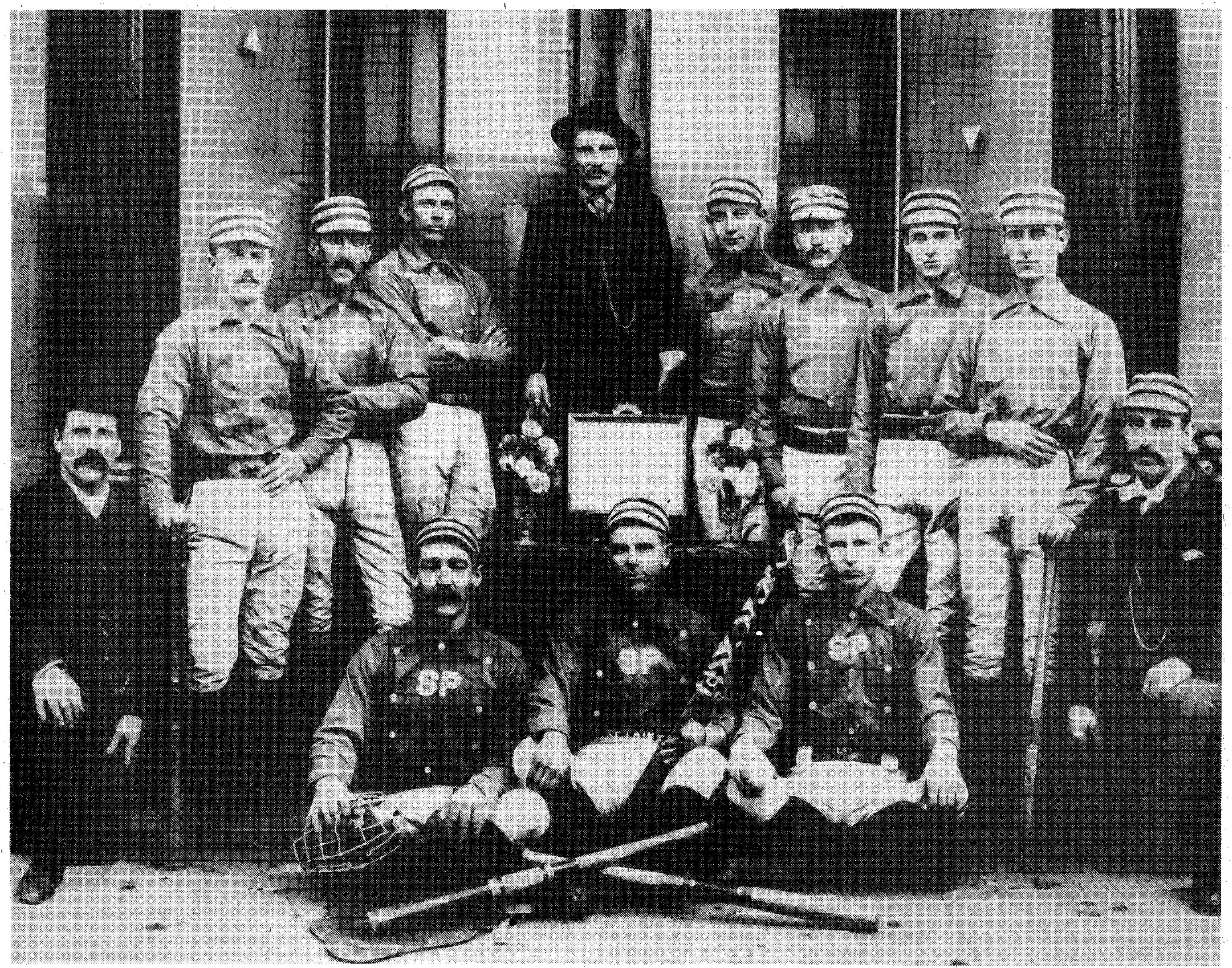
By **BILL O'NEAL**

WILD BILL Hickok checked his revolvers carefully, placed fresh caps on the cylinder nipples, and settled the weapons where they could be seen. A waiting crowd spotted the guns and potential antagonists were cowed by the formidable sight of the tall gunfighter. Wild Bill glanced around to assure himself that all was in readiness, then he squared his shoulders and at the top of his voice shouted:

"Play ball!"

In Twentieth Century America, sports has been a national passion. Colonial Americans had neither the leisure nor the inclination to indulge in organized athletics, although horse racing always had an avid following. Foot races and wrestling bouts also found eager participants and spectators.

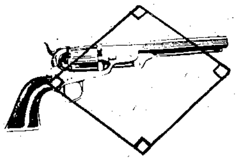
But by the mid-Nineteenth Century, the American love affair with athletics began and westerners were just as captivated by the drama and competition of baseball, prize fighting, football and other physical amusements as Americans in more settled parts of the country. Indeed, no section of America responded more readily to aggressiveness, competition, team cooperation, and physical stamina and skill than the West, for these were the very qualities



Courtesy Denver Public Library

The Silver Plume, Colorado, baseball club of 1889. Mining towns were able to outfit their athletic teams in the finest uniforms.

THE DIAMOND



essential for frontier conquest.

By mid-century, Alexander Cartwright's game of "rounders" or baseball began to fascinate the East. When thousands of Americans swarmed to California during the gold rush, they brought the game that would become the national pastime with them.

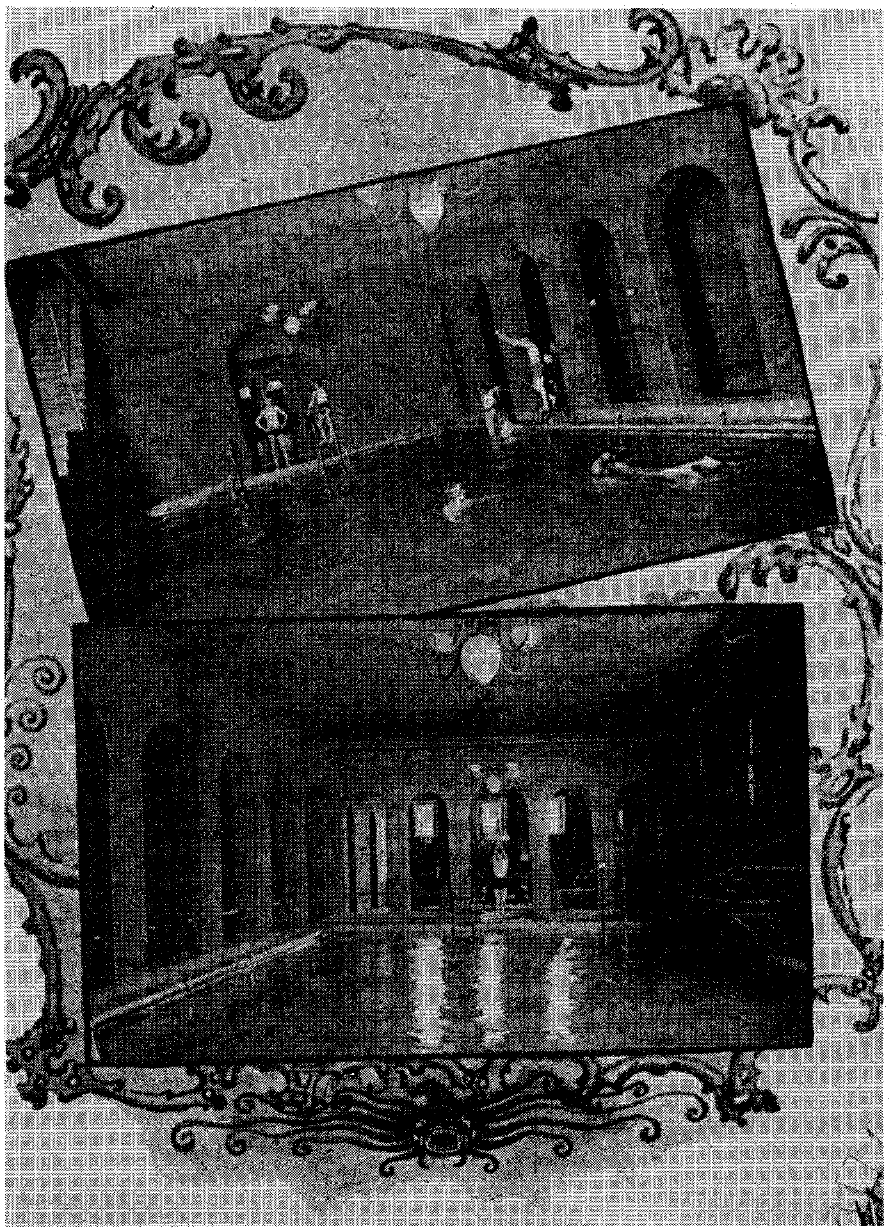
Thus westerners found recreation in baseball before the Civil War. A team in Houston, Texas, played teams from neighboring communities as early as 1861.

The War Between the States caused a phenomenal growth in baseball, as soldiers from North and South learned the game on countless campgrounds between battles and drill sessions. After the war, returning veterans took the new game to every corner of the land.

Wild Bill Hickok, like many others, saw his first baseball game while serving with Union forces. He became an enthusiast. He was in and out of Kansas City during 1866 and 1867, just as the game was being adopted throughout America. Nowhere was baseball more feverishly embraced than Kansas City.

The Kansas City Antelopes played Saturday afternoon games on a diamond near Fourteenth and Oak Streets. Facilities were primitive: There was no grandstand, no scoreboard, no fence. Spectators stood in clusters about the field with ready access to participants.

The Antelopes normally were victorious, but the Kansas City nine took a licking when they traveled to Atchison, Kansas, to play the Pomeroys. On a subsequent Saturday the Pomeroys ventured to Kansas City for a return match. Hard feelings prevailed and late in the game players from both sides began fighting. Fans swarmed onto the field and the umpire fled.



Courtesy the Denver Public Library

Two views of the Denver Athletic Club's 40-by-26-foot swimming pool.

After tempers cooled it was decided to replay the game the next Saturday. But obviously an umpire was needed who could exercise firm control. A delegation sought Wild Bill Hickok.

Wild Bill was delighted. The following weekend he marched onto the field with a brace of revolvers in plain view. Hickok presided over an orderly if high-scoring game, won by the Antelopes, 48-28.

The elated hometowners proclaimed Hickok the "distinguished guest of Kansas City for the day." They paraded him back to Market Square in a fine carriage drawn by a matched pair of white horses.

WILD Bill Hickok was not the only frontier gunfighter who officiated sporting events. Bat Masterson, for example, was a noted prize fight referee during the 1880s. Masterson, a professional gambler, in 1882 was in New Orleans to watch John L. Sullivan hammer the bare-knuckles heavyweight championship from Paddy Ryan.

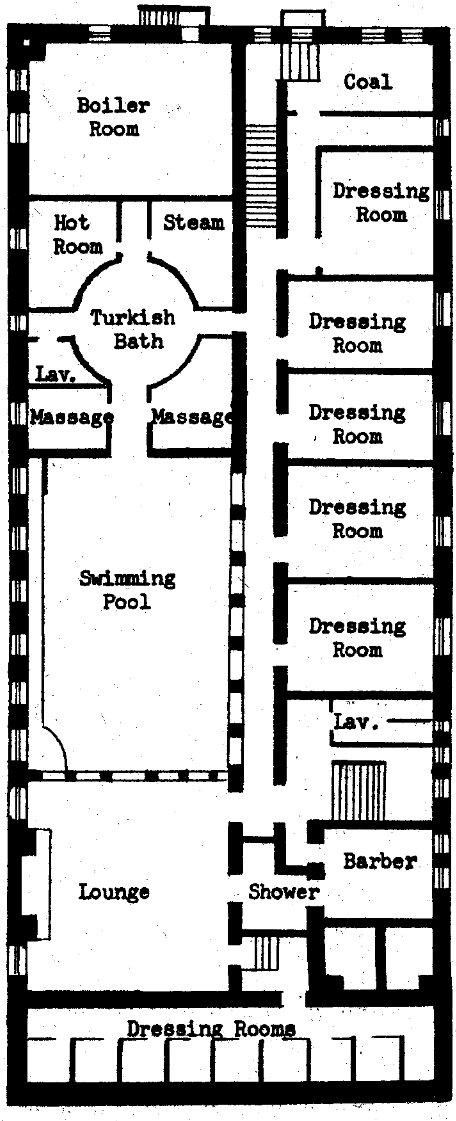
Bat refereed the heavyweight championship bout of Colorado in 1885. Four years later he was the timekeeper when John L. Sullivan defeated Jake Kilrain in the last bare-knuckles championship match. Masterson was in Gentleman Jim Corbett's corner when he whipped Sullivan in 1892. Bat was present in some capacity at virtually every fight of consequence in the country and soon Illustrated Sporting West termed him "one of the best judges of pugilists in America."

Bat was an ardent prize fight promoter as well, and in 1899, he founded the Denver Olympic Athletic Club, a fighting club which he supported as sports editor of the Denver Post.

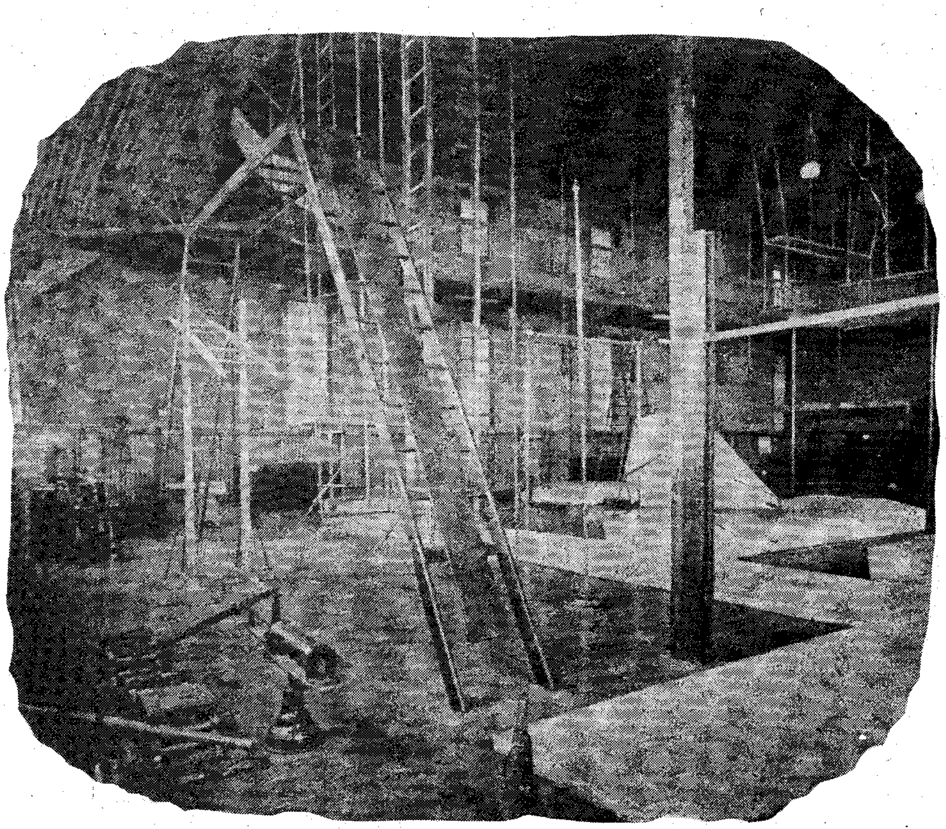
Bat's club, which offered the public matches featuring experienced eastern fighters, was engaged in keen competition with Otto Floto's rival Colorado Club. Masterson and Floto themselves eventually traded punches.

Masterson's pugilistic omniscience became so widely respected that in 1902 he left the West and spent the last eighteen years of his life as a New York sports editor.

Another noted western prize fight official was Wyatt Earp. As a young man, Earp displayed considerable skill with his fists. Later, Wyatt refereed more than thirty fights. The most famous match he officiated was an 1896 bout in San Francisco pitting heavyweight champion Bob Fitzsimmons



Basement scheme of the Denver Athletic Club.



Courtesy Denver Pubic Library

The Denver Athletic Club's gymnasium was filled with elaborate equipment.

against Sailor Tom Sharkey for a $10,000 purse. Just prior to the non-title fight, Fitzsimmons' manager proclaimed to the 20,000 fans present in the vast Mechanics Pavilion that Earp had taken a bribe to throw the bout to Sharkey.

Pandemonium reigned for more than an hour and a half, then Fitzsimmons reluctantly agreed to fight. During the eighth round Sharkey went to the floor clutching his groin. Earp awarded the fight to Sharkey on a foul. Fitzsimmons supporters howled that the decisive blow had been to Sharkey's face. Earp's decision stood but the promoters tried to withhold the $10,000 prize money and Wyatt's reputation suffered.

EARLIER in the year Fitzsimmons had won the heavyweight title in a match hosted by colorful Judge Roy Bean. In 1895, Jim Corbett vacated the heavyweight title rather than fight Fitzsimmons, but soon Peter Maher, an ex-champ who had been licked in 1892 by Fitz, was named the new champion.

Promoter Dan Stuart set up a match between Maher and Fitzsimmons in El Paso. Sporting men from around the country flocked to the wide-open border town. Prize fighting was illegal, however, and Texas Rangers were sent to El Paso to see that the bout, scheduled for Feb. 14, 1896, was not held.

But Judge Roy Bean came to the rescue, offering his place in Langtry, Texas as a site. Ten cars were added to the regular eastbound train from El Paso. Fighters and fans climbed aboard for a 400-mile trip to Langtry. The group debarked in little Langtry at three in the afternoon on Feb. 21. The Judge hawked beer in his Jersey Lily Saloon for a dollar a bottle.

Everyone then trooped a short distance to a sandy flat in Rio Grande Canyon. Ramshackle facilities had been hastily thrown together and a little after 4 p.m. the fight began and ended. Less than two minutes into the first round Fitz landed a right hook which crumpled Maher and stripped him of his short-lived title. Within a few minutes the crowd marched back to Langtry and boarded the train for the return to El Paso.

El Paso long was a premier sporting town on the frontier. Cockfights, prize fights and bull fights were popular. Horse racing always had avid followers. Even before the Civil War there was a three-quarter-mile straightaway track running east and west about three blocks south of the main plaza. The champion race horse for years was a mare named Kit. The horse was never beaten in El Paso competition.

BY THE 1880s, the greatest sporting passion in El Paso was baseball. A town team was organized during an 1884 meeting held in a saloon. The El Paso Browns practiced two weeks, then won their inaugural game over a Fort Bliss aggregation, 18-17.

A diamond complete with a grandstand was fashioned for the Browns at the end of San Antonio Street. The Browns beat almost everyone who tried them in El Paso, but they lost all three games of a series with Albuquerque, New Mexico, on the Fourth of July in 1885.

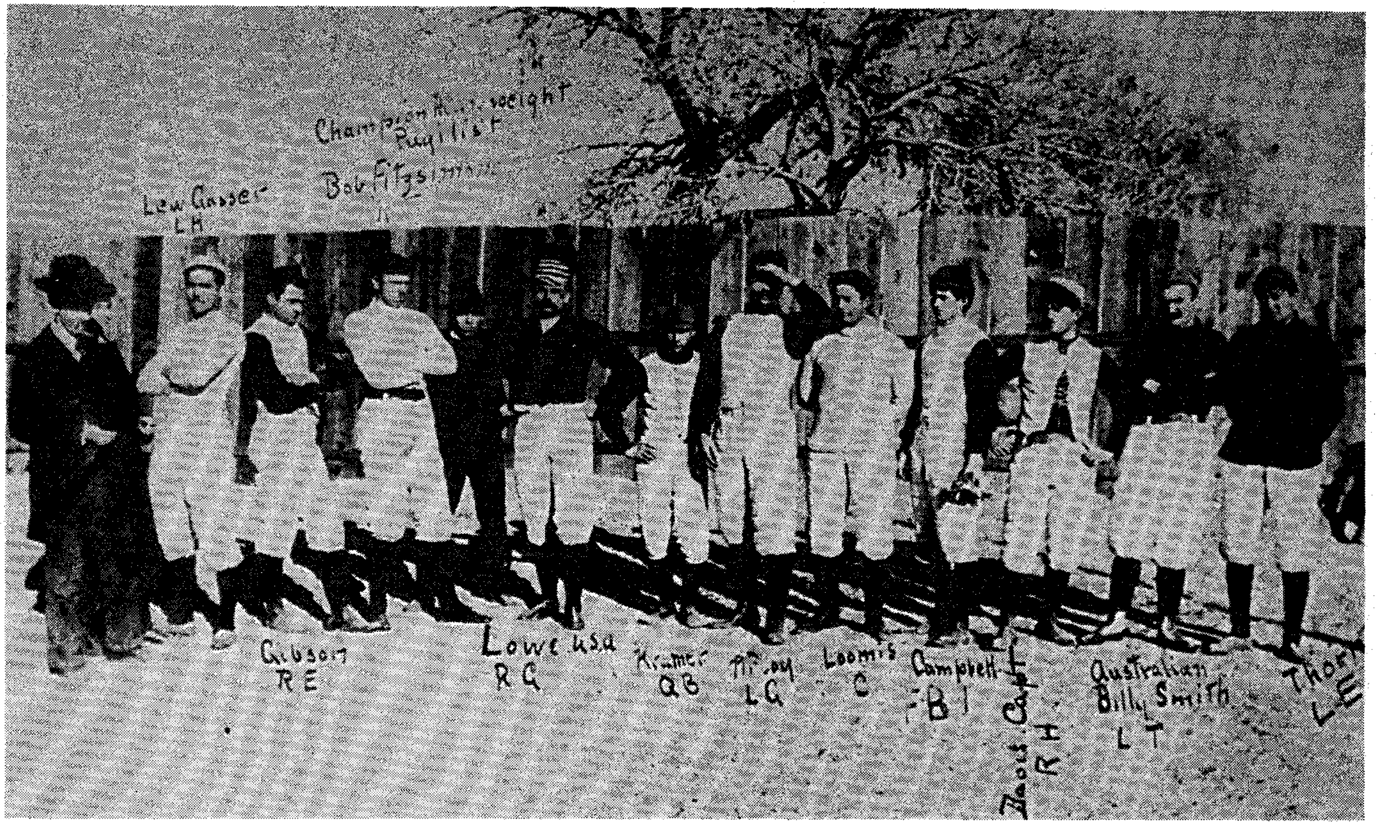
Three years later baseball enthusiasts formed a stock company capitalized for $5,000 at $25 per share. A new diamond was put in at Kansas and Seventh streets, and a top-notch pitcher and catcher were imported from Fort Worth. The high point of the 1888 season came on July 21, when the crack Las Vegas, New Mexico, squad visited the new grounds. Betting odds were three to one against the Browns, but the El Paso club triumphed over their vaunted opponents, 8-3.

During the mid-1880s, El Paso enjoyed a roller skating craze. Bicyclists organized the Border Wheelmen in 1889; fencers formed a club in 1892; and tennis players banded together the following year. During the 1890s the El Paso Fire Department successfully engaged in competitive tournaments against fire departments from other communities. In 1896, El Paso organized its first football team; the right tackle was played by pugilist Bob Fitzsimmons.

Other communities in Texas and across the West boasted well-developed athletic facilities and teams. Austin residents in the late Nineteenth Century played golf and tennis, raced bicycles, dabbled at croquet, and watched the University of Texas varsity play football and baseball.

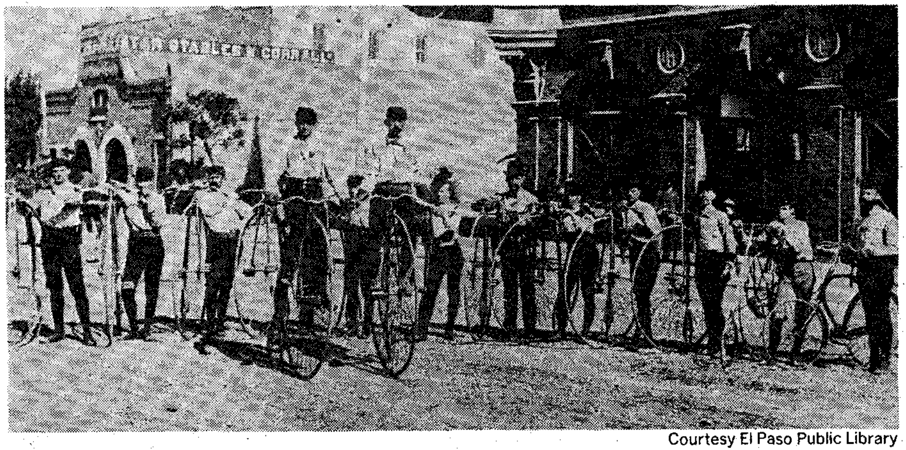
As early as 1875, Austin built a superb race track at Hyde Park. The covered grandstand cost $5,000 and an octagonal, three-tiered judges' stand was built for another $1,000.

UVALDE, Texas had a widely-used race track at the fairgrounds west of town. Pat Garrett raised and trained race horses in Uvalde (and later at Las Cruces, New Mexico), and the Garrett O was as familiar in Uvalde as at race



Courtesy El Paso Public Library

Courtesy Denver Public Library



Courtesy El Paso Public Library

El Paso, Texas' first football squad (1896), in top photo, boasted heavyweight pugilist Bob Fitzsimmons at right tackle. Fitzsimmons is fourth from left. Middle photo is of the 1894 Denver Athletic Club football team. Note nose guards suspended around necks. At bottom is the 1889 El Paso bicycle group called the Border Wheelmen.

tracks elsewhere in the Southwest.

One memorable race in Uvalde pitted Pat's champion "mile horse" against an out-of-town challenger. There were to be three one-mile races, with suitable rest periods between. The best horse would have to win twice. Betting was heavy.

Pat's horse lost the first race, but the exultant winner could not be reined in and galloped an extra mile. The Garrett animal then had little difficulty in outdistancing the challenger in the second and third races.

Horse racing also was a favorite in the ranching center of Lubbock. Roundups were festive occasions and a rodeo was staged on July 4, 1902. (The first rodeo probably was held at Pecos, Texas, on July 4, 1883.) Foot racing and bicycle racing also were popular, as were baseball and football. Wrestling was a favorite, but boxing did not enjoy its usual western support in Lubbock.

By the 1890s in Fort Worth, when Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch was vacationing between robberies in Hell's Half Acre and Killin' Jim Miller was serving as a Methodist deacon between assassination jobs, residents could watch the legendary Fort Worth Cats baseball club or the football team at Fort Worth University.

In the mid-1890s, Kansas University and Nebraska University had football teams. Prize fighting gravitated to the West after many Eastern cities out-

Courtesy Denver Public Library

Courtesy the author

The billiard room on the second floor of the Denver Athletic Club obviously was a popular place. Frank Cavanaugh, at right, football coach at the University of Cincinnati, was lured west in 1899 to play end and coach the Denver club's football team.

lawed it as barbaric. There was even a cricket match in the 1890s between Denver and Omaha.

In 1886, Kansas City obtained a National League baseball franchise. But Eastern clubs regularly thumped KC. The westerners suffered through a 30-91 season and the next year the franchise moved to Indianapolis.

Throughout the West newspapers carried the results of major sporting events, as in the East, and ambitious western boomtowns emulated their eastern urban counterparts in organizing athletic clubs.

A Young Mens Christian Association (YMCA) was established as early as 1886 in wild and woolly El Paso and the Sporting and Athletic Club was started there in 1890. San Francisco had its National Athletic Club and the Oakland Athletic Club put together a football team — made up primarily of athletes from the University of California — to visit gridirons in the East.

As the footballers boarded Pullman cars, the lead story on page one of the San Francisco Bulletin trumpeted: "Never before has an eleven crossed the Great Divide from the Golden West.... Cover yourselves with glory, lads!" The lads played Michigan, Chicago and Cornell, and lost all three games.

IN 1899, Frank and Harry Woods, founders of Victor, Colorado, and owners of the prosperous downtown Gold Coin Mine, built a recreation center for their employees patterned after the New York Athletic Club. The Gold Coin Club was housed in a block-long, two-story brick building erected just behind the mine's vast hoist works.

A few months after it opened, the Gold Coin Club burned, but it soon was rebuilt. It enclosed a well-equipped gymnasium, bowling alleys, pool and game room, and an indoor running track. In addition to athletic facilities, there were dining rooms, a ballroom, a 700-volume library, and a 25-piece band.

Perhaps the finest sports organization in the West was the Denver Athletic Club. Founded in 1884, within a few years it was housed in a spendid 5-story brick building on Glenarm Street. Included were a swimming pool, bowling alleys, tennis court, dirt running track, billiard room, fencing room, sparring room and a handball and racquet court. There were twenty suites and sleeping rooms, plus a dining hall, library and parlors. The gymnasium boasted the latest equipment and coaches instructed members in various sports.

An annual occasion in Denver was the DAC Fall Field Day, open to anyone including non-members. The games began at 2 p.m., and there were fifteen events, including sprints, distance running, hurdle races, weight throwing, pole vaulting and leaping. Siegel's Military Band was present to fill the intervals between contests with lively music.

In 1891, the DAC eagerly took up the rugged game of football. Within two years their schedule included games with the Chicago Athletic Club, Northwestern University, Baker University, the Colorado School of Mines, and the universities of Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Colorado.

The DAC in 1899 secured the services of a crack eastern coach, Frank Cavanaugh, who had been a standout end at Dartmouth and, at 22, the football coach at the University of Cincinnati. Cav was to become one of the most respected coaches of his day as well as a World War I combat hero known as the "Iron Major."

For three seasons, however, the strapping Massachusetts native coached and played for the DAC, and from 1899 through 1901 the DAC fielded the most powerful grid teams in the West.

ELSEWHERE in the Rocky Mountain mining district the surroundings were not as grandiose as those of the DAC, but hard-working miners engaged just as enthusiastically in sports. Baseball remained the most popular team game. Keen rivalries developed between towns and the Fourth of July ball game was mandatory. As early as the mid-1860s, a Helena, Montana, squad walloped an opponent from another Montana mining camp by an astonomical 85-19 score — in just five innings!

In the Black Hills in 1879, a keg of beer was offered to the winner of a 100-

Courtesy Denver Public Library

The Denver Athletic Club exterior. Top story was added in 1900.

yard dash — but contestants had to be shorter than five-feet-ten and heavier than 180 pounds. A bullfight was staged in Cripple Creek in 1895 (there had been a similar exhibition eleven years earlier in Dodge City), and cock fights attracted avid crowds.

At frontier military outposts athletics provided diversion from the tedium of garrison duty. Companies competed against one another, but an officer interested in athletics was necessary to stimulate participation by enlisted men. If no officer or non-com was willing to organize teams and events, troopers rarely took part in physical competitions.

Foot racing was the most popular sport. The 100-yard dash was the most common race.

Cavalry units sometimes fielded polo teams, especially among officers. A far more popular sport with the cavalry was horse racing. Speedy mounts were maintained for competiton against other military horses or those belonging to civilians or Indians.

A rough and tumble version of football sometimes was played by western soldiers. Boxing was more common, with well-attended bouts staged in large post halls. Jumping, weight-throwing and field sports were popular with the frontier military. Occasionally there were wrestling matches, but this sport attracted little interest.

The favorite team sport with soldiers, as well as civilians, was baseball. Company was matched against company as multi-troop outposts and all-post teams sometimes played civilian teams or other all-post teams. During the mid-1880s, black soldiers from the 9th Cavalry played alongside white athletes from the 8th Infantry on the all-post team at Fort Robinson, Nebraska.

During the 1885 Geronimo campaign, the baseballers from Company A, 13th Infantry played a cavalry nine at a campsite on the Mexican border. At stake were two precious barrels of beer from Milwaukee, but when the soldiers won they shared their prize with the thirsty cowboys and spectators.

Sporting facilities may be larger and grander now, but the reaction will be the same. Like the westerner of the Nineteenth Century, we will experience excitement, passion, anger, disappointment. For the love of sport is just as vivid in America today as yesterday and through athletics we have a link with the America of our great-grandparents.

Meeting on the Wire

By BEN GARTHOFNER

JOHN MICKUS was a hockey player in Canada before coming to Montana. He was of German descent, had a noticeable accent and was rather chubby. The only name he went by was just plain "Fat" and he never seemed to mind for he was a jolly sort.

But Fat could become disagreeable when he got a few too many whiskeys. George Orr and Charley Ripley leased the old UL Ranch and George's mother, an old Missouri lady, did the cooking and kept the house for them. One time Fat and George got into a fight but after a while they called it a draw. When Mrs. Orr told a friend about it she said, "George didn't want to fight Fat but I'm glad George hit him anyway."

When dryland farmers found they could not make a living on their homesteads south of Malta, they left by the dozens, abandoning buildings, barbed wire fences and all.

The county reclaimed the properties for taxes. Other ranchers and farmers began rolling and stealing the wire and none of them were arrested nor was anything done about the thefts. It seemed the county was glad to get rid of the wire which was a hazard to livestock.

Of course all wire rolling was done in summer on bright moonlit nights. Fat Mickus said he was rolling wire one night:

"I was roolin' kinda uphill. I kept feelin' a sherk now and then on my wire. When I got to the top of the hill danpdt if another feller wasn't roolin' from the other ent on the same wire. I never saw him before so we cut the wire in two and kept roolin'."

John Mickus had a pretty good little river bottom where he did well for a number of years. He married an older lady and got in the habit of leaving his hired man at the ranch. Fat would go to Malta where he always got on a two or three day drunk.

One time he didn't make it and one of his friends sent a telegam to a friend who was a highway patrolman out of Bozeman. It read: "Fat kicked the bucket. Planting him tomorrow. Come if you can."

MURDER AT ESCONDIDO

By LYNDA SANCHEZ
Photos Supplied by Author

ITS history forgotten, its settlers departed years ago, the tiny village of Escondido is no longer remembered. That is, except for old-timers and rarely do they mention the community.

Escondido nestles along the base of the jagged southern escarpment of the Capitan Mountains in southern New Mexico. There were a few *chosas* (huts), a small school and perhaps a store that contained basic supplies.

Nearby homesteads, now in ruins, are reminiscent of villages throughout Mexico. The remaining rock corrals and fences only a patient people could have constructed. The *chosas* render a ghostly appearance. Broken coffee mugs, pots, wagon wheel rims and bits and pieces of what was once a home lay strewn about.

Here, there had been children. Here, the men had gathered to discuss common problems such as lack of rain and low cattle and sheep prices. There was a camaraderie among them and each knew he could depend on his neighbor when in need. Now, there is nothing but lingering memories.

WHEN asked about the history of Escondido, old-timers recall one major event, a brutal killing. One version of the story is from a former teacher in Arabela, a larger village north of Escondido.

Mrs. Henry Hale had been a teacher in Arabela at the beginning of the century. It had been quite an experience for a young woman. As she was attractive and single, she was often invited to the many local *bailes* (dances).

"Another friend and I had been invited to a wedding dance at the school house in Escondido. We were the only Anglos. It was a lively dance attended by people from many other small villages and homesteads in the area. People of all ages would come to the dances and this night was no exception. Everyone would gaily polka, waltz or dance the popular New Mexican dance, the *varsoviana* (put-your-little-foot) to the tune of guitar and fiddle."

Sometimes at these *bailes* tempers flared. Family quarrels or disagreements among the men would develop. This particular evening more than just a quarrel occurred. It was a fight over a young woman known as "La Chata." The men involved were identified as Meleton Savedra, Francisco Trujillo, Jose Anaya and a man remembered only as Fresquez.

Rough voices could be heard outside. They grew louder.

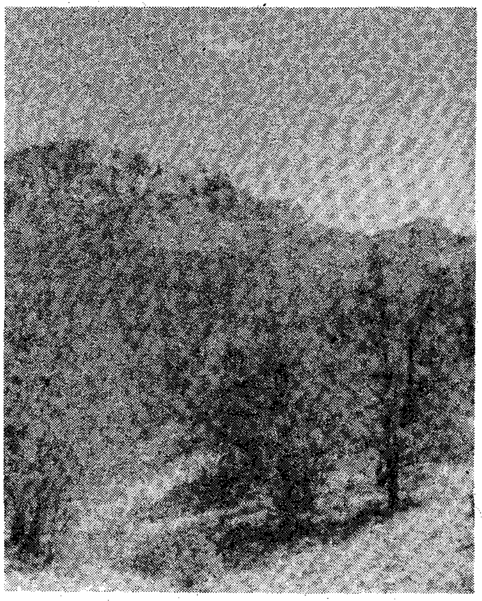
"They became violent," stated Mrs. Hale. "My friend and I were very frightened.

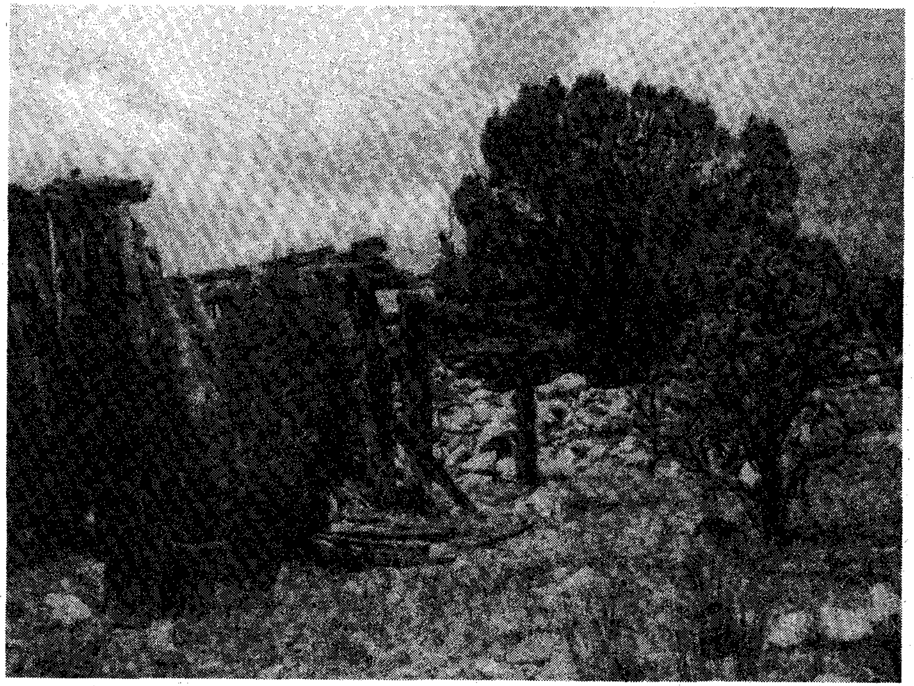
"When the stoning occurred we felt like we had digressed into feudal days. They stoned Fresquez to death! Shootings and knifings were often causes of death in those years, as they are even today. But, a stoning! That was primitive.

"My girlfriend and I left as soon as we could. I heard later that they placed Fresquez on a *tabla* (plain board — no coffin) for burial. Some of those attending the funeral claimed they buried him still bleeding. If this were true, then he was buried alive, for no corpse bleeds!

"I never returned to Escondido," Mrs. Hale said.

Soon after, the school closed and though homesteaders moved elsewhere, their memory still lives in the ruins along the Canyon of the Escondido.





Above: View of Capitan Mountains. Right: The remains of the Fresquez homestead.

It was Sheriff Mason Bowman's First Hanging. He Wanted Everything to go Right. Of Course it Didn't.

The Strangulation of DAMIAN ROMERO

Mason T. Bowman

Sheriff, Colfax County, New Mexico, 1882-83

Story by JAMES STEVEN PETERS
Photos Supplied by Author

THE condemned youth, 18-year-old Damian Romero, stood mutely on the scaffold. It was the afternoon of Feb. 2, 1883, and though the sun shone brightly, a crisp chill hovered in the air.

A crowd of about 550 had gathered from near and far before the recently constructed courthouse in Springer, New Mexico, to witness the event, and like so many public executions it exuded a picnic atmosphere. Grunted conversation was carried on as to crops and cattle while old acquaintances were renewed. Watches were ceremoniously checked, sandwiches bitten into or apples munched. To most of the spectators, it was something to do to break the monotony of the work-week.

It was Sheriff Mason T. Bowman's first official execution and he hoped everything would go smoothly. He had heard of blundered hangings and did not wish to have the experience.

Elected barely three months before, in November 1882, Bowman was popular and respected, a firm enforcer of the law, yet fair. He had a happy-go-lucky disposition, but in the performance of his duties, he was strictly a no-nonsense officer. A resident of Colfax County for some fifteen years as a deputy and part-time rancher, he was reputed to have been responsible for shootist Clay Allison's move to "healthier climes" back in 1877.

Allison, whose relationship with Bowman always seemed tenuous, was a small rancher from Tennessee via Texas. Though normally peaceable, when in his cups Allison became a psychotic personality who could turn killer in an instant.

Whenever word got out that Allison was "on the town," bars usually locked

Shootist Robert Clay Allison is shown recuperating after his self-inflicted wound in the fall of 1871, flanked by fans Addie and Joseph Matthews. The original is owned by Robert Matthews of Walnut Creek, California.

up instantly. The gunfighter had been instrumental, directly or indirectly, for the deaths of a half-dozen men in Colfax County during his stay of seven years. And now, as Sheriff Bowman's eyes rested on the convicted boy, the irony of the contrast could not help but give him some apprehension.

IN APPEARANCE, Damian was indeed boyish, having a well-knit but slight frame of five-feet-four and with small hands and feet that made him look sixteen. His complexion was light, his hair short, thick and raven-black. He possessed a large Roman nose, heavy lips and ebony eyes. Neatly dressed in a dark blue coat and matching trousers, black vest, and a light, wide-brimmed hat, he was hardly the portrait of a desperado about to be hanged.

And though Bowman felt qualmish about sending the youth to his death, he was ready to carry out the disagreeable task. As the prisoner stood on the trap, the Sheriff asked him if he had anything to say before he read the death warrant.

"Well, gentlemen," replied the young Mexican. "All I have to say is that I am not afaid to die because I am not guilty...."

Damian Romero was born July 4, 1864, in Mora, New Mexico, the only boy of five offspring. His father, Savino, came from Mora County; his mother, Clarita Lavato, from Rio Arriba County. He had only six months schooling but he could read and write, which he continuously improved through self-study.

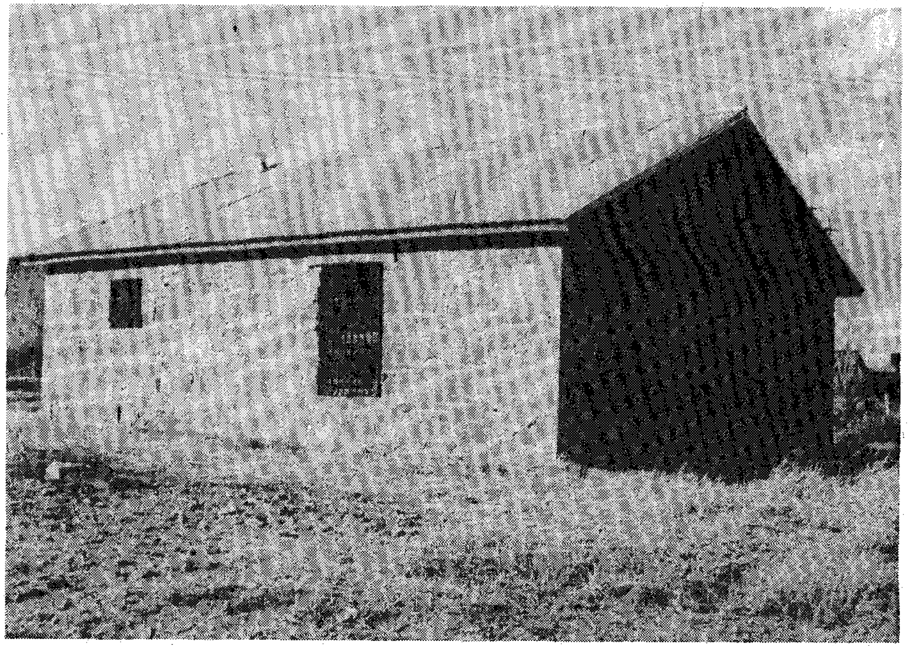
At twelve, he went to work for W.M. Corbett, a rancher of Mora County. After seven months, he took a job at a sawmill near Mora owned by Francisco Roy. After only a month Romero went back to stay with his parents for a time. His return home may have been prompted by family illness, for when the boy was fourteen, his father passed away.

His last employer was William Shaffer at Sweetwater, a small settlement 35 miles northeast of Mora. Damian's major chore was sheepherding and he lived with the Shaffer family for several years. In late November 1881, Shaffer sold his ranch to P.L. Brocksmit of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, an auditor for the Cedar Rapids, Burlington & Northern Railroad. The legal part of the transaction completed, Brocksmit returned east, leaving his 17-year-old son, William, in charge until his return.

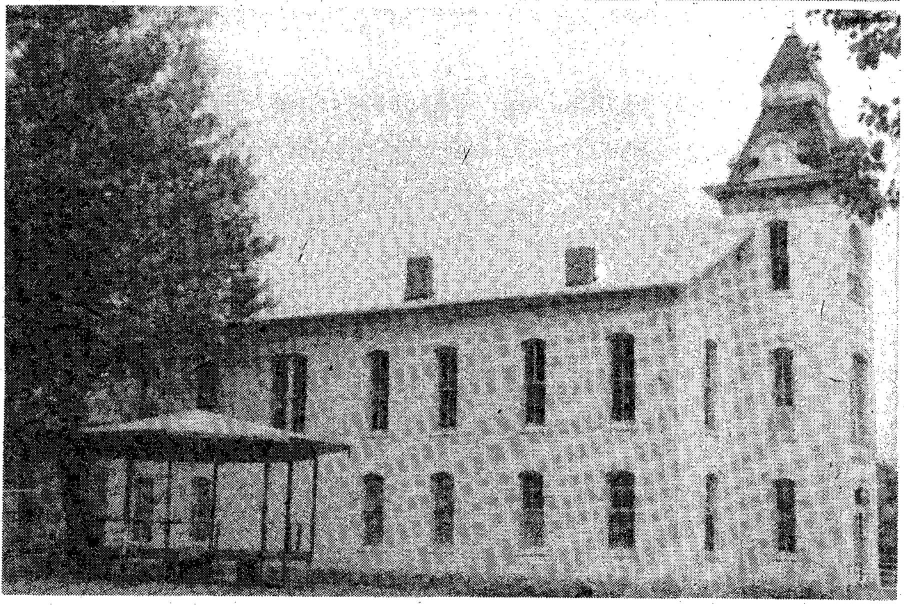
Young Brocksmit had been in town barely two weeks, yet left a favorable impression on those who came in contact with him. He and Damian, who was retained at the ranch, were reported to have gotten along well. The Shaffers were to live at the ranch until the elder Brocksmit returned.

ON A LATE January afternoon, as the Shaffers were going to the Brocksmit ranch, they were greeted by the dog coming out the open front door with what appeared to be dried blood on its muzzle. It behaved so strangely that Shaffer felt something was wrong.

Looking through the door, Shaffer discovered the corpse of William Brocksmit lying in a pool of blood. Saying nothing to his wife Alice, he turned the wagon about and hastened to Springer where he notified Sheriff A.C. Wallace. It was determined that the murder was committed on Jan. 13, 1882, the day before Shaffer discovered the body.



Old Cimarron, New Mexico, jail and courthouse (1872-1882).



Damian Romero is buried in this cemetery (above) at Canyoncito Ocate. The Romeros lived in Canyoncito Ocate, which no longer exists. At left, now a store, this is the old St. Vrain home in Mora. At bottom is old Springer, New Mexico, jail and courthouse (1882-1897). The tower housed a scaffold never used. The view shows the approximate area of the Romero hanging.

On January 24, Governor Lionel A. Shelton offered a $500 reward "for the arrest and conviction of said person or persons guilty of said murder," while another $500 was added by the county. The disappearance of Romero naturally fastened suspicion upon him and an intensive effort was made to discover his whereabouts. The reward of $1,000 furnished an incentive.

On February 5, Romero was arrested at Chama, New Mexico, by Deputy Sheriff Pedro Sanchez. Romero was then taken to Springer where he was given a preliminary hearing, bound over to appear before the next grand jury, and placed in jail at Cimarron. In prison with Damian was Juan Antonio Rael, a 25-year-old Indian whom Romero implicated. Rael was known as El Indio.

The grand jury found against Romero, but the Indian was cleared because he proved "a positive alibi through perjured witnesses," according to the Daily Gazette of Las Vegas, New Mexico.

On April 5, 1882, the Romero trial began in Cimarron, New Mexico, with Judge L. Bradford Prince presiding. The court appointed Frank Springer of Cimarron and Judge William D. Lee of Las Vegas as attorneys for the defense. Prosecuting was Thomas B. Catron of Santa Fe.

Catron found the interpreter could not follow him, so commenced making his speech in both English and Spanish. He spoke for an hour in both languages and made a strong plea for the death penalty.

Judge Lee, arguing for the defense, pleaded for murder in the second degree. Prosecutor Catron concluded by asking the jury to find a verdict of murder in the first degree, claiming that the evidence showed beyond any reasonable doubt that Romero was guilty.

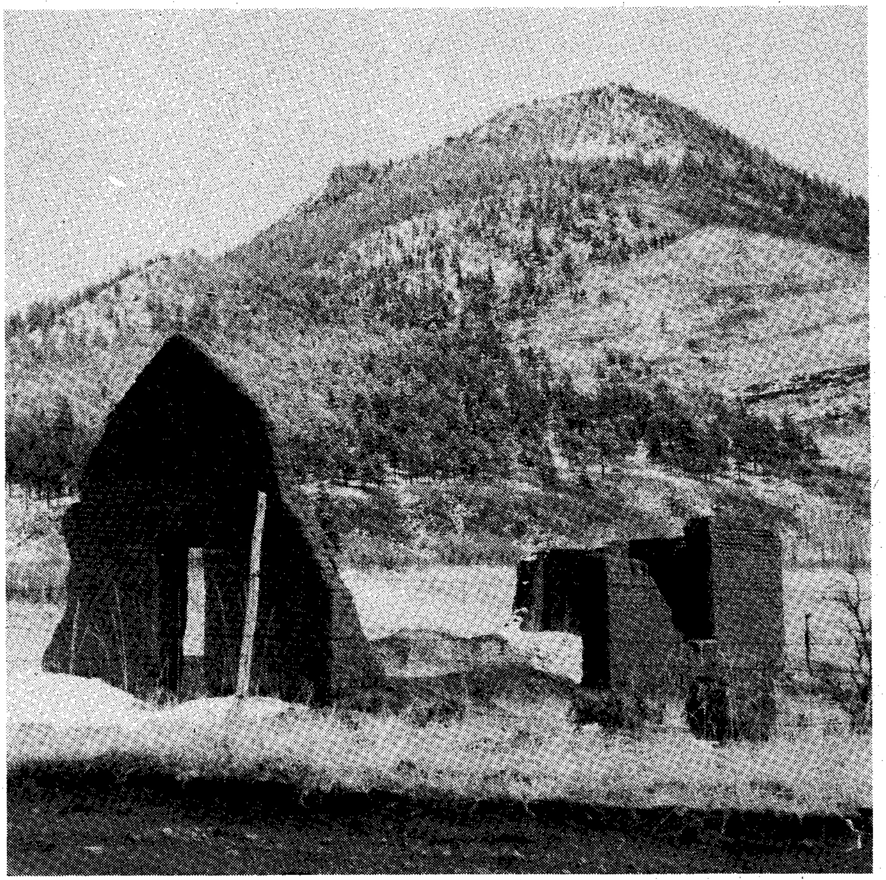
At the conclusion of Catron's address, Judge Prince charged the jury that they must find, from the evidence, that the defendant was either guilty beyond reasonable doubt or that he was entirely innocent. After about three hours the jury returned with their verdict: Guilty of murder in the first degree. The court set sentencing for two days later.

When the court resumed, Defense Attorney Springer moved for a new trial on the grounds that the verdict was contrary to the evidence. He was overruled by Judge Prince. Springer then said the indictment was illegal because one of the grand jurors was not a citizen of the United States. He was overruled again by Prince.

Later that day, Judge Prince pronounced Damian Romero to be hanged. A young brother of the murdered man applauded and cheered when the sentence was announced.

ACCORDING to Deputy Sanchez, Damian confessed to the crime after capture in Chama, yet Romero in public statements maintained his innocence up to the time of his death. He claimed that the Indian committed the murder, gave him half the victim's $120, then ordered him into flight on the dead man's horse, threatening Romero's life if he betrayed him.

When apprehended, Damian was wearing the murdered man's coat, sealskin cap and watch, items he claimed young Brocksmit occasionally let him use. The truth of this lending was verified by witnesses at the trial. At the time of his arrest, Romero still had his slain employer's steed, a well-known race horse of northern New Mexico named Silver Tail.



These church ruins are about all that remains at Canyoncito Ocate, New Mexico. The Romeros lived here and Damian Romero is buried here.

Bowman, the newly elected sheriff of Colfax County, was impressed with Damian's story and considered Rael at least an accessory. The lawman knew Romero quite well, for he had visited the Shaffer place often during his courtship of Dora Searcy, Alice Shaffer's sister.

Mace Bowman and Dora were married there in 1881, shortly before the ranch sale. But Bowman couldn't understand the motive because all the while the young Mexican had lived with the Shaffer family he was aware of large sums kept in their home, at one time as much as $1,000, and he had never touched a cent of it.

It was revealed at the trial that young Brocksmit often displayed and counted large amounts of currency before his youthful hired hand. Possibly the careless exhibition of easy wealth, perhaps even pointedly, before a youth of such impoverished background, was William Brocksmit's undoing.

Damian Romero, 18 years and 7 months, awoke on the morning of Feb. 2, 1883 with but a few hours to live. Several reporters were unkind and merciless in their portraits of him, for newspapers of that day were often openly prejudiced. One stated:

"His countenance did not impress the writer favorably, there being a look of low Indian cunning which caused the listener to doubt the truth of what he was saying. The correspondent will never cease to think that Romero was morally an idiot."

Another said: "...his worst feature was his eyes, black as the crime with which has hands were stained. There was a restless, furtive look about them which was not calculated to inspire confidence."

On the day of his execution, Damian was nervous and unable to eat breakfast. At eight, Father Accorsini held a mass in the reception room of the jail, after which Romero's morale improved. Shortly following the services, his mother and two sisters visited, had portraits taken together, then left. At noon a dinner of his choice was served, cooked by Dora Bowman, the sheriff's wife.

At 12:45 p.m. the execution procession marched toward the gallows which had been erected on the grounds north of the courthouse jail. Sheriff Bowman led the way. Behind him walked Romero, followed by the deputies.

As the deputies took their places around the scaffold, Romero walked onto the platform and stood at Bowman's side. After Damian made his oft-repeated statement of innocence, the sheriff read the death warrant. When Bowman finished, the young man shook hands all around with a smile. While shaking hands with the sheriff, he said, "I will meet you in heaven."

Father Accorsini administered extreme unction and withdrew. Romero handed Bowman his hat, after which the sheriff pinioned Romero's arms and legs, pulled a black wool hood over his head and placed a handkerchief in the youth's hand. He was to release it as a prearranged signal when he was ready for the drop.

In a few moments the prisoner was left alone on the gallows. As the sheriff waited with his hand on the lever, a tenseness gripped the crowd. It was 1:07 p.m. when Romero broke the silence.

"Goodbye all!" came his shout from beneath the hood.

"Are you ready?" asked Bowman.

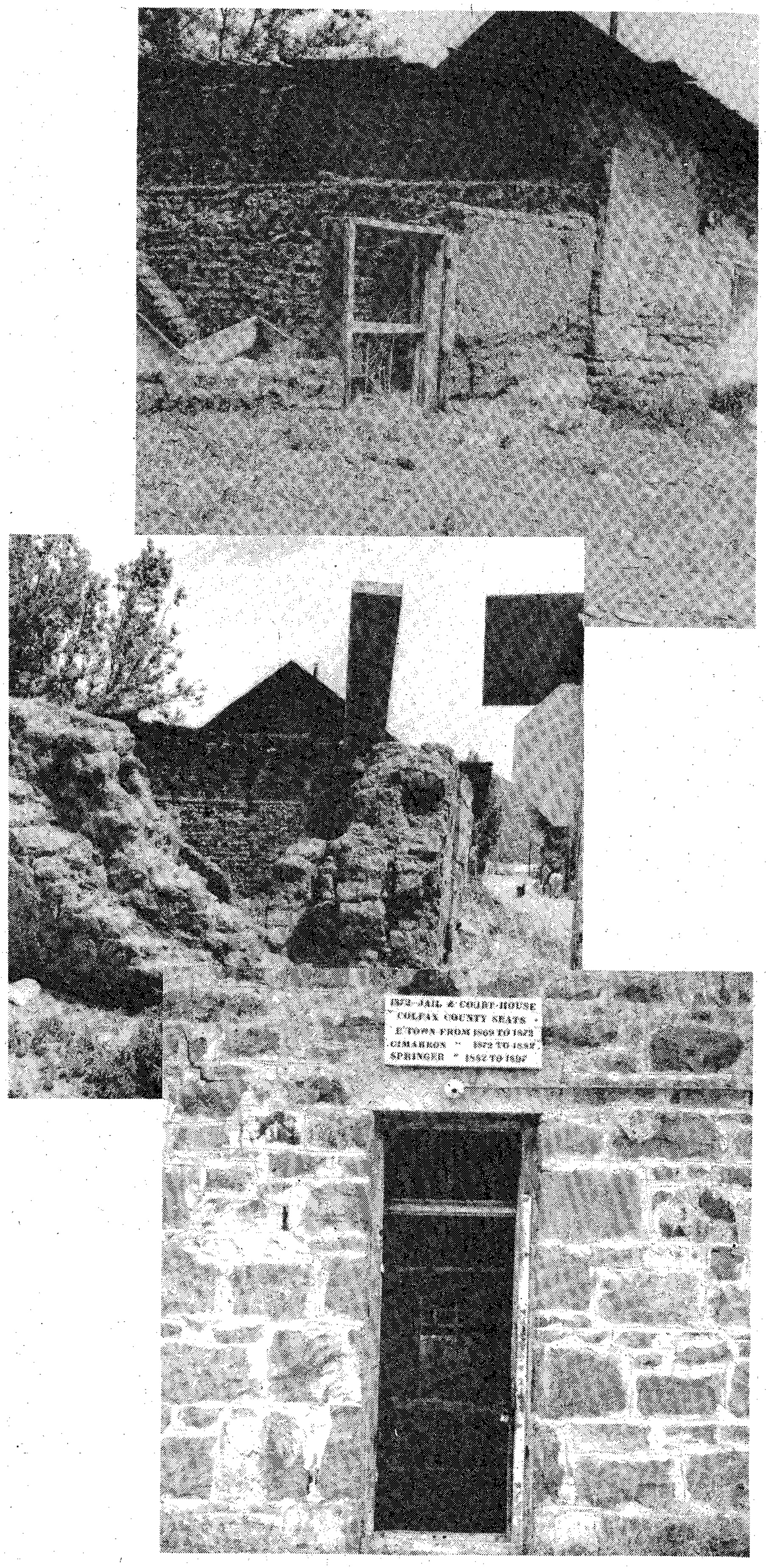
"I am going to Mora tonight," the condemned answered.

"Damian, are you ready?" repeated the lawman. "If so, drop it!"

The handkerchief fell from his grasp. Romero shot through the trap. But something went wrong. Instead of a clean break, the body underwent severe contortions for the next five minutes. The noose may have been poorly placed or perhaps it was his light weight. At the time of his imprisonment Romero weighed 122, but in more than a year, he had lost seven pounds. He also may have had a strong will to live. As his body fought the rope, bending double, his arms and legs twitched convulsively and he died in slow strangulation.

Removing the noose was another task for it was deeply imbedded in the neck. After several persons failed in attempting to loosen the knot, Sheriff Bowman gently placed the head in his lap and he used a knife to cut the rope away. The body was delivered to the home of Romero's mother in Canyoncito Ocate where he was laid to rest.

Eleven years later, in 1894, Juan Antonio Rael, or El Indio, was slain by members of the notorious Silva gang at La Cueva, six miles east of Mora. He was killed because the gang feared Rael, a long time member, was about to denounce them for their bloody activities.



Top two photos show ruins of old Mora, New Mexico, jail and courthouse. Bottom photo shows doorway to the old Colfax County jail and courthouse in Cimarron, New Mexico.

Book Roundup

Lee Hall of Texas

CAPTAIN LEE HALL OF TEXAS. *By Dora Neill Raymond. Univesity of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 341 pp. Hard cover. $19.95.*

The tall, red-headed lieutenant of the Texas Rangers carried no weapons, but he boldly walked into the room filled with wanted men. Seventy armed feudists and their women glowered at Lieutenant Jesse Lee Hall as he announced to the assembled wedding party that he had come to serve warrants for murder on the bridegroom and six other men indicted earlier that day.

When Hall was told that there would be a fight, he declared his pleasure, announced that sixteen armed Rangers surrounded the house and invited the women and children to leave before the shooting commenced. The fugitives wavered and Hall began collecting their weapons.

When the bride asked that her wedding celebration be allowed to continue, Hall consented, and the dancing went on all night. The Rangers joined in, then at dawn marched their weary prisoners off to jail in Clinton.

This incident is one of many exploits recounted in *Captain Lee Hall of Texas*. A restless, adventurous man, Hall had a talent for law enforcement. Author Dora Neill Raymond has thoroughly explored his life and deeds.

Lee Hall was reared in North Carolina, the son of a surgeon who served the Confederacy during the Civil War. At nineteen, "Red" Hall headed west, winding up miscast as a schoolteacher in Grayson County, Texas.

In 1871, Hall became city marshal in growing Sherman, the county seat. Now in his element, Hall soon was a deputy sheriff, rounding up horse thieves, murderers and other lawbreakers.

Captain Lee Hall

Once he met an outlaw on the prairie in a pre-arranged duel, shooting the fugitive to death after suffering a severe wound.

His formidable reputation led to appointment in 1876 as a lieutenant of Texas Rangers under the legendary but ailing Captain L.H. McNelly. Within a year Hall replaced McNelly and by 1879, he and his men captured more than 400 desperadoes, most notably King Fisher.

But in 1880, he fell in love with a girl from the East. She agreed to marry him on condition that he follow more peaceful pursuits. Hall resigned and took up ranching, for two years hosting young Will Porter, who stored up material he later would use under the pen name O. Henry.

In 1885, Hall was appointed agent at Anadarko, Indian Territory, where he dealt with Comanche Chief Quanah Parker. Despite excellent service, false charges of graft by enemies caused Hall's removal after two years and he moved back to Texas.

In 1894, Mrs. Hall took their four daughters and returned to Pennsylvania. For the rest of his life, Hall somewhat pathetically tried to win a fortune to lure back his family.

Military service at the turn of the century restored Hall to his natural bent for heroic action. He was commissioned in the Spanish-American War. Although he did not see combat against the Spanish, he served under fire with great distinction in the Philippines until his health was broken. He died in San Antonio in 1911 at the age of sixty-one.

Captain Lee Hall of Texas was published originally in 1940, and won the Texas Institute of Letters Award as Outstanding Book of the Year. There is no bibliography, but the footnotes are thorough, revealing sources that would no longer be available to historians.

Although the author lapses into florid, romanticized writing that was archaic even in 1940, this book remains a detailed work on a courageous figure in our last frontier.

By re-releasing this book, the University of Oklahoma Press has made available an informative biography of a tragic Western hero.

— Bill O'Neal
Carthage, Texas

Story Catcher of the Plains

MARI SANDOZ: STORY CATCHER OF THE PLAINS. *By Helen Winter Stauffer. University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588. 322 pages. $10.95 paperback; $22.50 hardbound.*

The road to acclaim for Mari Sandoz was rough. There were many rejections from publishers and from her father, Jules Sandoz, a Swiss who settled in Nebraska and helped other Europeans take land in the West.

Jules, "a dirty man with a smelly, crippled foot," was enraged when Mari showed him her first story published in an Omaha, Nebraska paper. He beat her unmercifully and banished her to the cellar "where there were mice and probably snakes."

As a result, Stauffer says, Mari was withdrawn — a loner all her life. Her marriage and divorce early in World War I, when she was 18, were never discussed by her.

After her schooling, Mari went to New York to be closer to publishers. Her one-room apartment had a kitchen which she used as a den and writing room. Occasionally she'd ask someone to visit her, emphasizing "no cooking foolishness."

She sent articles and book manuscripts to publishers, getting rejections or arguing with those who changed her prose or put on headlines she didn't like. She felt she was ahead of her time as a writer and that Easterners knew nothing of the West's people she'd listened to, researched and observed.

Her book, *Old Jules,* story of her father, now a classic and reprinted, was published in the 1930s after many rejections. Other books followed, among them *Crazy Horse* and *Cheyenne Autumn.*

In World War II, Stauffer relates, Mari wanted to join the Women's Army Corps. She was intensely patriotic and was furious when turned down because her right eye was sightless resulting from a long-ago snowstorm.

She continued to write but had a bout with cancer. She had a breast removed and recovered rapidly. Then in 1964, cancer reappeared and she had a second mastectomy. Recovery was slower but determination drove her on. She researched for her book, *The Battle of the Little Bighorn,* until she entered the hospital in February, 1966. She died on March 10, 1966, and is buried on the Sandoz family ranch in Nebraska.

For her writing, Mari Sandoz achieved many honors, including the Western Heritage Award of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. She is remembered by her friends: "Her brain was the last repository of unrecorded minutia of the Plains Indians and the pioneer whites."

The book is a meticulous account complete with photographs, an index and a lengthy list of Stauffer's research sources. Stauffer, professor of English at Kearney (Nebraska) State College, bases the biography on the Mari Sandoz Collection at the University of Nebraska.

— Kathryn Wright
Billings, Montana

Collection of Information

1001 MOST-ASKED QUESTIONS ABOUT THE AMERICAN WEST. *By Harry E. Chrisman. Swallow Press/Ohio University Press, Athens, OH 45701. 349 pages. $25.95 hardbound.*

Not long ago one of my sons was reading up on Kit Carson for something he had to write for a school lesson. The book he had checked out from the school library was a little too juvenile for his needs and vague on some aspects of Carson's life, especially on the circumstances of that great man's death.

I had just got my hands on a copy of Harry Chrisman's *1001 Most-Asked Questions About the American West* after seeing it on display at the Western Writers of America convention in Santa Fe. I looked Carson up in the index. One entry, in the question-and-answer format of the book, was this:

"Q: Was Kit Carson killed by Indians? Where and how?

"A: Kit died of what his doctor, Assistant United Stated Surgeon H.R. Tilden, described as an 'aneurism of the aorta, a tumor pressing on the pneumogastric nerve and trachea, causing frequent spasms of the bronchial tubes.' Carson's death came May 23, 1868, 4:25 p.m. He was in Tilden's quarters at Fort Lyon, Colorado. Carson was then fifty-nine."

I put a marker in the book and handed it to my son. He read the passage and said, "Hey, neat!" and proceeded to jot down the details.

Harry Chrisman's wonderful book *is* neat. I used to love reading his column, "Roundup Time," in the now-defunct magazine The West. Chrisman had an encyclopedic knowledge of western history, lore and folklore.

This book is a fascinating collection of dependable information on the American West, covering such categories as animals, business and commerce, cattlemen and cowboys, culture, folkways, Indians, geography, lawmen and outlaws, the military, pioneers, tack and equipment, transportation and communication.

Not a page of the book is without its fascinating bit of lore. Turn to page 163, for instance. Learn how an Indian extracts a foreign object from the eye of another, having no surgical instruments:

The "patient" was held firmly with the hands while the "doctor" "thrust the tip of the tongue over the eyeball" and literally licked the object out.

Also on the page is the information that an Indian could detect a real owl's hoot from a human voice imitating an owl because the human voice echoes and an owl's hoot does not.

Chrisman was born on a Nebraska ranch and worked as a cowhand and horse wrangler. His books include a biography of I.P. "Print" Olive *(Ladder of Rivers), Fifty Years on the Owl Hoot Trail: Jim Herron, the First Sheriff of No Man's Land, Oklahoma Territory; Trails of the Cimarron,* and others.

1001 Questions is the kind of book that belongs on any westener's shelf. It is as fresh as a new can of snuff and you will find yourself dipping into it often.

— Dale L. Walker
El Paso, Texas

Autobiography Reads Like a Novel

DEEP ENOUGH: A WORKING STIFF IN THE WESTERN MINING CAMPS. *By Frank A. Crampton. Forward by W.H. Hutchinson. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 281 pp., with maps and photographs. Hardcover. $16.95.*

In miners' terminology, "deep enough" meant "I don't care" or "I've had it." Throughout his career as a prospector, there were certainly times Frank Crampton was ready to "pack it in."

But as the venerable W.H. Hutchinson remarks in his forward, Crampton was a man who "seized life with both hands and did his best to wring it dry. He came as close as mortal man can come to doing pre-damn-cisely that!"

Indeed, Crampton's memoirs, which cover his life between the ages of 16 and 30, read like a best-selling novel and rank with the very best literature we have on the western mining experience.

Born in New York City, on Park Avenue, in 1888, Crampton had a proper upbringing in a wealthy family which included his step-brother (and future artist) Norman Rockwell. The story actually gets underway when Crampton heads West in 1904, without his parents' consent or knowledge.

Crampton rode the rails with other "bindle stiffs" and quickly became assimilated. In his autobiography, Crampton dismisses all romantic notions about the Old West. And if his adventures seem extraordinary to modern readers, we must bear in mind these events were an accepted part of the miners' daily routine.

The miners' plight, however, is a persistent theme in *Deep Enough.* Crampton believed "mine owners were hard, calloused, almost ruthless and organized." Nothing but profit mattered to these operators. Not only were working conditions deplorable, but the miners had no rights.

Thus there was an attraction of unions, such as the International Workers of the World and the Western Federation of Miners. This was a time when "men were cheaper than timber," and Crampton cites many instances of labor disputes. As a respected negotiator, Crampton attempted to prevent the Ludlow Colorado Massacre, where "National Guardsmen" looted camps, abused women and children and clashed with miners before federal troops intervened.

The most effective aspect of Crampton's autobiography concerns the great camaraderie shared by the hard-rock stiffs. Fellows like Sully, John T., Old John Lamoigne and Death Valley Scotty cross these pages, as do the "girls of the line." Crampton poignantly remembers a lonely Christmas season in Nevada, where he played piano and sang songs for the stiffs and hookers who tearfully yearned for happier times.

In later years, Crampton was involved in the government's chemical warfare program. He then became an engineering consultant for countries in Asia and South America. Skilled in assaying, geology and surveying, able to weld a single or double jack with the best of miners, Crampton emerged as an entrepreneur who made and lost several gold and silver fortunes.

— Jeff Nathan
Los Angeles, California

Piegans Slaughtered

DEATH, TOO, FOR THE-HEAVY-RUNNER. *By Ben Bennett. Mountain Press Publishing Co., Missoula, Montana. 170 pp. $7.95 soft cover.*

On January 23, 1870, on the Big Bend of the Marias River, Montana, 173 Piegans of the Blackfeet Nation were slaughtered. Most were women, children and non-combatants. The lodges and winter supplies were destroyed and more than 300 horses were captured. The United States force which committed this deed was under the command of Colonel Eugene M. Baker. The massacre-victory has never received the notoriety which Little Big Horn, Wounded Knee or Washita have, but it needs to be told.

Bennett spent a year reseaching original and secondary sources. The result is an accurate and objective account of the tragedy written in novel style. To present the conflicting views of generals Sully, de Trobriand, Sheridan and of The-Heavy-Runner, a peace-loving and friendly Piegan, Bennett recites a vision, an important phenomenon of Indian culture.

There is more than the recital of an atrocity however. A historical background of the Blackfeet Nation is presented to set the stage for the "Peace Policy" of President Grant. The massacre itself — the act of Baker attacking and destroying the wrong group of Piegans — is not told in gory detail. Bennett concludes with a summary of negative reaction from the American press and Interior Department.

This work is not as complete as author Bennett would have us believe. The fates of Baker, Sully and de Trobriand are unknown to the reader at book's end. We are told simply that Baker lost his promotion. What of Sully? And de Trobriand?

However, for any reader who appreciates history of the Indian-White conflict this is worthwhile. Especially notable is the author's ability to present factual history in a moving style, yet not be overly sentimental.

— Chuck Parsons
Silver Lake, Minnesota

Montana Memories

MANY STRANGE CHARACTERS. *By James Willard Schultz. Edited by Eugene Lee Silliman. The University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, CA 73019. 143 pp. $10.95.*

In the many volumes of western history that are churned out yearly, there are too few that qualify as real stem-winders. But Eugene Lee Silliman's collection of James Willard Schultz's tales about frontier Montanans qualifies easily, in large part because the author lived in the tail-end of the era he writes about.

That means he had first-hand access to many of those he's written about and played perhaps a small role in some of the stories he created as well.

The result is a series of stories that took this reviewer back to a time and a tone I thought had disappeared when my then 91-year-old grandfather died in 1964.

Born in Helena, Montana, in 1872, my grandfather possessed a storyteller's knack that has been lost in this age of electronic media. When he talked of the cowboys he rode with, you could smell their sweat and when he told of miners, you could almost feel their dusty grit in your teeth. And all the while, the story was leading to some usually humorous or tragic end.

And so it is with this collection of Schultz. He recalls a time when wolves were so plentiful, coyote hides weren't worth skinning out; a time when grizzly bears were so common outside of national parks that perhaps someone gullible might believe a hunter could stumble into seven at one time; a time when Indians and wilderness-wise whites kept an eye out for one another by watching the moods of the herds of buffalo, antelope or elk.

To the modern reader, Silliman notes that perhaps Schultz has tinkered with the truth. To Schultz's contemporaries, there would have been little need of that. A story told without a little embroidery from that era would have been dismissed by his turn-of-the-century audience as hardly worth hearing or reading.

That's not to say what's in this book is untrue. As Silliman points out in his notes, there's plenty of historical fact to back up most of it. However, Schultz's details may be less than perfectly accurate.

To bulwark the detail is an accurate reproduction of the dialect of the Old West. A clever grizzly that's been named Splayfoot by the hunters he outwits is "a dod gasted, cripple-footed low down bear that we've been tryin' to kill fer a month or more."

Are there any flaws to the book? My biggest complaint was that I wanted more of Schultz, which Silliman and the University of Oklahoma Press are willing to provide.

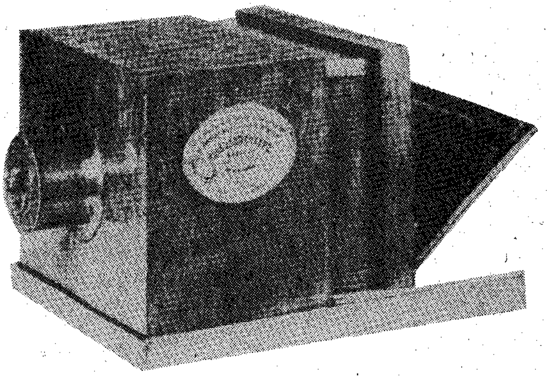
I spotted one small item that needs fixing in the story of Hugh Monroe's pistol. On page 130, it's described as .16 caliber. Surely that's supposed to be .61 caliber, or perhaps a 16-gauge ball, which would be .66 caliber.

— Ken Robertson
Kennewick, Washington

Built High Above His Corns

A cowboy's description of a tall person. Cowboys are strong for exaggeration. I heard one speak of another cowboy as being "so tall it'd take a steeple jack to look 'im in the eye," and again, "so tall he couldn't tell when his feet was cold."

PHOTOGRAPHER WITH CUSTER



By DANA C. JENNINGS

THE "what-is-it" wagon bounced over the rocks as far up the mountainside as two mules could pull it. The photographer, assisted by one of Custer's 7th Cavalrymen, carried 400 pounds of equipment as high as they could struggle. There they set up a black tent into which they stuffed chemicals, water jugs, trays and other photographic darkroom paraphernalia.

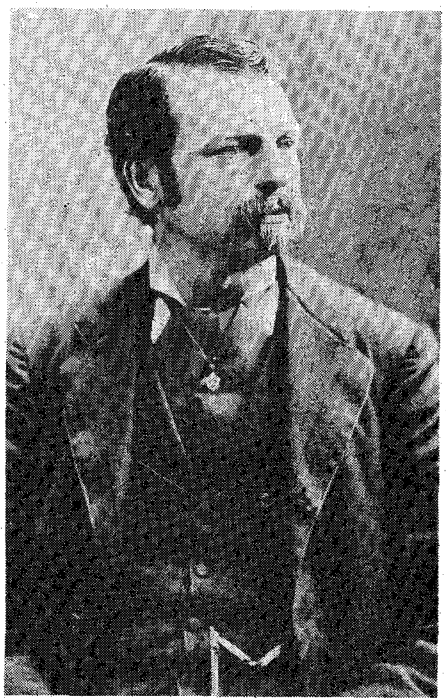
Photographer William H. Illingworth of St. Paul, Minnesota, hauled his heavy, wooden camera to a rock outcropping which commanded a view of the 110-wagon train, 1,000 men and 300 cattle winding down Castle Creek Canyon. A soldier followed, a heavy wooden tripod across his shoulders.

They set up the camera. Illingworth ducked under the hot, black focusing cloth and composed his picture.

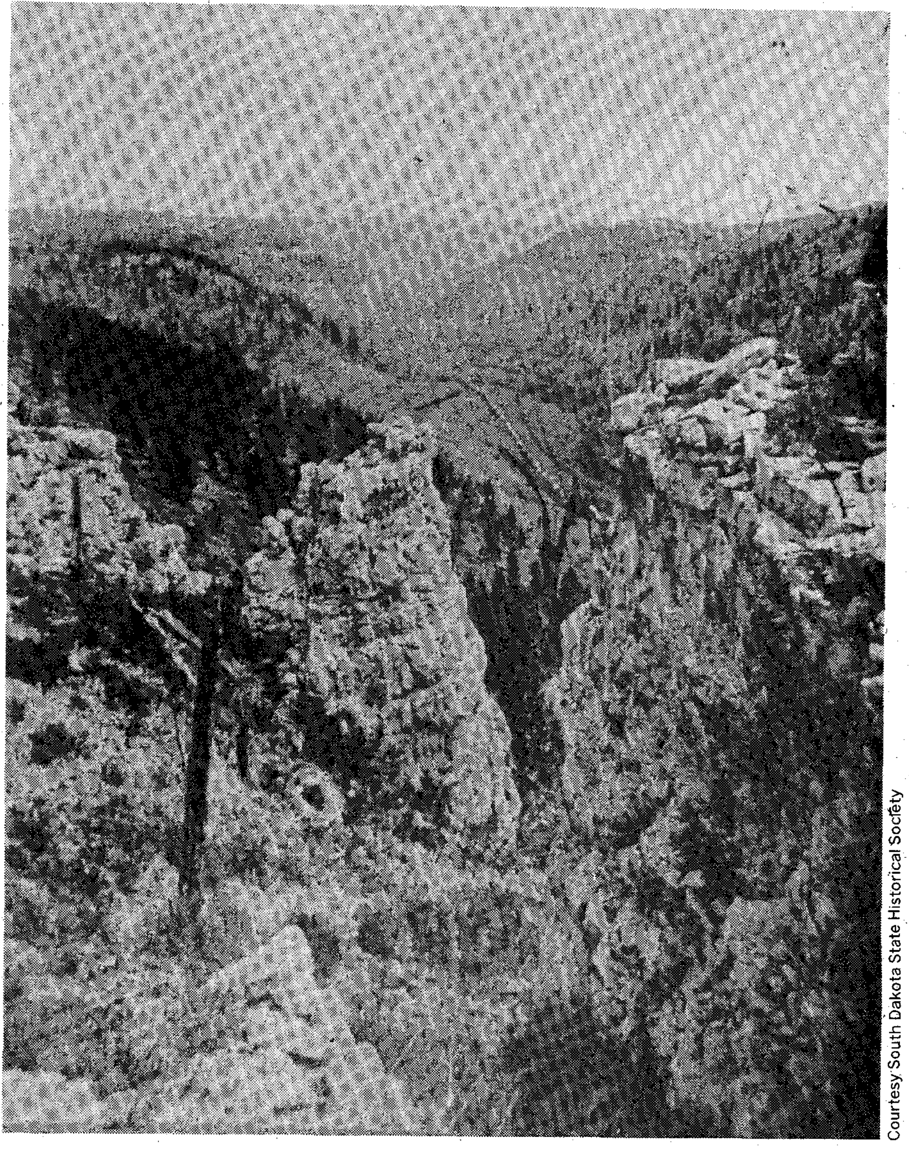
Sliding back down the steep slope to his tent darkroom, Illingworth sensitized a glass plate. He then scrambled up the mountain again, inserted the plate-holder, pulled the dark slide, removed the lens cap, counted off 15 seconds, replaced caps and slide, removed the holder and skidded as fast as he could, without taking a header, back to his tent to develop the plate before it dried.

In humid St. Paul, nature allowed Illingworth about six minutes to sensitize and expose the plate and immerse it in developer before it dried. The hot, arid Dakota Territory summer shortened that grace period.

WET-PLATE photography was the state of the art when General Custer's engineering officer, Colonel William Ludlow, hired Illingworth to accompany the expedition at a salary of $30 a month. Illingworth, born in England in 1844, came to St. Paul with his family in 1850. His father, a jeweler and clock-

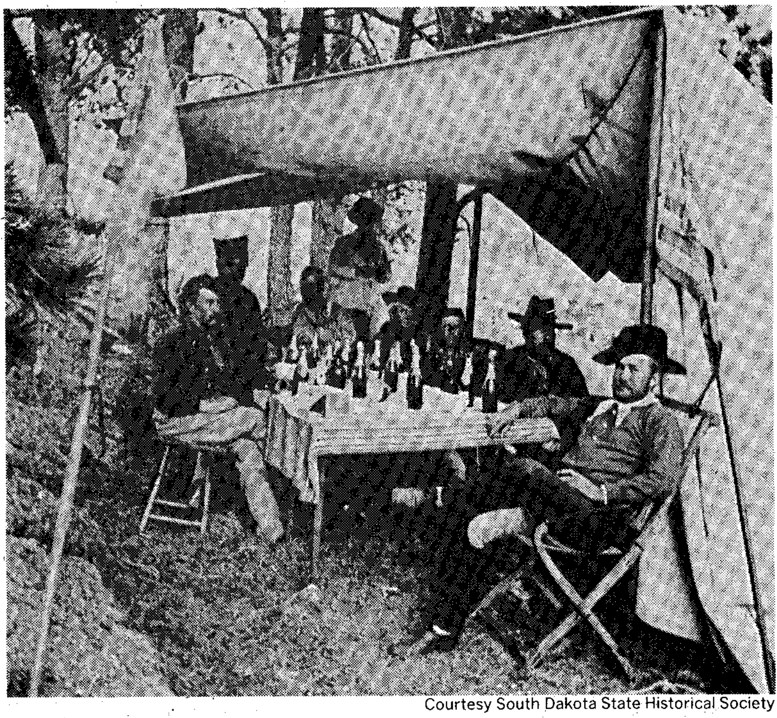


Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society

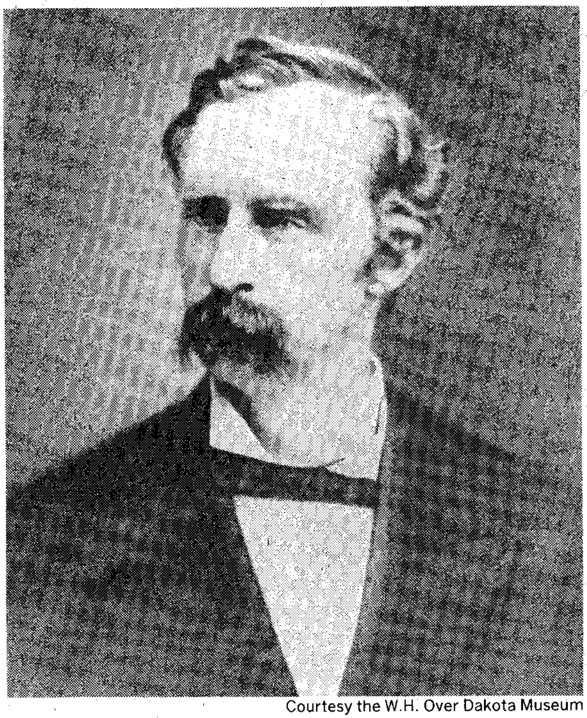


Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

Above: Photographer William H. Illingworth. Right: The Black Hills Expedition wagontrain as viewed at Castle Creek, near Custer, South Dakota.



Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society



Courtesy the W.H. Over Dakota Museum

Left: Illingworth's shot of the day General Custer and his party climbed Harney Peak in South Dakota and participated in a champagne party. Right: Photo of Custer.

maker, taught his son the trade but at age 20, Illingworth went to Chicago and became interested in photography. In 1866, he accompanied the Fisk emigrant party to Montana Territory, bringing back about 30 stereopticon plates.

Most professional photographers of the day preferred to sit in their studios taking portraits. Illingworth was one of few who packed hundreds of pounds of gear into remote corners to record the real world.

LIEUTENANT General Phil Sheridan, commander of the Department of Dakota, on June 8, 1874, ordered Brigadier General Alfred Terry in St. Paul to send an expedition to the Black Hills in Dakota Territory "...and for the purpose of reconnoitering the route...and obtaining information about the character of the country and possible communications through it."

Sheridan already had recommended establishing forts in the Hills to protect settlers. The Hills, reserved for the Sioux in the Red Cloud treaty of 1868, were a land of mystery, the dwelling-place of Wakan and dread lightnings. They were also a rumored land of gold.

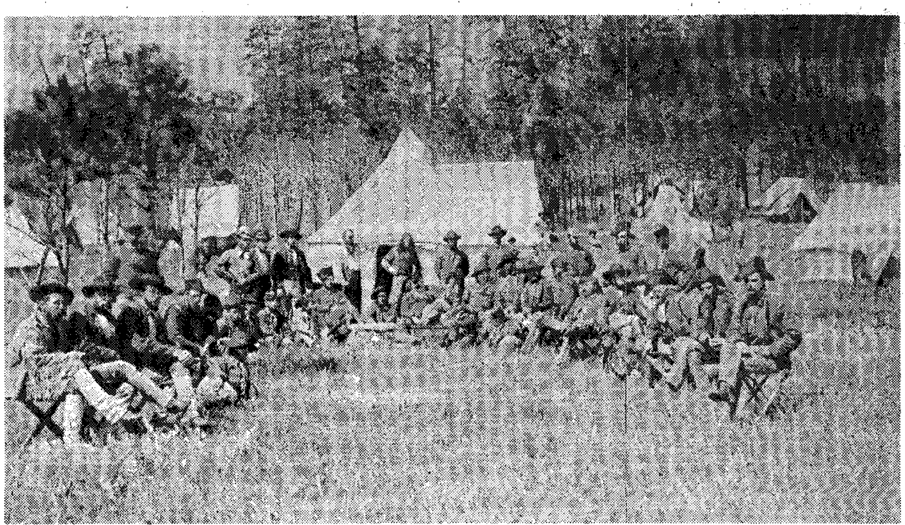
Terry ordered Brevet Major General George Armstrong Custer, whom the Sioux came to call "Yellow Hair" and "Chief of Thieves," to prepare an expedition at Fort Abraham Lincoln near Bismarck, Dakota Territory, to leave by June 20.

Most historians assume the purpose was to find gold. One suggested it was to prove there was no gold in "them thar hills." Stanley Vestal suggested the Army wanted to provoke an Indian attack to give the government an excuse for a war of retribution. This supposedly would have eased the white conscience for squashing Indian claims to the Hills. Another writer suggests the force was made so strong as to preclude any attack.

The deal with Illingworth stipulated that the government would furnish the photographer with a light spring wagon equipped for a photographer's use, all equipment and materials, a team of mules, forage and food. Illingworth was to produce six sets of prints. He could keep the plates for his own use.

Illingworth ultimately turned over one partial set, pleading poverty while selling complete sets. A suit for misappropriation of government property failed in the St. Paul courts on a legal technicality. Colonel Ludlow wanted to press the case but the Army decided against it.

THE Red Cloud treaty promised that the Black Hills, sacred to the Sioux,



Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

A group of officers captured by Illingworth's camera.

would be preserved to them "...as long as the buffalo may range thereon in such numbers as to justify the chase," and no white foot was to tread upon them.

Rumors of gold had trickled out of the Hills ever since the French LaVerendrye brothers first heard of the Hills when they came down the Missouri River in 1743.

By 1874, the nation was wracked by depression. People needed new hope, new opportunity. President Grant needed a new sensation to divert voters' minds. A new gold rush would do it.

Custer's train was composed of 110 five-ton wagons each pulled by six mules, 700 7th Cavalrymen, 100 Indian scouts, a corps of scientists and reporters, two experienced gold miners and one photographer. A herd of 300 cattle was taken to be butchered as needed, but the abundance of game spared many beef. The cattle actually gained weight through the Hills, so lush was the grass along the trail.

ONE of the miners, Horatio Ross, panned a dime's worth of yellow specks in French Creek near the present town of Custer in the southern Hills, an event so insignificant at the time that Illingworth did not bother taking a picture. Custer dispatched famed scout Lonesome Charlie Reynolds to Fort Laramie to telegraph the news to the East. Newspapers screamed GOLD!

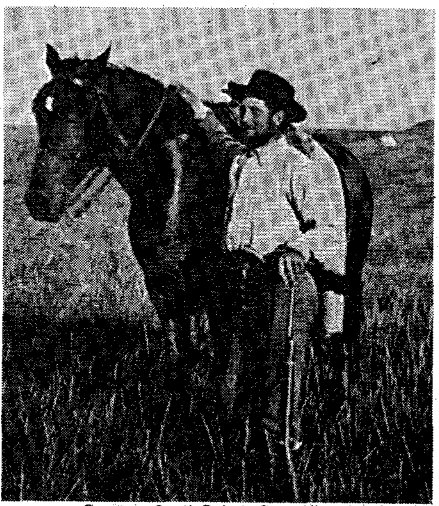
The desired rush was on.

Back at Fort Lincoln, the Bismarck Tribune published an interview with Custer, quoting him, "...until Congress authorizes the settlement of the country, the military will do its duty (of barring trespassers). When the Indian title is extinguished, the military will aid the settlers in every way possible. I shall recommend the extinguishment of the Indian title at the earliest moment practicable for military reasons."

The ironic aftermath was Custer's extermination on the Little Bighorn two years later.

The Army tried to keep prospectors out and burned a few invading wagons. But it could not turn the horde of gold-hungry interlopers. Predictably, the Great White Father found an excuse to extinguish the Indian title to the Black Hills and opened them to exploitation. Today, just the state tax on the Homestake Mine's gold production runs a million dollars a year.

BUT you can't find Illingworth's name except in the dusty recesses of obscurity.



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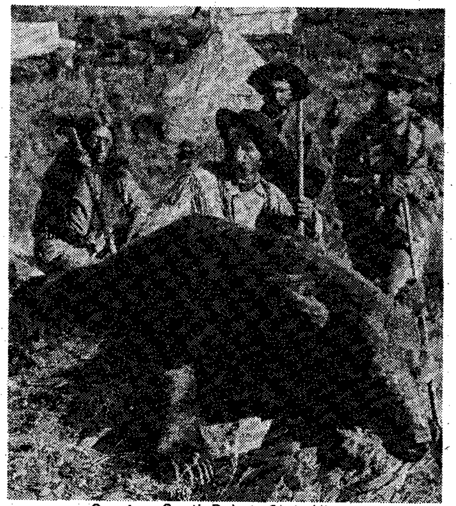
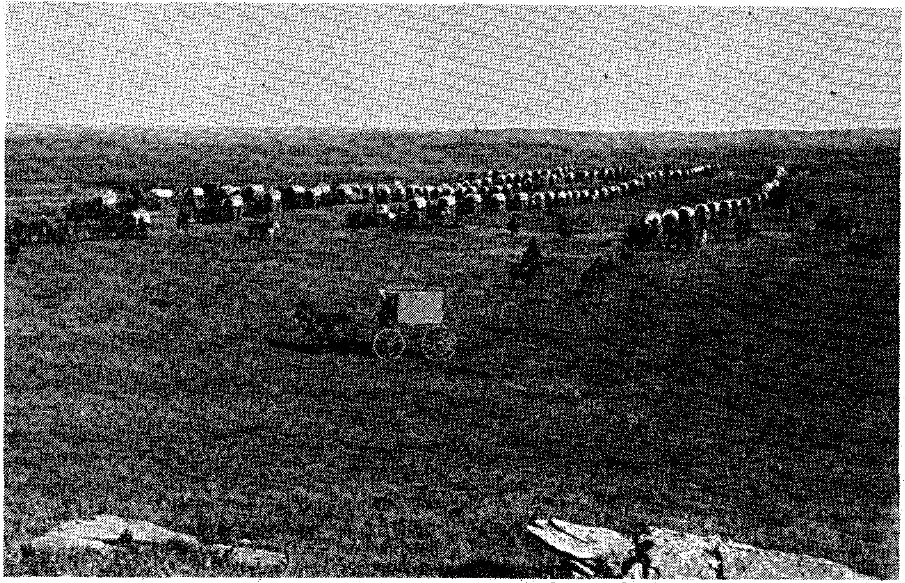


Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

Left: The photographer's picture of Captain Smith, wagon master. Right: Custer and Bloody Knife with the grizzly Custer killed. At right, in photo, are Private Noonan and Captain William Ludlow.

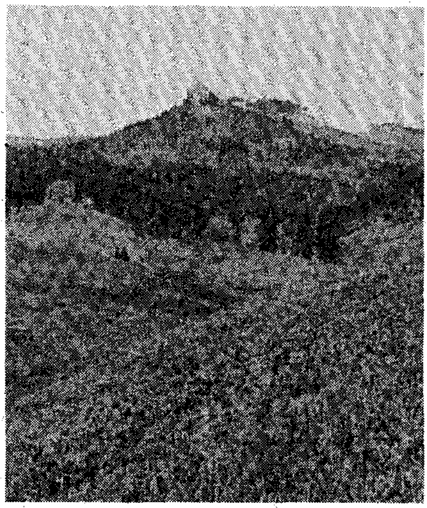


Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

South Dakota's three definitive historical works by Kingsbury, Robinson and Schell don't mention his name. Nor does any encyclopedia. Nor has the official South Dakota historical quarterly ever published an article about him, although it did mention his name once in an issue devoted to Custer's expedition and featuring Illingworth's photos (Summer 1974).

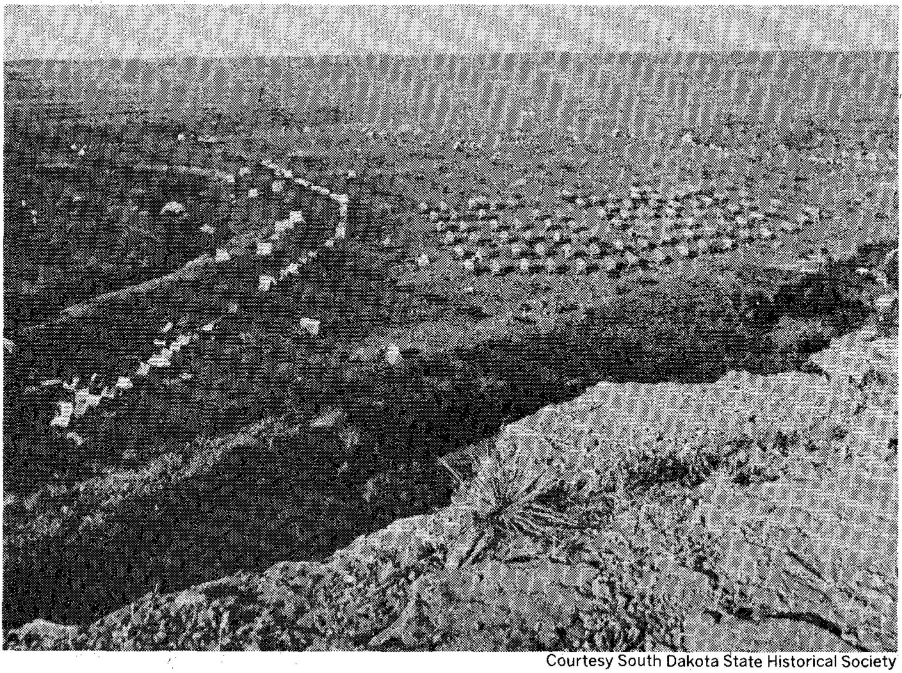
Illingworth's wet-plate photos, made under the most grueling conditions, were valuable to the military, to topographers, to engineers and most of all to eastern stationers who peddled them.

The photos are even more valuable today to ecologists, foresters and managers of our publicly-owned natural resources.



Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

Above: Illingworth's photo wagon in front of Custer's wagontrain. Below: Monument Butte, near Custer Peak. Also known as Nipple Butte.



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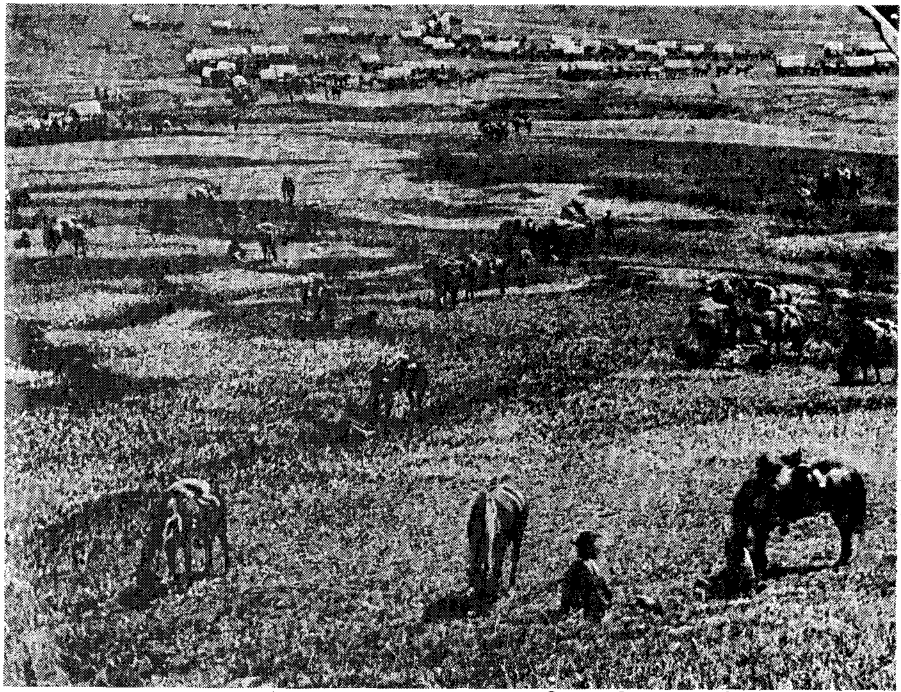

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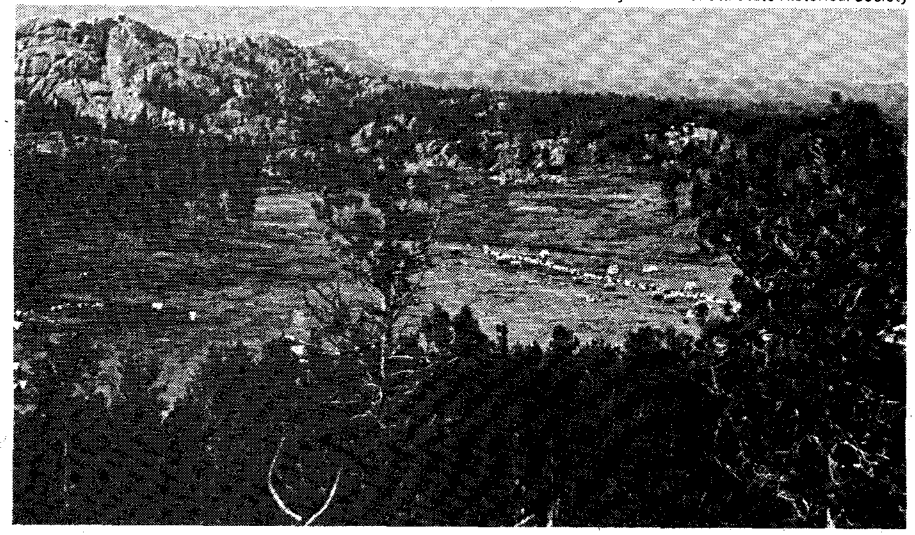


Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

ILLINGWORTH lost two wives to death and one to divorce. At age 49, in the back room of his shop in St. Paul, he put a rifle ball through his brain. One of his two sons blamed despondency over ill health.

In 1900, a son sold 1,700 of Illingworth's photos to Edward A. Bromley of Minneapolis. In 1919, Bromley wrote to the South Dakota Historical Society, Pierre, offering to sell 66 of Illingworth's Black Hills plates, along with an unspecified number of photos by C.W. Stiff, for $60. State Historian Doane Robinson replied he didn't have $60 but could Bromley wait until July 1, 1920, when his new appropriation would become available?

Some of the photos were published then and disappeared. Years later, someone discovered them in a dusty box atop a storage cabinet in the Society's quarters. Most are still in perfect condition.

Illingworth is known to have made 79 plates on the Custer expedition and is suspected to have made more. The South Dakota Historical Society now owns 72, and one is in the Minneapolis Public Library.

AS the centennial of Custer's trip approached, two South Dakota scholars located most of the sites from which Illingworth shot and in 1972 duplicated the scenes, some on the same day and hour as the originals. They published Illingworth's photos paired with their own in a book titled *Yellow Ore, Yellow Hair, Yellow Pine.*

Comparing the new photos with the old, you are struck by the encroachment of dog-hair pine: Pine seedlings coming up "thick as hair on a dog," so thickly that none can prosper, because fire, one of nature's balancing forces, has been too-well controlled. From this, foresters learn the value of prescribed burning.

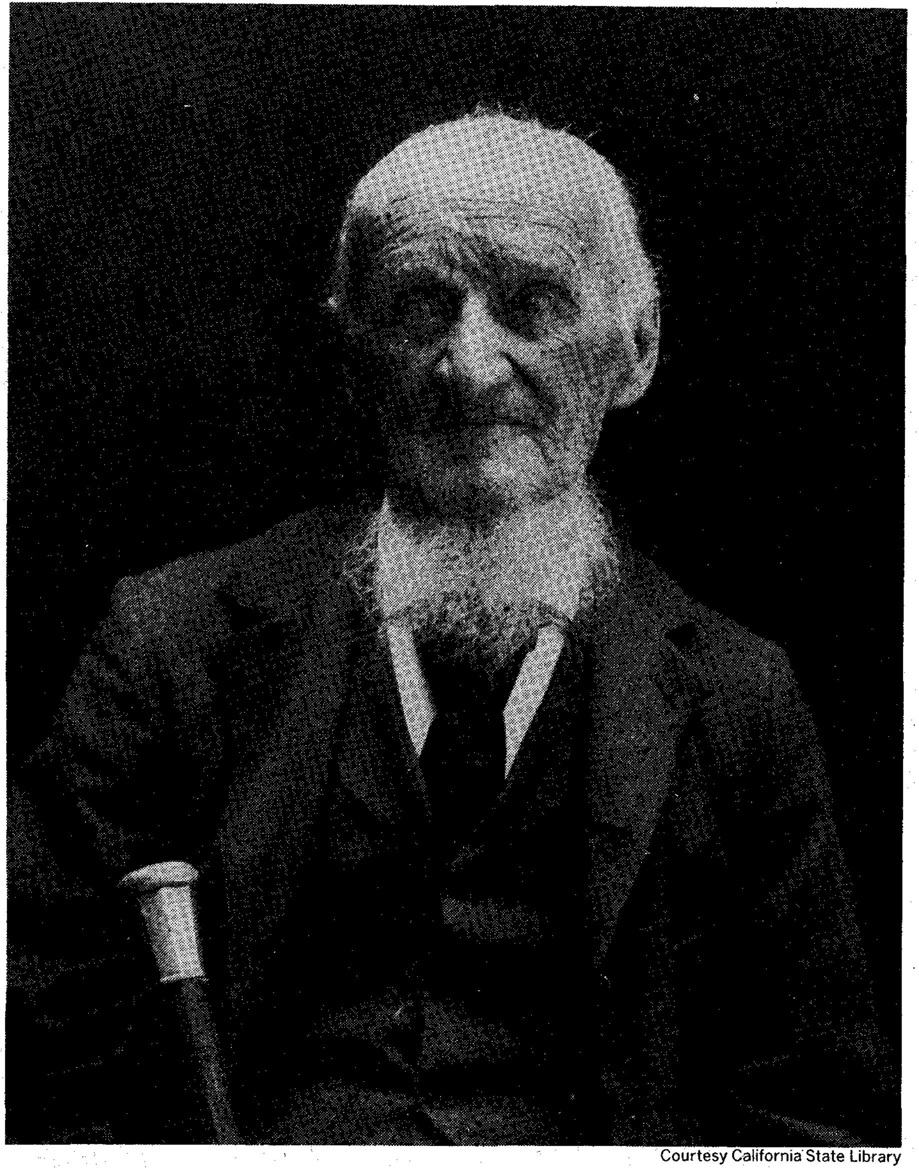
The South Dakota Newsletter editorialized, "The modern debt to Illingworth, both for his documentation of history and his benchmark photographs of forest ecology, is incalculable. George Custer may have led the 1874 expedition, but he was a man of his times only; W.H. Illingworth's original contribution is still proving its worth, and will likely become more valuable as the years dim Custer's name."

Upper left: Custer's encampment near Hiddenwood Creek, South Dakota. Middle left: The Valley of Heart River in North Dakota. Lower left: Golden Valley on French Creek, South Dakota. All of these photographs were taken by William Illingworth.

SAMUEL KYBURZ

The Forgotten Man Who Helped Sutter Settle California

Written By Donovan Lewis



Courtesy California State Library

Samuel Kyburz at the age of 87 just prior to his death in 1898.

WHAT do we know about a man named Samuel Kyburz and why should we care? Even though Kyburz was an early California pioneer, having arrived there in 1846, little is known about him. Brief references are found in books on California history, but there's little information.

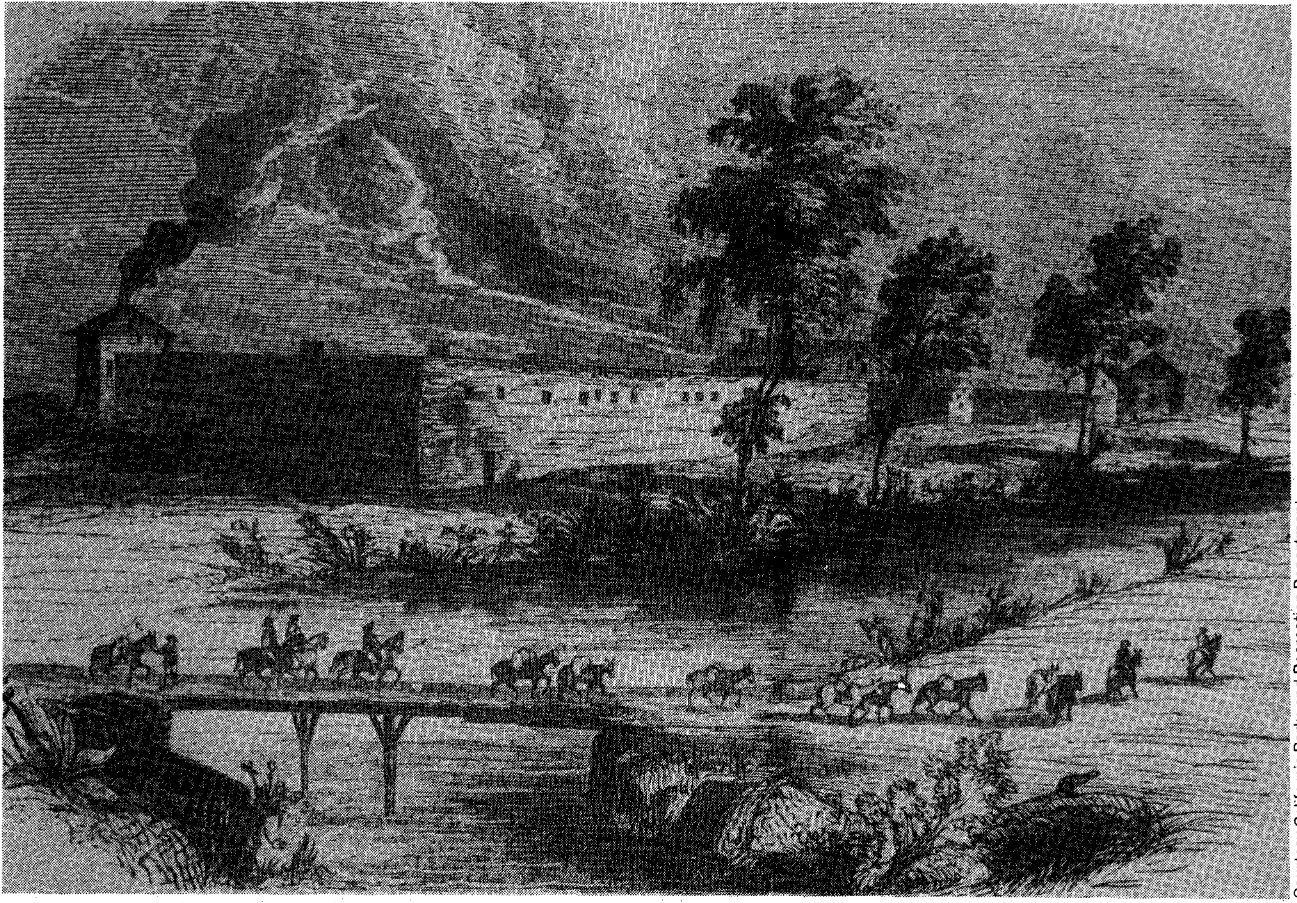
Perhaps Sam Kyburz's most significant achievement was his discovery of Cullomah Valley (now Coloma) in 1847. He recommended it to Captain John Sutter for Sutter's sawmill. The subsequent discovery of gold there spurred California's growth. So Kyburz should be classed with the greatest of California's pioneers along with John Sutter, James Marshall, and the others who took part in this momentous event.

Although information on Kyburz is scarce, enough information was found to help set the record straight.

Samuel Kyburz was born on June 20, 1810, in Obernfeldon, Switzerland. When he was 23, he accompanied his father to America where they both hoped to start a new life. After working for a few years in New England textile mills, Sam moved to a Wisconsin farm. In 1841, he married Rebecca Barben, or Barber, an Ohio girl. They settled on the Wisconsin farm. Within a few years they had two children but Sam became disenchanted with life in Wisconsin.

John A. Sutter, a fellow Swiss countryman, let it be known that he welcomed new settlers in his "New Helvetia" on the Sacramento River in Alta, California. Hearing this, Kyburz headed west with his wife and family.

This decision was not made lightly as few emigrants dared to take their families on such a hazardous journey in those days. They packed a few belongings and left on April 2, 1846, heading



Courtesy California Parks and Recreation Department

Sutter's Fort as it looked in 1846, the year Samuel Kyburz and his party reached the fort.

for Independence, Missouri, to join an overland wagon train. With them were his wife's father and her two brothers.

THEY may have taken a riverboat down the Mississippi River to St. Louis, and another to Independence via the silt-filled Missouri River. They outfitted with wagons, livestock and supplies needed for the long, perilous trip. They then joined a wagon train at Indian Creek, near Independence.

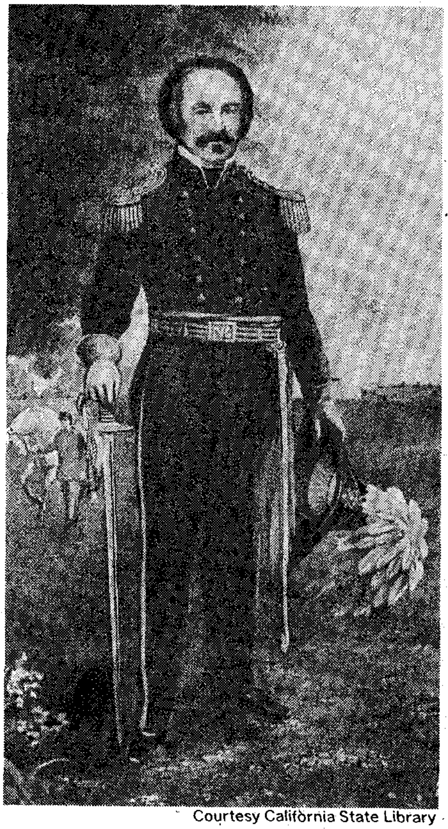
By coincidence, the ill-fated Donner party also was leaving at the same time. Other members were Heinrich Lienhard and the Peter Wimmer family who later joined John Sutter along with Kyburz. Lienhard was traveling with four unmarried Swiss emigrants in one wagon. They were called the "five German boys."

"More and more people taking the same journey arrived in town to complete their equipment," Lienhard wrote in his reminiscences. "Among them was a Swiss by the name of Kyburz, with his American wife and two children. He had two wagons, one of which was driven by his father-in-law, Mr. Barber, an elderly man but still strong and enjoying life. Two unmarried sons of the old man, John and Samuel, had a vehicle between them." The train, totalling about 30 wagons, left Indian Creek on May 12.

The main route to California in 1846 lay along the newly established Oregon Trail which followed the Platte River and led far north of the Great Salt Lake via Fort Hall, after which those going to California split off.

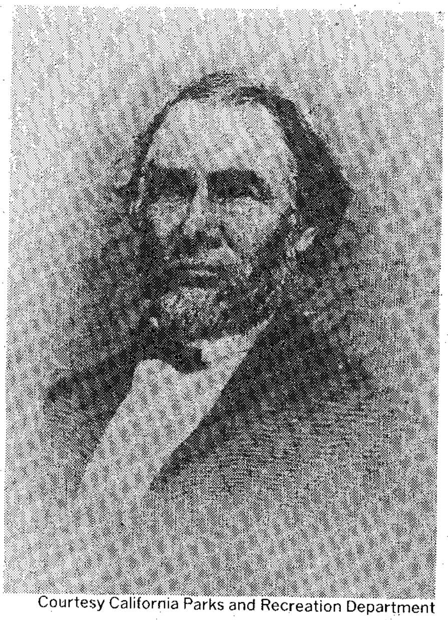
They turned south into Utah Territory and present day Nevada and then followed the Humboldt River. They followed this lifeline southwest until it disappeared into the Humboldt Sink. There was then more than 40 miles of desert before the emigrants reached Truckee Meadows near present-day Reno. Once they crossed the formidable Sierras, they were home free.

IN JULY, a dusty courier met the wagon trains near the Continental Divide in Wyoming, bearing a message from one Lansford Hastings. This young adventurer had published a book on overland travel and was well respected for his knowledge of the available routes. The message told of the Mexican War and warned the emigrants



Courtesy California State Library

Captain John Augustus Sutter Sr., proprietor of Sutter's Fort and one of California's best-known pioneers.



Courtesy California Parks and Recreation Department

James W. Marshall, about 1873-75.

to stay in large groups to protect themselves from possible attack by the Mexicans. As it turned out, the Indians posed a worse threat.

Hastings' message also told of a new, shorter route to California which Hastings was promoting. It led southwest through Fort Bridger and continued below the Great Salt Lake before heading west across the arid Salt Lake Desert to join the Fort Hall trail at the Humboldt River.

The message said that Hastings himself would be waiting at Fort Bridger to personally guide those emigrants who wished to try the new route. The offer was tempting because it saved several hundred miles of arduous travel. Yet many were skeptical and feared the unknown.

The small Swiss detachment, including the Kyburz family, had moved ahead of the main train and decided to try the shorter route. After a short stop at Fort Bridger, the fast-moving party met Lansford Hastings who guided them part way before leaving them so he could help others.

After many hardships, the dauntless group finally crossed the dreaded Salt Lake Desert and joined the main trail on the Humboldt River. Imagine their chagrin when they learned that those who had taken the longer Fort Hall route had beaten them by at least two weeks. The Donner Party, delayed longer, was falling behind.

THE SWISS detachment had been traveling for more than two months by now. Lienhard described Kyburz as “A small man, somewhat bowlegged with a broad face, light yellow, curley hair, grayish-white eyes and a rather weak expression. There was usually a smile on his face, and the tone of his voice was pleasant and affable. He always enjoyed being in the limelight and liked to air his knowledge on the slightest provocation.”

Although Lienhard's description wasn't exactly flattering, he did acknowledge Kyburz's peacemaking abilities on at least two occasions: Once when his (Lienhard's) wagon skinned an ox while passing another wagon. When the angry ox owner made trouble, Kyburz, acting as party captain, handed the man a twenty-franc piece to avoid a fight. The other incident involved Ripstein, one of Lienhard's companions, who demanded Lienhard repay a debt in hard cash — cash that Lienhard did not possess. As he explains it:

“I was enraged by such an unexpected and undeserved treatment. Kyburz, who had been a witness to the whole affair and now probably feared that our quarrel could end up badly, turned to Ripstein: ‘How can you demand more than he offers you? Isn't what he is willing to do sufficient? He could not do more than he offers. Why do you demand the impossible?’ Ripstein suddenly calmed down. Whether it was because of Kyburz' intervention or some other circumstance, I cannot say. But I knew what kindhearted people my companions were.”

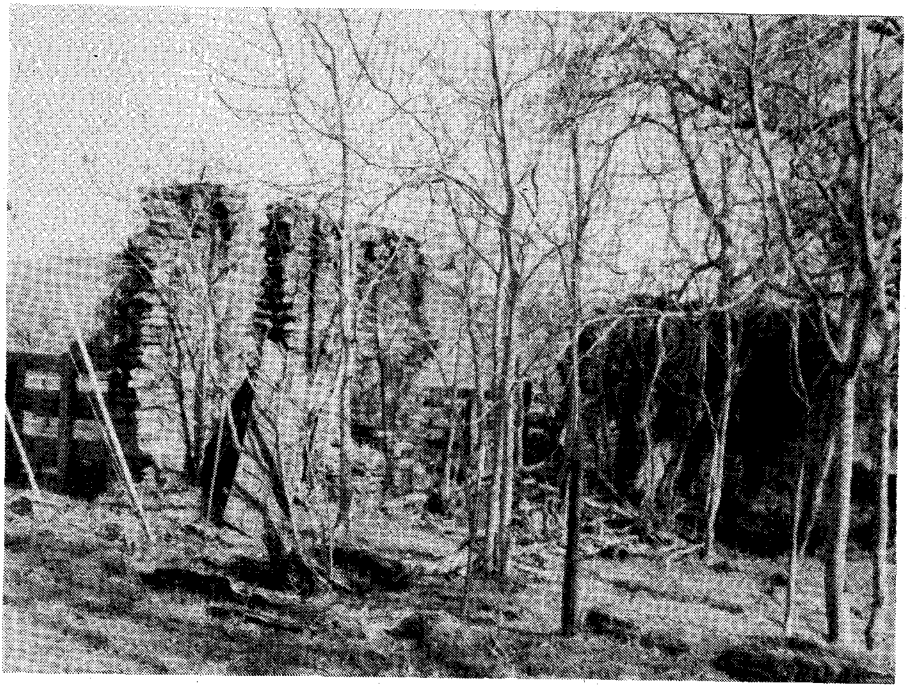
The “five German boys,” having patched up the quarrel, pulled ahead of the others until they were unexpectedly joined by Kyburz. Lienhard describes the meeting as follows:

“On the seventeenth, in the evening at dusk, Kyburz and his two wagons caught up with us. One of his wagons was driven by his old father-in-law, Mr. Barber. Hardly had they stopped when the latter asked in a loud voice, ‘Kyburz, I ask you once more whether you've decided to join with these men or stay in the party in which my two sons are.’

“Kyburz declared that he would join us if one of us would drive his second wagon, whereupon Mr. Barber said goodnight to us all, especially to his daughter, Mrs. Kyburz, and to the children, adding that he would return to his sons, and then left. Zins (another of Lienhard's companions) proposed to drive the wagon which had been driven by Mr. Barber if Kyburz was willing to give him board, to which Kyburz gladly agreed.”

Kyburz had brought along a dog he called Tiger, “a big husky alert fellow,” who usually kept the “prairie wolves” (coyotes) at bay. Rebecca Kyburz often cooked enough food in the evening so that the leftovers could be warmed up for breakfast the next morning. These leftovers were normally kept in the cook-pot and placed under one of the wagons at night under the watchful eye of faithful Tiger.

“Last night, however,” Lienhard wrote, “their big cousins (the wolves)



Courtesy the author

A recent photo of the ruins of the Kyburz ranch at Clarksville, California. It was here, about 20 miles east of Sacramento, Kyburz established a dairy farm.

had been at our camp and Tiger probably thought 'don't hurt me and I won't hurt you.' They had dragged Mrs. Kyburz' kettle away from the wagon about eighty paces and had, of course, helped themselves to all the meat, with the exception of a little burned piece at the bottom. The lid was found lying on the ground a short distance away."

BY OCTOBER 2, the Kyburz party reached the base of the towering Sierra Nevadas. They started up through the pass which they surmounted after two days of strenuous travel. Once across, they virtually raced down the other side trying to find water and grass for their exhausted oxen. They encountered a slight snowfall on October 6, which spurred them to reach lower elevation before heavy snows hit them. However, their haste cost them several badly needed oxen.

These early storms foretold disaster for the Donner Party which did not reach the Sierras until the end of October. Caught just short of the pass by deepening snows, they were forced to retreat and make winter camp at what is now called Donner Lake. Before that hideous winter was over, about half of the 87 in the group died of starvation.

George Donner and his wife, Tamsen, failed to make it that far when their wagon broke down about eight miles east of the lake. Both subsequently perished.

The Swiss detachment was heading for Bear Valley by October 8, and Lienhard's description of the difficulty is worth repeating:

"Zins drove on ahead with the smaller of Kyburz' wagons, tied the two rear wheels together, then the wagon slowly slid down the steep incline. Kyburz' second wagon, in which his wife and children rode and which he himself drove, was provided with springs . . . Hardly had we begun the descent of this lower section when Kyburz' wagon, the one equipped with springs, tipped over sideways. A number of tools, including files, chisels, augers, etc., too many to mention, were scattered on the ground that was covered with dry fir needles."

The weary group reached Johnson's Ranch on the Bear River a few days later. They arrived at Sutter's Fort in mid-October. Lienhard expressed his thanks for arriving safely:

"When one has accomplished a journey such as this one and finally reached one's destination without having lost good friends or otherwise suffered material losses to speak of, then he experiences the joy of having been relieved of a heavy burden. This at least was my experience, and I felt doubly grateful to kind fate and Him who guides our fate."

AFTER reaching Sutter's Fort, Kyburz found himself warmly greeted by Captain Sutter and he was somewhat surprised to find that his wife, Rebecca, was the first American woman to settle there. A two-room annex to Sutter's main building was quickly built to house the new family. A handyman carpenter named James Marshall built the furniture for it.

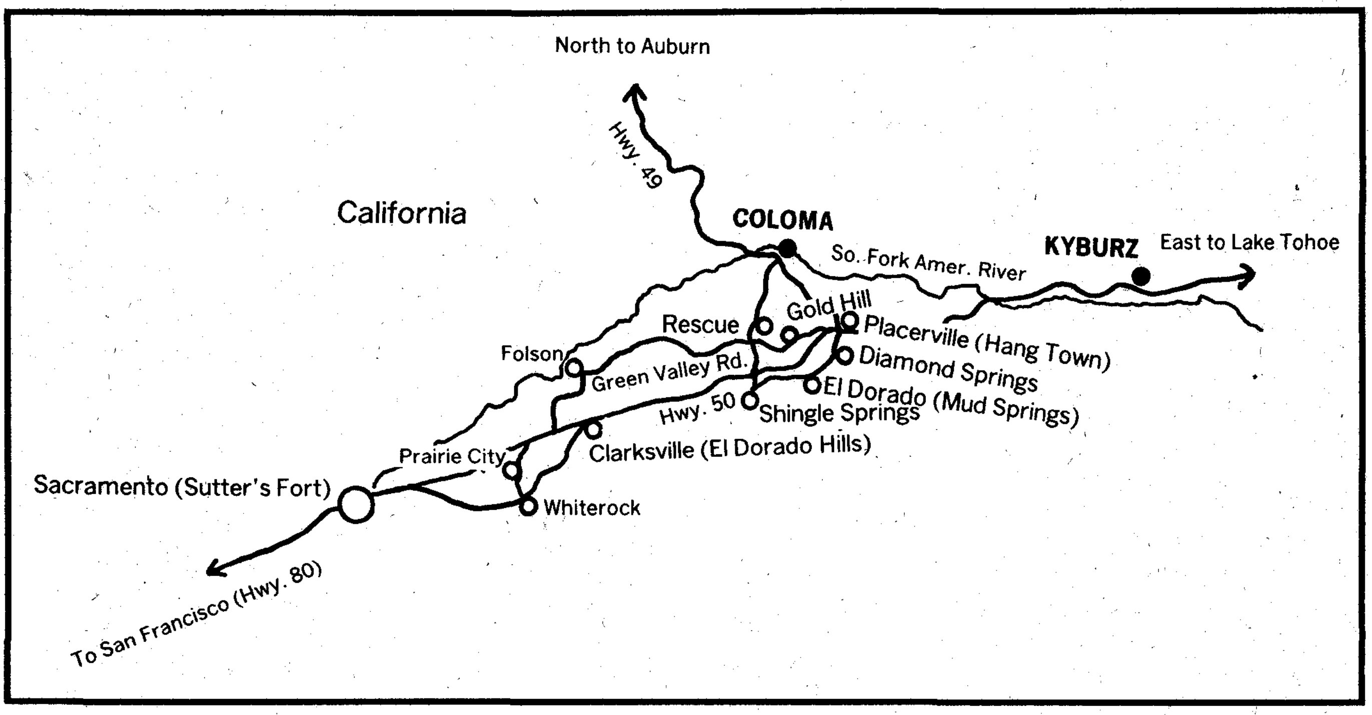
Early in March, 1847, the Donner party survivors were rescued and brought to Sutter's Fort. One of those was Mrs. Keseberg, the wife of Lewis Keseberg, who had been too ill to leave with the rescue party. As the last survivor to be brought out, Keseberg arrived in April. He became involved in controversy over alleged cannibalism.

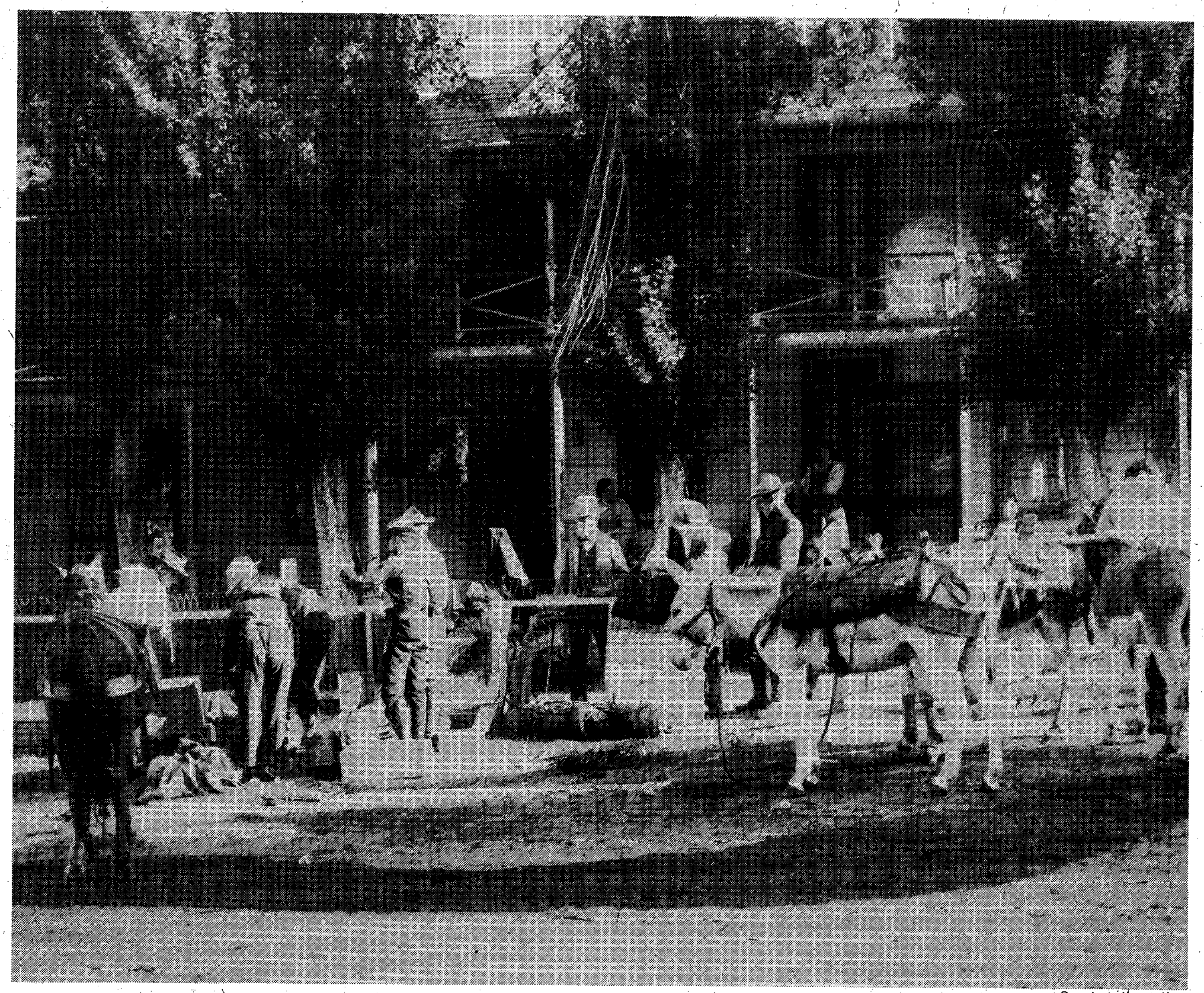
Kyburz soon won Sutter's confidence and became one of Sutter's most trusted associates along with Marshall, John Bidwell, and Lienhard. Rebecca took charge of the kitchen and produced many fine meals for such notables as John Fremont, Kit Carson, Peter Burnett, Mariano Vallejo and others. Lienhard described her as "a neat industrious woman and a good housekeeper."

In mid-1847, Kyburz explored possible sites for a sawmill Sutter needed to supply lumber for his various enterprises. When Kyburz and his small party stumbled into what became Coloma Valley, he recognized it as the best place for the mill.

Frequented by nomadic Southern Maidu Indians whom the settlers called "Diggers," Coloma Valley was well protected from storms. The south fork of the American River snaked through it providing a reliable source of water power. It was well forested and it had reasonably good access.

Sutter then sent James Marshall with a small party to confirm the desirability of the valley and make additional observations. Although Marshall preferred a site closer to his ranch on Butte Creek, a tributary of the upper Sacramento River, he agreed to a partnership with Sutter to build a sawmill at "Cullo-





Courtesy the author

The Kyburz resort hotel was a stopping place for pack trains headed for the high country beyond. Here, U. S. Army Corps of Engineers personnel are heading for Silver Lake in 1906.

mah," as it was spelled in those days. After Kyburz helped Marshall arrange transportation for his construction crew in late August, 1847, Kyburz continued with his many duties around the fort.

KYBURZ was there when Marshall rushed back to see Captain Sutter on January 28, 1848. Marshall brought the startling news that gold had been discovered. When the gold rush started in May, Kyburz recognized his opportunity to prosper. He leased Sutter's only two-story building. It had served as a barracks for Sutter's Indian troops and as a jail, a storehouse, a dining hall and Sutter's main office.

Sutter made the following note in the New Helvetia Diary on May 21, 1848:

"Continual stream of people going to the mountains. C.C. Smith & Co. moved the store into my large granary in order to allow Kyburz to establish a much needed boarding house."

Another entry, a few days later, read: "Dr. Bates moving to give Kyburz room."

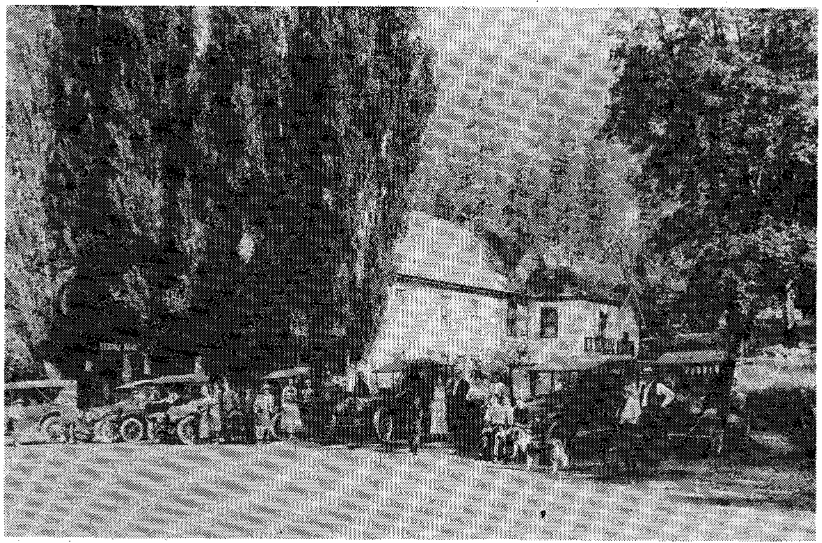
Kyburz converted the two-story building into a boarding-house hotel. With eager argonauts fighting for accommodations — even paying a dollar a night to sleep on the floor — he prospered far more than most of his frantic customers. There's little doubt that Rebecca's fine cooking played an important role in Kyburz's success.

A year later, after accumulating a good stake, Kyburz struck out for San Francisco to try his luck in another venture. The story handed down through the family is that he paid $60,000 for a ship hoping to make a fortune hauling goods to the argonauts.

However, it sank at sea within a year and he lost everything. As a result, the family moved back to Sacramento where they settled on K Street between 8th and 9th. There, a son, Albert B. Kyburz, was born in 1852. Kyburz worked as a major-domo (foreman) on Sutter's "Hock" farm located on the Feather River. The word "Hock" apparently came from the "Hoko" Indians who frequented the area around Sutter's farm.

WHEN Sacramento was flooded in 1862, the Kyburz family moved to a town called Whiterock, a strategic location about 15 miles southeast on the main trail to the Washoe silver mines in what became Virginia City, Nevada.

There they opened another boarding house and way station. Fortunately, the



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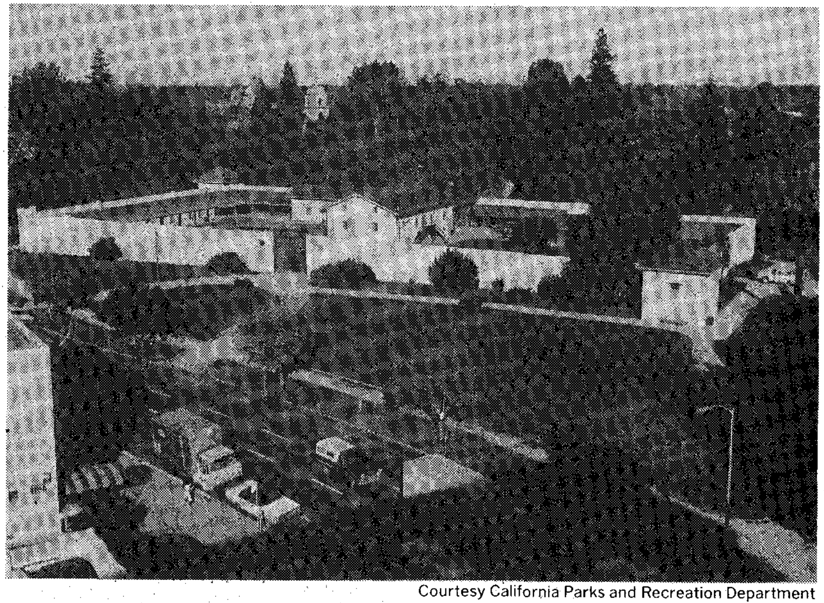
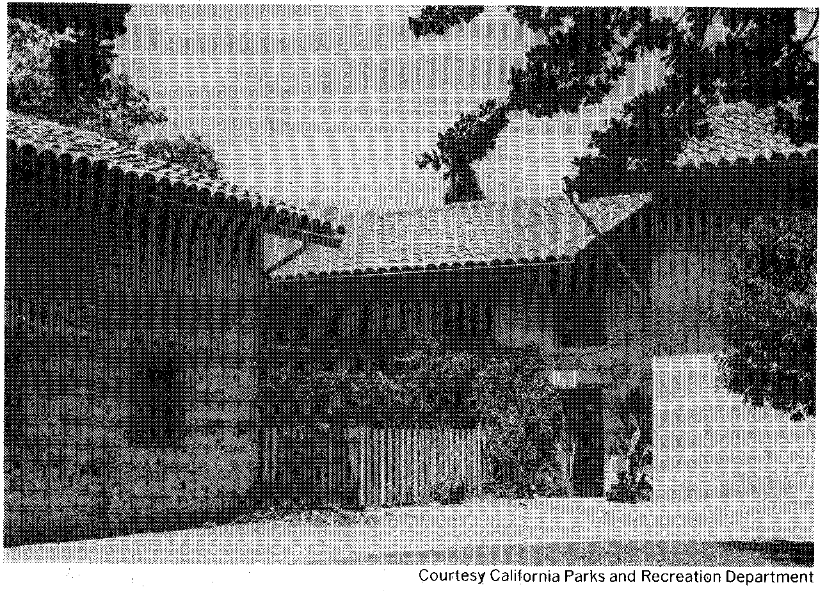


Courtesy California Parks and Recreation Department



Courtesy California Parks and Recreation Department

Top photo shows Kyburz resort hotel with some of the earliest autos to make the strenuous trip in 1917. Middle photo shows Sutter's Fort (replica) in Sacramento, California. Bottom photo shows the Kyburz annex to Sutter's Fort (replica).

place prospered allowing them to recoup most of their losses. Today, nothing remains of Whiterock or its larger neighboring town, Prairie City.

Apparently growing tired of the business (possibly because Rebecca was tired of cooking), Kyburz left Whiterock to start a dairy ranch near Clarksville, a tiny settlement about 20 miles east of Sacramento.

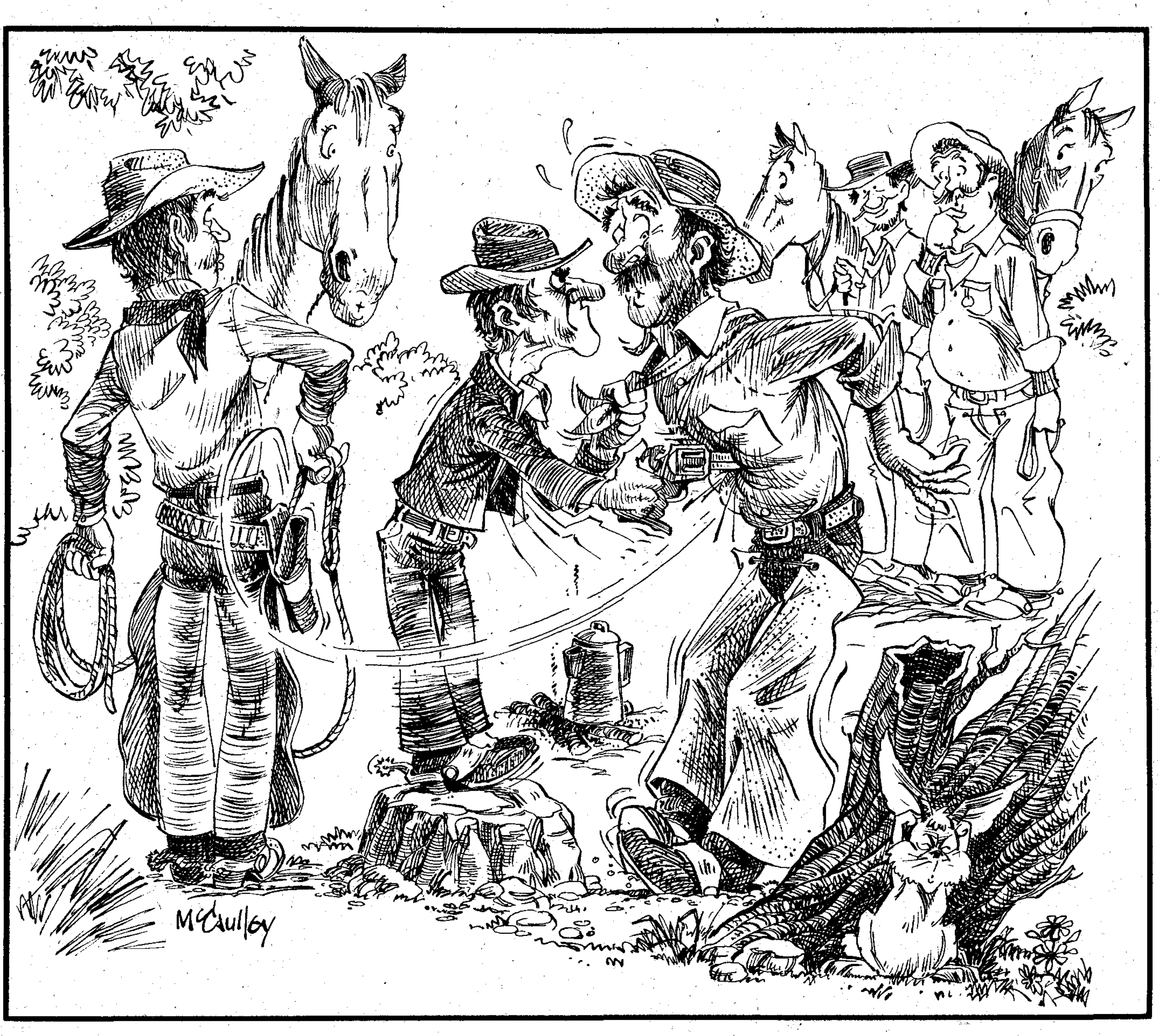
An old stone ruin, some deserted shacks and a few ranch houses still occupy the site. Kyburz also acquired a summer cattle range near Meyers adjacent to South Lake Tahoe. Sam and Rebecca lived their remaining days in Clarksville. Sam died in January 1898. He was buried with full Masonic rites in the nearby town of Folsom. His gravesite has never been identified. It is said that a wildfire swept the cemetery around the turn of the century and may have destroyed his wooden marker.

Before Sutter left California — after being burned out at the Hock Farm in 1865 — he presented Kyburz with a custom-made walking stick. It was carved out of the wooden headstock from the old sawmill. It had a silver handle etched with the Masonic emblem. This symbolic artifact is on display in the Marshall Gold Discovery State Park in Coloma.

Sam and Rebecca Kyburz raised three sons and a daughter. A small resort, located about 40 miles east of Placerville on Highway 50, was established about the turn of the century by Albert B. Kyburz, the son born in Sacramento in 1852. In 1903, the resort was officially named "Kyburz" after the old pioneer. Albert's son, Ralph, took over upon his father's death and operated it until his son, Albert W., took over in 1929.

Three generations of the family reside in the Placerville area, including Albert W. Kyburz, old Sam's great-grandson. Albert's son, Samuel W. and daughter, Kay, live in the San Francisco Bay area. Samuel W. has two children. Thus, six generations of the pioneer's family have lived in the state that Samuel senior helped to establish.

A glance at Sam's glowing obituary shows some of his later activities which include several years as a justice of the peace. It describes Sam as, "good, truthful and brainy." One could add more tributes and flowery phrases. However, Sam probably liked it the way it was: Plain and simple.



Cowboy Mutiny

By **BILL CELLERS** Illustration by Bud McCaulley

A ROUNDUP foreman had to have absolute control over the cowboys in his crew. And a roundup is governed by strict rules of conduct. Any cowboy who wouldn't follow the foreman's orders and conform to the rules could throw a monkey wrench into the smoothness of a roundup's order, working schedule and conduct. But, as among any group of working men, there are a few individuals who go around with their necks bowed and have to be put in their places.

I heard a story told of a roundup foreman putting such a mutinous cowboy in his place — told by a cowboy who witnessed it. According to his story, this foreman, a man they called Little Martin because of his size, was ramrodding a pool wagon. A pool wagon is a roundup outfit formed by a group of ranchers, most with spreads of smaller size, throwing in together on it and appointing one rancher to be foreman.

That's how Little Martin got the job. But he was equal to the responsibilities. All the other ranchers or their reps in his crew had to follow his orders.

One ranch contributing to this wagon's interests was owned by the three Nefsey brothers, Bill, John, and George. But only one, John, was riding with this roundup wagon.

Now Little Martin had known these three brothers from way back. He claimed they were as low-down as rattlesnakes. He claimed they had caused problems with their sisters over some cattle the sisters owned — bought with money they'd earned teaching school.

Likely as not, Martin knew of other such deals the Nefseys had committed. So he just hated their guts. He wouldn't favor John any while the man was riding with a roundup wagon he was ramrodding.

ONE job on a roundup is riding day

herd. That's herding and driving the main herd from one camp site to the next every time the wagons make a move. Although it has to be done, some cowboys don't care for it because of its somewhat tedious monotony and lack of fast riding and excitement.

On most roundups, all hands except the cook, nighthawk, and wrangler have to take turns at riding day herd. But on this pool wagon there were enough farmer-ranchers past the age that craved action so they were kept on day herd steady.

When John Nefsey joined this pool wagon, Little Martin showed his dislike for Nefsey by ordering him to ride with the day herd crew. But at that, John blew his top and flatly refused. He no doubt had an idea why Martin was doing it. At the time, the cowboys were in the rope corral roping their mounts for the morning circle ride.

"No, I don't do no sich-er-fer thing," John roared. "I don't have to ride day herd if I don't want to. I got cattle out on the range same as you have. So I can ride where I damn please. I'm gonna ride circle."

Although John might have had cause for his stand, that made no difference. While on roundup he was required to take orders from the foreman.

"You ride where I tell you to," Martin responded. "I said for you to ride day herd. An' by gawd, I mean it."

"An' you can go to hell," John retorted. "I got a right to ride any place I damn please. An' that's on circle."

"You ride where I tell you or cut your string of horses an' pull your carcass outa camp," was Martin's ultimatum.

"I ain't doin' that, neither, an' I ain't ridin' day herd," John snorted. "You'll play hell runnin' me out of this camp."

As this took place soon after the turn of the century, a few cowboys still carried guns. Martin wasn't carrying any on this morning but he had one packed in his bedroll. But a cowboy I'll call Buck Carlin was armed.

"Let me borrow that gun you got, Buck," Martin said, pointing at it.

Without a word, Buck turned his hip toward Martin, plainly saying, "I'm not going to hand it to you, but if you want it you're welcome to it. And I'm behind you in shooting that son-of-a-bitch if you have to."

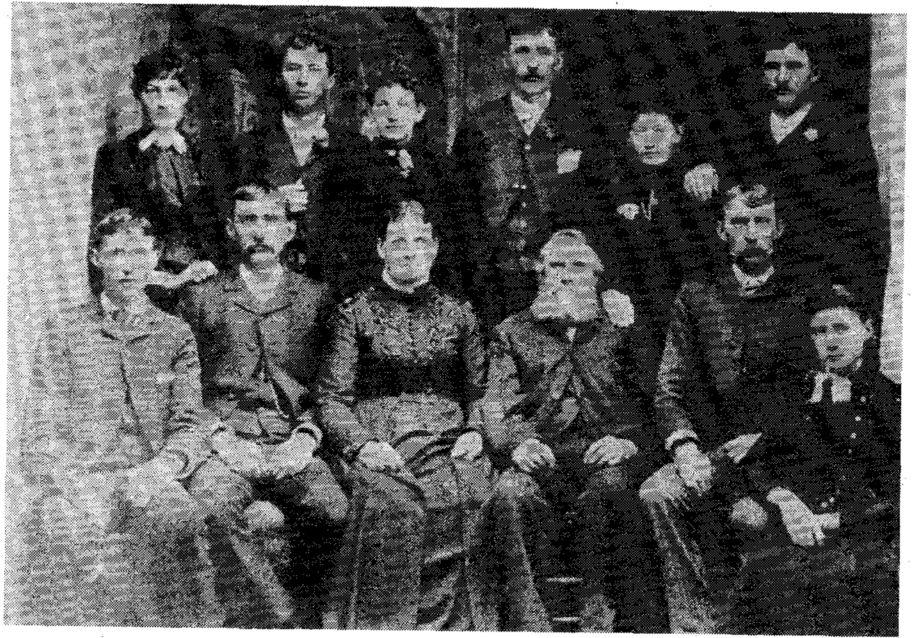
Martin took the gun, rolled a cartridge into the barrel, pointed it at John's guts, and snapped, "I said cut them horses."

To John, who wasn't armed, that gun muzzle no doubt looked large as a cannon. And he knew Martin wasn't bluffing. He knew if he continued defying Martin he'd get a bullet through his guts.

"Oh, all right then," John backed down, knowing if he didn't he'd get a bullet through his middle for sure. "I — I'll work any place you want me to."

In telling two or three of us about it twenty years later, this cowboy who witnessed it said, "That shore done me an' them other cowboys a heap of good. If that guy hadn't backed down, an' not cut his horses outa the remuda, Martin would have shot him sure as hell. An' they wouldn't have been nothin' done to Martin about it either. An' nobody realized it more 'n old John did.

The Nefsey family, taken in 1882. The three brothers mentioned in the story are Tom, standing farthest right, and John and Bill, seated to left.



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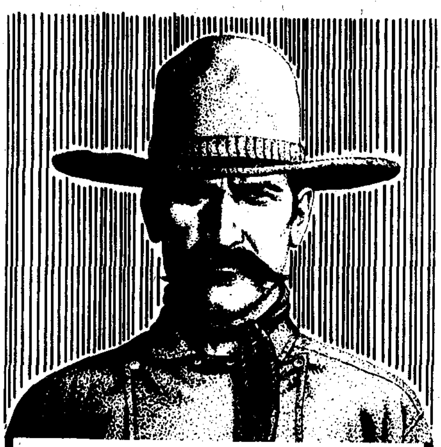

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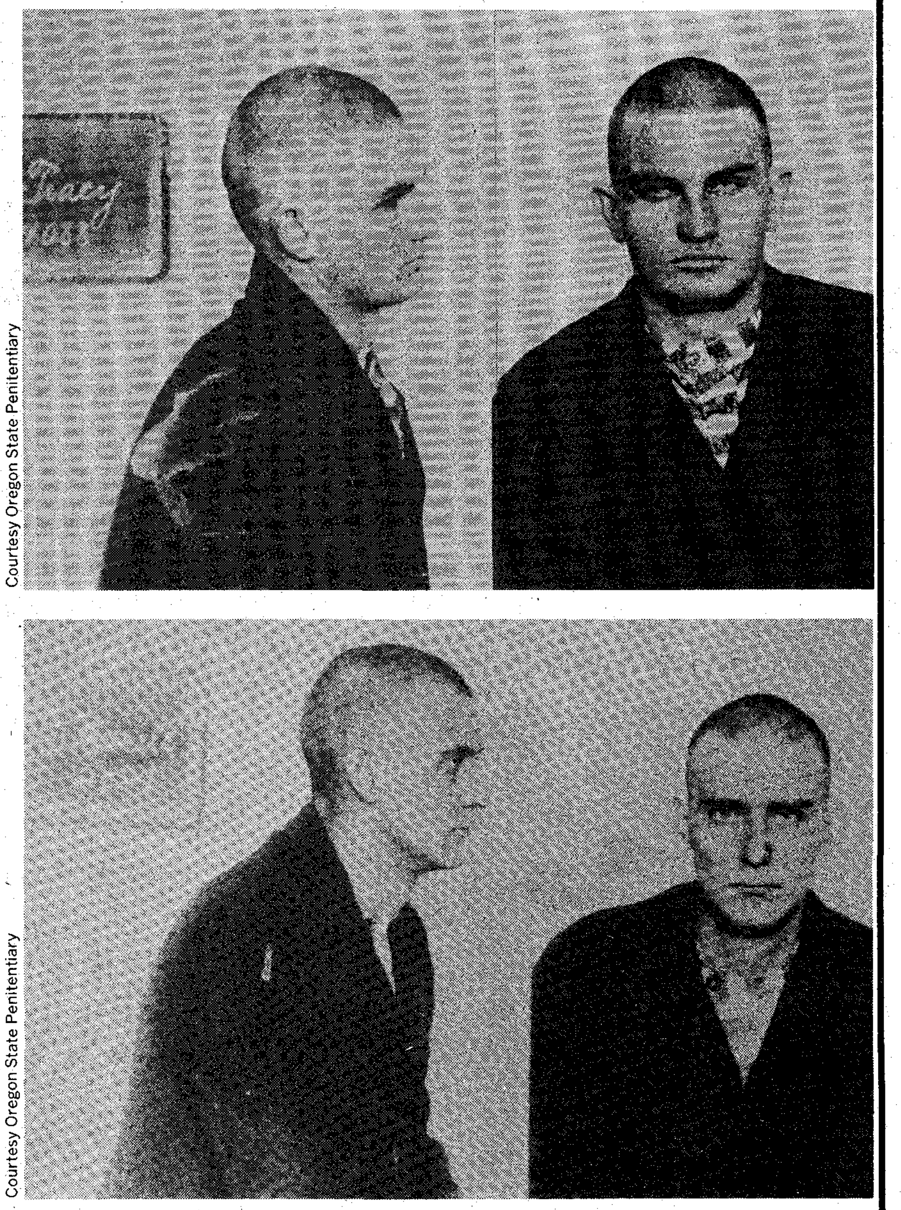


Courtesy Oregon State Penitentiary

Courtesy Oregon State Penitentiary

Prison photos of Harry Tracy, top, and David Merrill.

HARRY Tracy and David Merrill were among the stove foundry workers who had just been marched from the prison chapel to the foundry to begin their day's work. It was nearing 7 on a warmer than usual June morning in 1902.

The two men were wearing their prison garb and were unnoticed by guard Frank Girard who, like all shop guards, was unarmed. He did not notice that Tracy and Merrill fell out of line and disappeared.

Just as Girard was to put the men to work he heard a shot and looking in the direction of the sound, he saw guard Frank B. Ferrell fall. He saw Tracy and Merrill armed with what looked like new rifles coming at him.

Girard ran for his life, pursued by the two armed convicts who were gaining on him at every step. As Girard raced down the center aisle of the building, a life prisoner, Frank S. Ingram, tried to save the guard by interfering with Tracy and Merrill. Tracy stopped and fired at Ingram hitting him in the knee. Ingram's leg had to be amputated but for his bravery, Ingram was pardoned by the governor.

Meanwhile, Tracy and Merrill continued firing at the fleeing guards as the two convicts raced to the prison wall.

Before reaching the yard, the two riddled the extreme southwest and northwest guard posts but did not hit anyone. Then with a single shot at 150 yards, one of them brought down guard S. R. T. Jones, who was on the wall in charge of the north post.

As Jones fell dead, the two convicts turned and shot at guards B. F. Tiffany and Ross. Ross received only a hole in his hat.

Tracy and Merrill placed a ladder against the east wall. Despite constant firing from guards on other walls, the two mounted the ladder unscathed. Tiffany, in particular, fired barrage after barrage at the fleeing men.

Tiffany and Ross ran after the two escapees and found them, face to face. The convicts got the drop on the guards and disarmed Tiffany and Ross and forced them to march ahead. Other guards fired and Tiffany fell dead with a bullet in his right breast. Ross had presence of mind to drop, appearing dead

Story of Harry Tracy

Notorious Pacific Northwest Outlaw

too, and that saved his life.

In all the excitement, 163 other prisoners did not attempt escape but rather huddled in the foundry. Tracy and Merrill, meanwhile, dropped down the outside prison wall and raced for the cover of a nearby forest....

OF most famous outlaws much has been written, some of it malarky, some of it honest research. About Tracy, almost everything that has been written is malarky. In Tracy's case, it can be said that more has been written about less than any other figure in American criminal history.

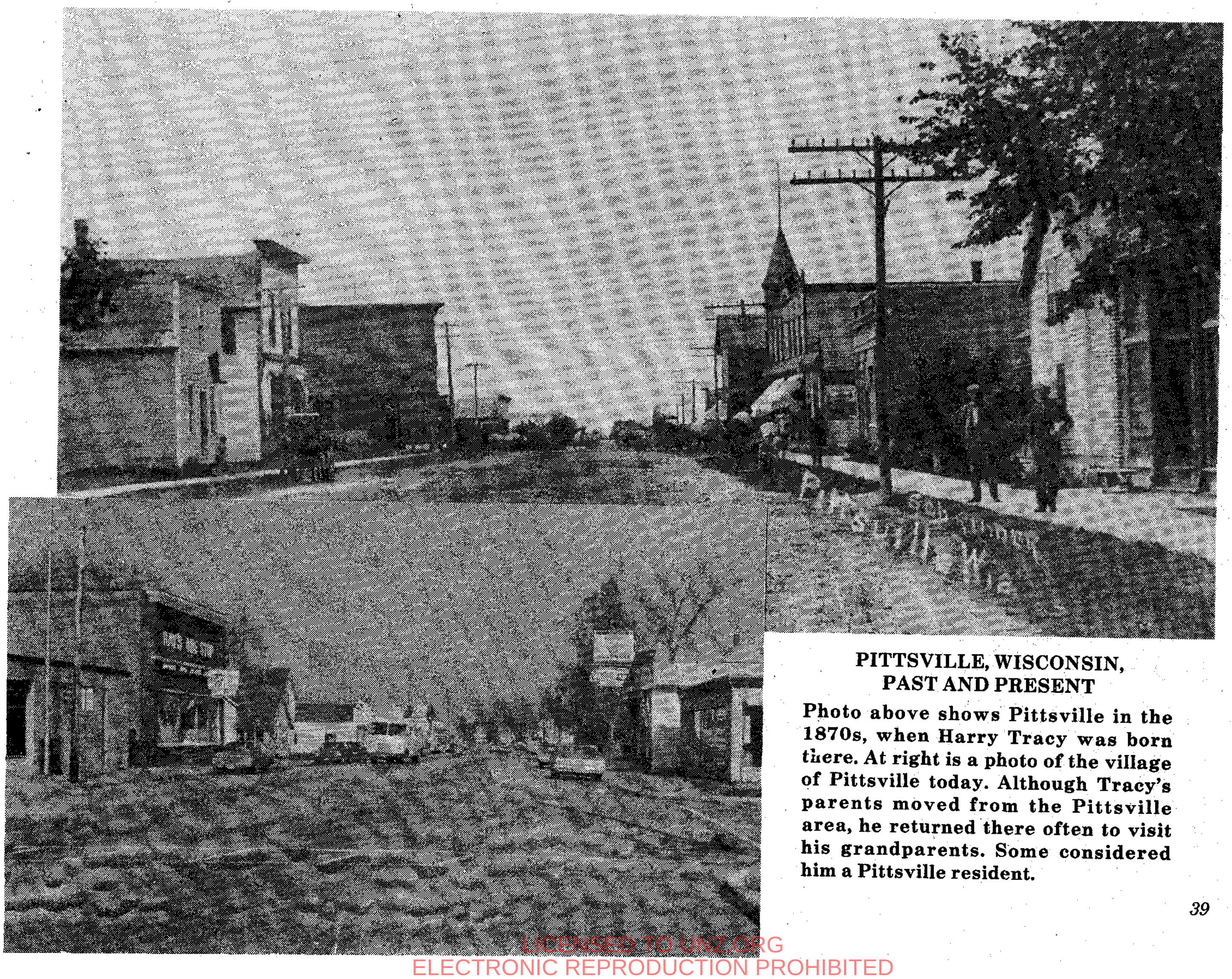
He has been described as "the mad dog of the Wild Bunch" and as a "crazed killer." He was never a member of the Wild Bunch and he killed only when his freedom was threatened.

The afternoon after Tracy and Merrill broke out of the Oregon State Penitentiary in Salem — on June 2, 1902 — the Portland Oregonian described the two as "professional criminals of the most dangerous type." But Tracy and Merrill never were more than small-time crooks, petty thieves.

Because so little was known of either man, authors like James D. Horan and Stewart Holbrook tended to fabricate backgrounds. Others mindlessly repeated the fiction until it appeared to be fact. No one bothered to discover where Tracy and Merrill came from and few writers dealt with them prior to their world-famous break from the Oregon penitentiary.

HARRY Tracy's real name was Harry Severns. Members of the Severns family still live in Wisconsin, where Harry was born. They, and friends of the family, know only that as a young man, Harry was a "good boy," exceptionally thoughtful of his mother and a hard worker. Their view of Tracy is far different from that of the people of Washington and Oregon where Tracy is known only as a criminal who killed a total of eight men (including himself) in the most daring prison break and escape in the history of the Pacific Northwest.

Tracy's grandfather, James Q. Severns, was justice of the peace in Wood County, Wisconsin, for thirteen



PITTSVILLE, WISCONSIN, PAST AND PRESENT

Photo above shows Pittsville in the 1870s, when Harry Tracy was born there. At right is a photo of the village of Pittsville today. Although Tracy's parents moved from the Pittsville area, he returned there often to visit his grandparents. Some considered him a Pittsville resident.

James Quick Severns

Susannah Severns

HARRY TRACY'S GRANDPARENTS

consecutive years. It will seem incredible to the people of the Northwest to learn that Tracy came from a prominent central Wisconsin family.

The elder Severns, a native New Yorker, was the first white person to walk into the area of central Wisconsin where the village of Pittsville now stands. That was about 1849.

He left, got his bride and returned to settle there in 1850. He and his wife helped found Pittsville.

James Severns married Susannah Washburn, also a native of New York, in Baraboo, Wisconsin, on June 15, 1848. This couple reared eleven children. Their first was named Orlando. Family records show he was born on Aug. 18, 1849, in Kilborn City, Sauk County, Wisconsin, before his parents moved to the Pittsville area. Orlando became the father of outlaw Harry Tracy.

The James Severns family had been in Wood Township (later Pittsville) for six years when their house burned and all family records burned with it. Many records since 1856 have been preserved because Severns, after failing twice, finally succeeded enlisting in the Wisconsin volunteers in the Civil War.

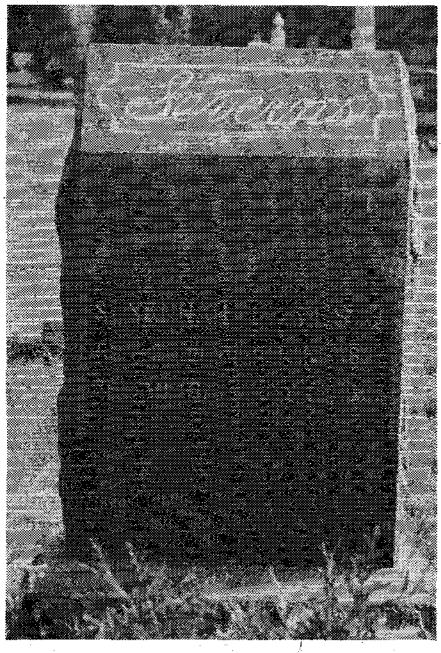
James Severns was wounded on July 30, 1864, while fighting with Grant's forces against Lee in Virginia. As a result of his military service, the federal government kept many valuable records on the James Severns family.

The first public record of Orlando Severns is the 1870 census which shows him, at age 20, still at home. The next record is his marriage certificate. It shows that on Jan. 12, 1873, Orlando married Sarah C. Atkinson. She was from Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin.

Their first child, Harry, was born in 1874 or 1875, probably in Pittsville. No birth record has been found, but these dates correspond with information Harry gave later. The marriage certificate says that Orlando and Sarah were married in Seneca, a little spot just north of Pittsville. Perhaps they moved there and that may have been Harry's birthplace. Almost assuredly since Pittsville and Seneca are in Wood County, he was born in that county.

But when Harry was fourteen or fifteen, in 1889 or 1890, his family moved to a new little community called Chittamo, in northern Wisconsin. Harry sometimes returned to stay with his grandparents in Pittsville and was well known to Pittsville residents. James Severns considered Harry his favorite grandchild.

By the time they moved, Orlando and Sarah Severns had a second son, Ervie. Apparently, his name was spelled "Ervie," though he hated the name and insisted on being called "Erv" or "Irv." Death notices called him Ervie E. Severns.



Gravestone for James and Susannah Washburn Severns in Pittsville, Wisconsin, cemetery.

STREET SCENE
MINONG WIS

This is Minong, Wisconsin, at about the time Harry Tracy was growing up there. After moving from Pittsville, Tracy and his parents lived for a time at Chittamo, not far from Minong. But Tracy always considered Minong his "hometown," and used it on his prison records. Chittamo is gone but Minong still exists.

Also before they moved, the Severnses had a daughter. Harry's sister died young, but as late as 1899, he told Oregon prison authorities he had a sister. However, a childhood friend recalls that the girl died when Harry was still in Wisconsin and that the girl was about nine or ten when she died. Harry left the state about 1895.

Later, Ervie would claim he was only Harry's half-brother, but that was after Harry became a notorious outlaw and Ervie may have wanted to put as much distance as possible between himself and this brother.

Chittamo no longer exists but nearby Minong is there and on prison records, Harry listed Minong as his birthplace. But he was a bit misleading. The Severnses moved first to Chittamo (following the logging trade) and then to Minong. The first record of Orlando Severns in the Chittamo area was in 1888, according to a diary of a neighbor. However, the same account later says that was a hunting trip and indicates the Severns family arrived the following year.

Whether Orlando and Sarah Severns and their children arrived in 1888 or 1889, Tracy was already in his teens and could not have been born in Chittamo or Minong. Neither community existed when Tracy was born.

After the move to Chittamo-Minong, more is known about the youngster still called Harry Severns. The late Emma Smith, interviewed at her home in Cloquet, Minnesota, in 1977, remembered Tracy as a childhood playmate. She was only 5 and he was 17. Her uncle, Ed, was married to Tracy's mother, Sarah. Emma's family and Tracy's family were neighbors.

Emma recalled how Tracy used to swing her and play with her in the yard. She remembered how he soothed his mother after his sister died. Emma knew Tracy went West and got into trouble, but she always had the fondest memories of her girlhood friend, Harry Severns.

Other friends of the family remember Harry's devotion to his mother — as an outlaw, he often spoke of her — and how he worked around the homestead at Derosiers Lake near Chittamo. As he grew older, he worked in the logging camps as a cook and helper. He was much more highly thought of than his brother, Ervie.

BUT something happened to the Severns family; one of those inexplicable things for which no one can account. It was this event which may have determined Harry's unusual fate.

When Chittamo was being settled, the residents decided to establish a school. Orlando Severns was elected school treasurer, indicating his standing in the community. But after he collected the funds, Orlando disappeared. Some believe he did so to escape his wife, Sarah, a heavy-set domineering woman. Others say she was overly kind and that could not have been the reason.

Orlando surfaced in Kansas where in 1891 he was killed while working as a section foreman on a railroad.

Sarah Severns then married Ed Goodwin, a surveyor and logger, who came from a pioneer Chittamo family. He was considered by some a poor-mannered bumpkin, but most people liked Ed Goodwin.

Apparently Harry had no trouble with his stepfather. Harry continued to work in the woods in winter and in summer, he joined neighbor men on a trek to the Dakotas where they took their logging teams and earned extra money.

IT was one such trek in 1894 or 1895, that took Harry Tracy down the owl hoot trail. He went to the Dakotas as usual with a threshing crew. One night he asked to borrow money from a fellow crew member to go into town. The other man refused, saying he had only two dollars. So Harry waited until night when the man was sleeping, stole the money and went into town.

The next day, the threshing crew discovered the loss and started after Harry, enlisting the help of a local sheriff. There may have been a gun battle but no one was hurt and Harry made his getaway.

This is the story told by Emma Smith who in 1977 was probably better acquainted with young Harry than any other living person. Only Emma tells this story but there are few plausible stories about why Tracy went bad. If Emma's story is correct, Harry became an outlaw for all of two dollars.

From various sources we know the year had to have been about 1895, and it was at this point that Harry, to protect his family, changed his name to Tracy. Some claimed Tracy was his middle name, but there is no evidence of that. The 1895 census shows a bachelor logger who was a neighbor of Tracy's mother and stepfather called Michael Tracy. Perhaps he was the source of Tracy's outlaw name.

What happened next is uncertain. It is at this point that authors place Tracy all over the country. Some say he was a member of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch in Wyoming. But that is not true.

It 1895, Butch Cassidy was in the Wyoming prison and there was no Wild Bunch. By the fall of 1896, when Butch began to organize the gang, Tracy is known to have been near Spokane, Washington, and far from the scene of Wild Bunch depredations.

In the fall of 1896, Cassidy staged the robbery of the bank at Montpelier, Idaho. That was followed in 1897 by the Castle Gate, Utah, payroll heist and the robbery of the bank in Belle Fourche, South Dakota. No one has ever suggested Tracy took part in any of these.

Courtesy Darrell F. Clark, Lewiston, Idaho

Frank S. Ingram, the convict who tried to interfere with Tracy and Merrill's escape and who was wounded.

Still there is about a year in Tracy's life for which we have no evidence and in his travels he could have been in Wyoming and Colorado and associated with outlaws, among them men who later joined the Wild Bunch. But Tracy almost certainly was never a member.

By the winter of 1896-97, Tracy was working as a lumberjack in a logging camp at Loon Lake, north of Spokane. His employer was a local lumber and railroad tycoon, J. W. Dunlap.

Tracy built a small log cabin on the lake's Corbin Bay. The people there recalled he had drifted in from his home state of Wisconsin. The cabin remained until it burned down in the 1920s during a fireworks display. It was known locally as "Tracy's cabin."

According to local legend, an affair blossomed between Tracy and a married woman. The woman's two brothers came calling at Tracy's cabin one winter night. They sported guns and were bent on breaking up their sister's dalliance.

The brothers caught Tracy and his paramour in the cabin. Tracy elected not to argue and hightailed it under a hail of lead out of the cabin and across the frozen ice of the lake.

Tracy never returned to Loon Lake. Dunlap told friends he would pay Tracy the back wages he owed him if the lumberjack ever returned.

From that episode until June 1897, Tracy's whereabouts are not known for sure. One story is that he spent some

This is the saloon in Vernal, Utah, where Dave Lant was wounded in the shoulder in a shooting. Lant and Tracy continued on to Brown's Park.

time in Butte, Montana.

According to a Butte newspaper, Tracy frequented the M & M saloon. A bartender recalled he made friends easily but was "the quiet type." He always seemed to have plenty of money. The bartender recalled that Tracy suddenly disappeared.

IN JUNE 1897, Tracy was arrested in a vacant house in Provo, Utah, and charged with robbing a Provo store. On July 10, 1897, he was convicted and sentenced to one year in the Utah penitentiary.

But it seemed no prison could hold Tracy. Three months later, on Oct. 8, 1897, with three others including Dave Lant, he escaped. Lant had been sent up the previous month from Rich County, Utah, to serve eight years for burglary.

All four convicts made good their escape. They headed for Park City and Tracy and Lant continued on to Vernal, Utah, near Brown's Park (Brown's Hole). The late J. W. Blankenship, a Vernal oldtimer, recalled an incident where Lant was wounded in the shoulder in a shooting in a Vernal saloon.

Tracy and Lant soon made their way to Brown's Park. There they fell in with another fugitive, Patrick L. "Swede" Johnson. During the winter, Johnson shot a teenage boy, Willie Strang. Brown's Park ranchers, who had been complacent about the outlaws, were stirred to action.

A posse led by Brown's Park rancher Valentine Hoy set out to find Johnson, Lant and Tracy, who had fled into the mountains. Unfortunately, the posse found them. Tracy shot and killed Hoy.

This brought into the Park law officers from Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. They soon captured the three desperadoes and Tracy and Lant were taken to jail in Hahn's Peak, Colorado. Johnson was taken to Wyoming.

Tracy and Lant escaped the Hahn's Peak jail but soon were caught and this time lodged in the Aspen, Colorado, jail which was supposed to be stronger. But they escaped again. This time Lant left Tracy and eventually became a law-abiding citizen. Tracy's outlaw career, on the other hand, had just begun.

In late spring of 1898, Tracy traveled to Seattle. There and in Tacoma and Olympia, he was a petty thief. At some point Tracy met another of his kind, David Merrill. Some said Tracy married Merrill's sister Rose. Others have written that it was Merrill's sister Mollie Robinson. But Tracy never married anyone and Merrill never had a sister named Rose or Mollie. He had one half-sister, Mary M. Robinson.

UNLIKE Tracy, who had a normal childhood, Merrill was a bad boy from the beginning. He came from a good family, but he quickly earned a reputation as a "tough." He never was more than a petty thief and not a very good one at that. He lacked Tracy's steel nerve and audacity.

Merrill was three or four years older than Tracy. He was born in February 1871, to Royal and Amanda Merrill near Castle Rock, Washington. Royal was from Iowa; Amanda from Missouri.

They were married in Iowa and homesteaded near Castle Rock just before their second boy, David, was born. Their first, Royal Jr., was born when they still were in Iowa. The Merrills had a third son, Benjamin, born a year after David.

Royal Sr. died in about 1877, and his widow, Amanda, married Lemuel Robinson, a drayman in Vancouver, Washington, on Oct. 24, 1878.

The Merrill children moved with their mother to their stepfather's home in Vancouver. Alone of the children, apparently, Dave resented his stepfather. At one point, Dave Robinson, as he was called, was suspected of setting his stepfather's house on fire.

Merrill's first recorded trouble occurred on Nov. 1, 1887, when he was sixteen. On that date he was arrested for having stolen a suit of clothes from a man in Portland.

He was being held in a Portland jail when he escaped. But he was recaptured the next day and sentenced to ninety days in jail.

"The parents have done all they could to reform the lad, but he seems incorrigible," reported a Vancouver newspaper.

Then, on Jan. 10, 1890, Merrill, described as a "young tough," was arrested in Portland for robbing a store. He was sentenced in February to three years in the Oregon penitentiary.

We do not know what happened to him after his release, until late 1898. He may have spent some time in the Montana state prison.

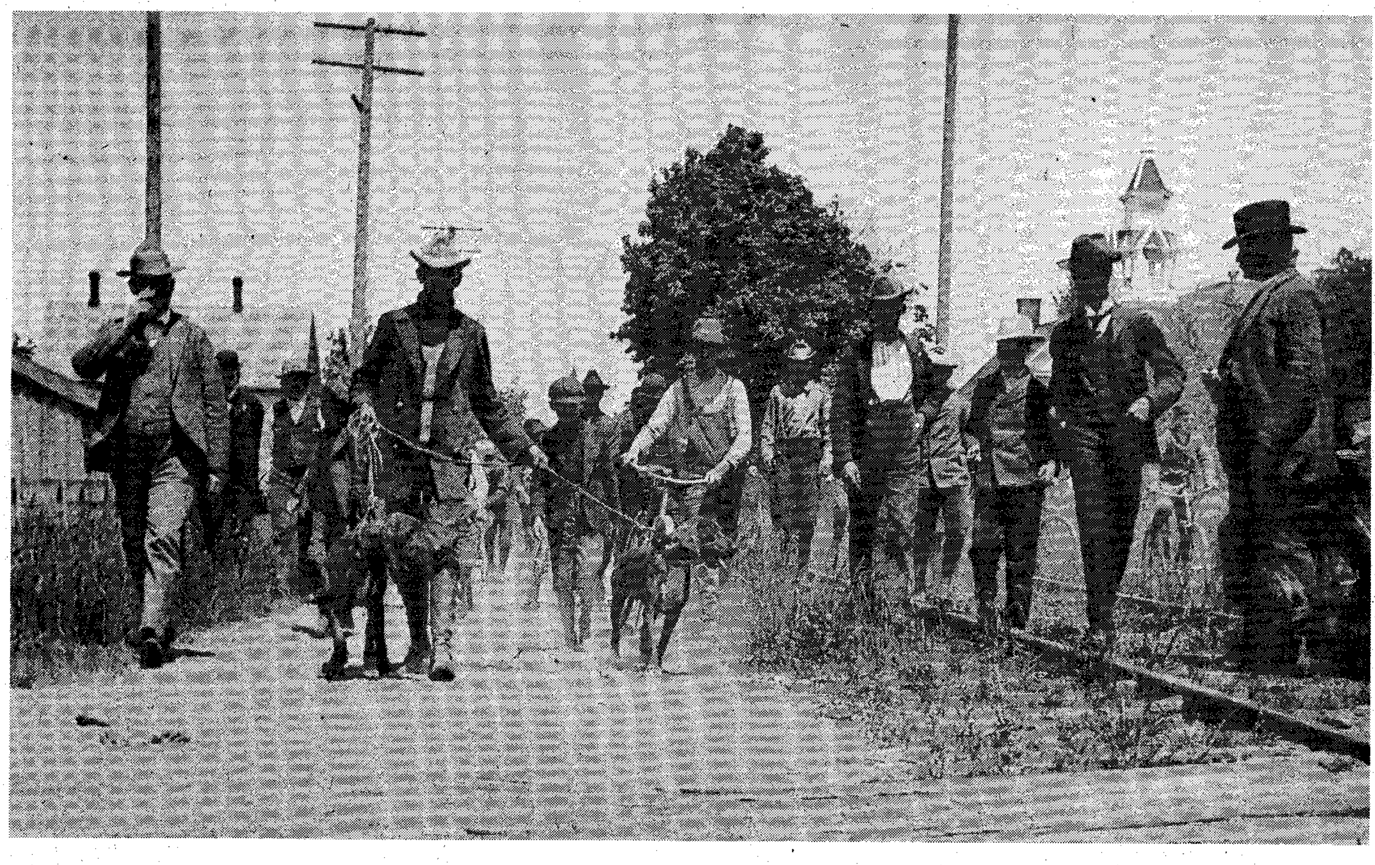
BY the winter of 1898, Tracy and Merrill were partners in crime in Seattle, Tacoma and Olympia. Possibly because they thought the pickings would be better, late in 1898 they transferred their petty theft operations to South Portland. Merrill knew that territory better.

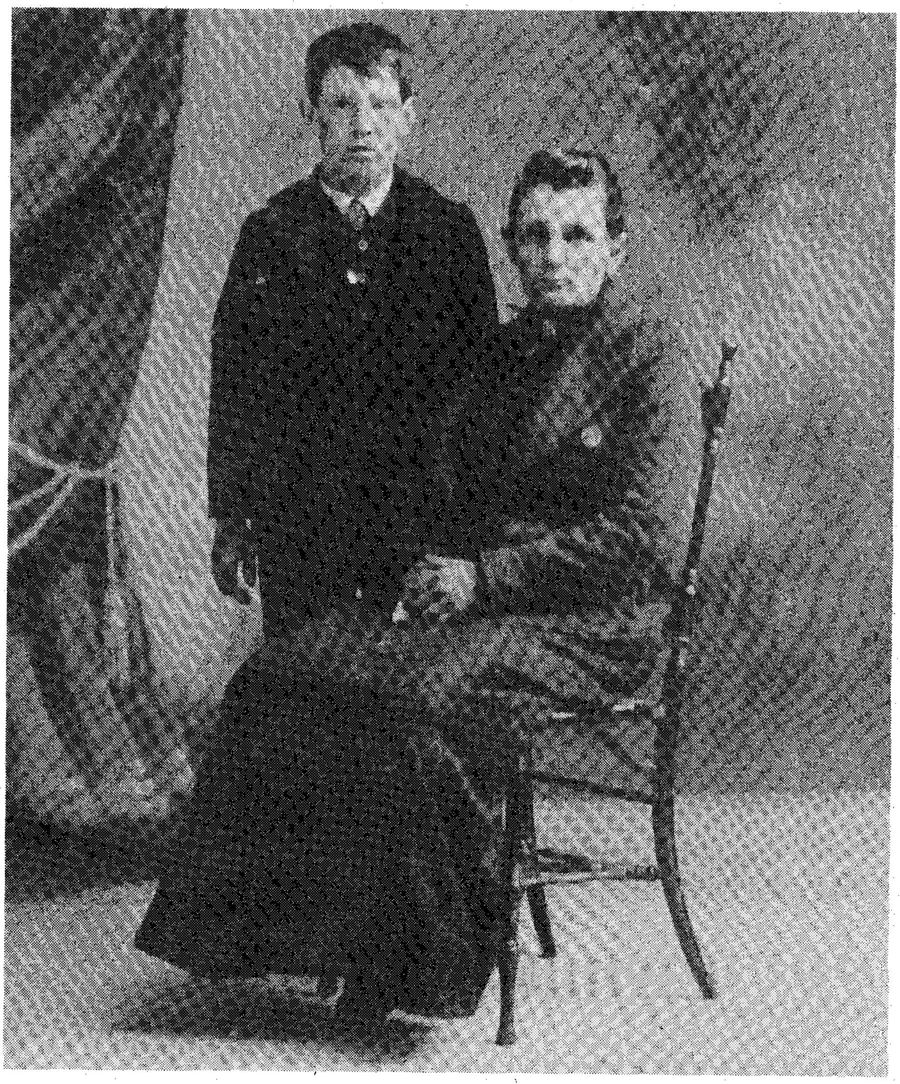
A Portland newspaper said their "first work was done in Portland January 3, when (they) held up the Second Street car at the corner of Second and College and took the conductor's cash and watch."

They continued robbing conductors, drug stores, saloons and other small businesses.

Drunk one night in a tavern, Merrill boasted about how well they were doing. Someone overheard and told the police. Detectives trailed Merrill to the house where the loot was stored and arrested him.

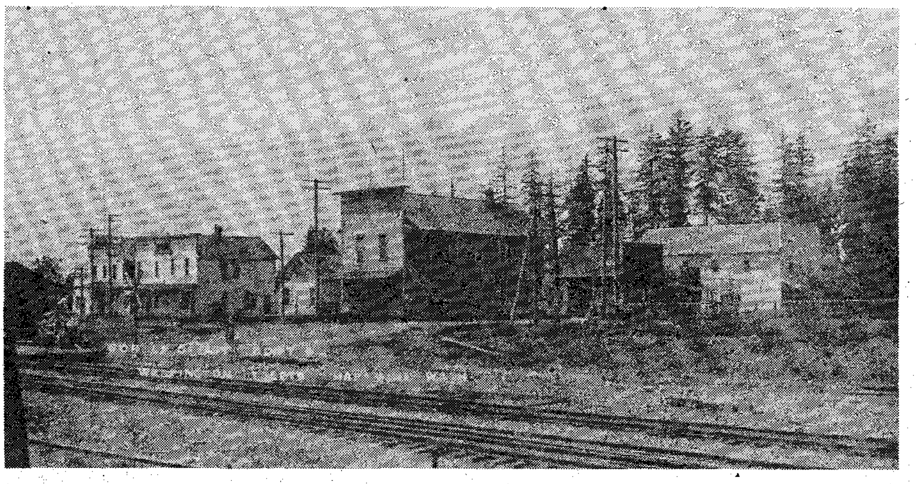
Merrill confessed and said that Tracy would come to the house the next day, Feb. 5, 1899. The police were waiting,

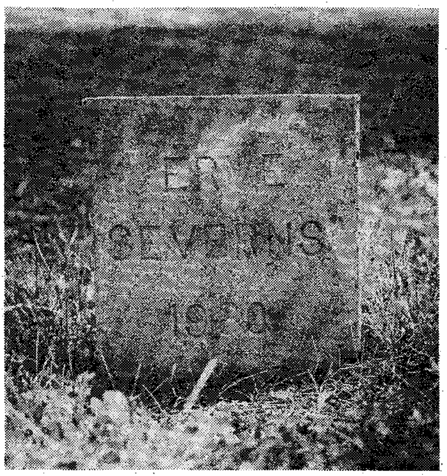




Bloodhounds from the Washington State Penitentiary at Walla Walla were brought into the hunt for Tracy and Merrill, but like everything else the law officers tried, these did no better. At right is Mary A. Waggoner of Napavine, Washington, and her son, George, 12, who found a body said to be that of Dave Merrill. In a strange twist of events, when the Tracy search was over she left her husband and large family and married Merrill's brother, Ben.

Harry Tracy was one of Wisconsin's most important products. But people in Wisconsin and the rest of the country did not know it. Tracy's Wisconsin background, here detailed for the first time, was a secret closely guarded by the family.





Napavine, Washington, as it appeared in 1902, the year Tracy went through on his way to Seattle. In the woods near here he claimed he shot and killed his partner, Dave Merrill. In photo at right is gravestone of Tracy's brother, Ervie (Erve) Severns, who died in 1930 in Sandpoint, Idaho. The stone is in the Priest River, Idaho, cemetery.

and after a running gun battle Tracy was wounded and captured.

As Tracy was being taken to trial on March 21, 1899, he attempted another jail break. Someone had smuggled a gun in to him and he got the draw on a deputy, but after firing a shot he surrendered. Tracy was sentenced to 20 years; Merrill to 13. Both men entered the Oregon prison at Salem on March 22, 1899.

They were no sooner behind bars than they began plotting to escape. But three years passed uneventfully before they could put their plans into action. In the spring of 1902, a prisoner who was about to be released agreed to smuggle guns into them once he was outside.

After Tracy and Merrill escaped, an ex-con named Charlie Monte was convicted of the scheme and sent back to prison. But fellow inmates said Monte was not the culprit. In 1914, the Oregon governor agreed and pardoned Monte. No others were charged with the crime.

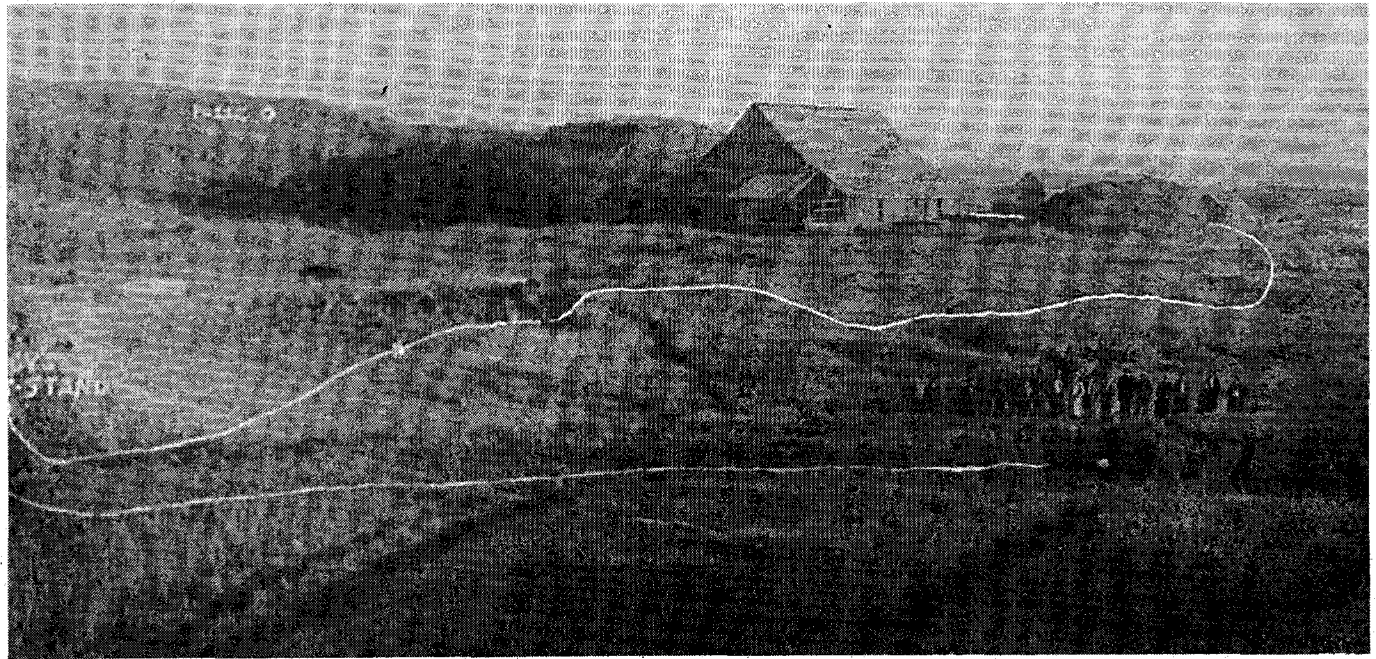
APPARENTLY the weapons were slipped over the wall the night before the escape. The weapons were hidden in the moulding room or foundry, where Tracy and Merrill had worked since entering the prison. It was from there that the Great Escape began.

In the breakout, as noted, three guards were killed and a convict who tried to interfere with the escape was wounded. The two outlaws scaled the wall and quickly made their way to a forest south of Salem. They waited until dark and then back-tracked to the north side of town and began their flight north.

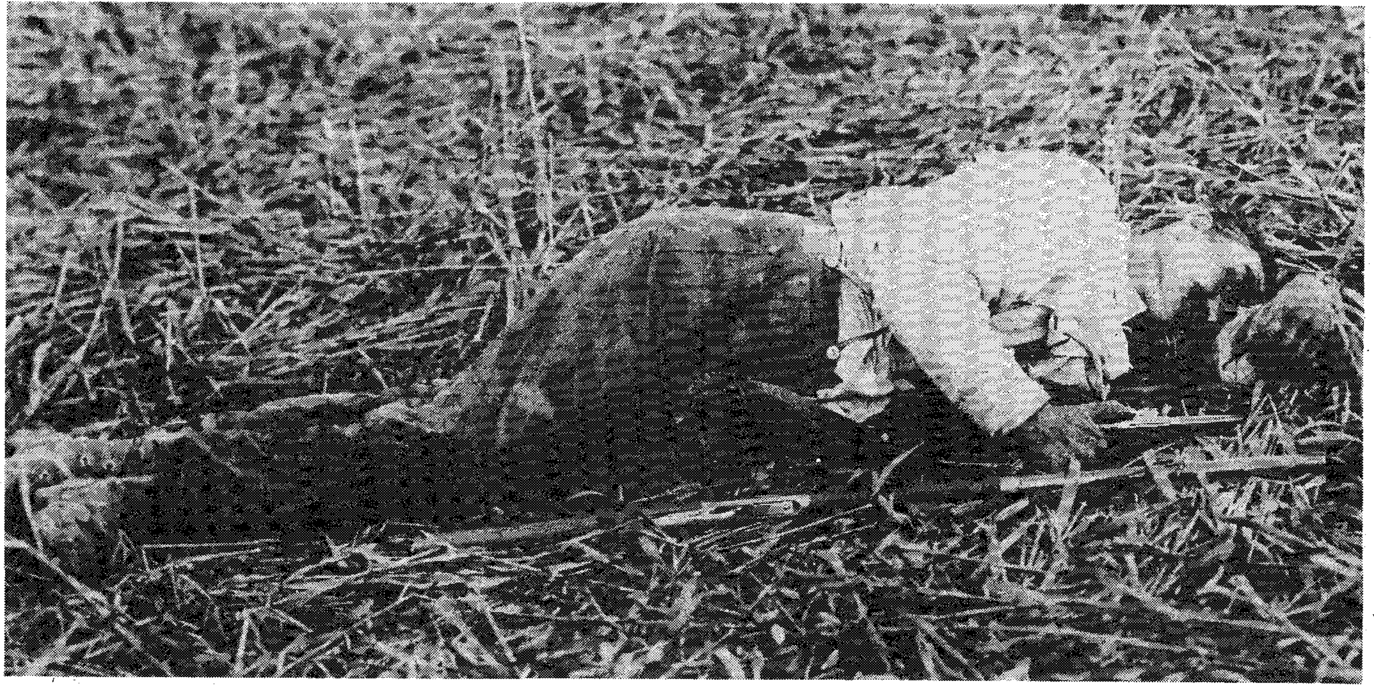
The Pacific Northwest was in an uproar. Fears grew into panic. People were afraid to leave their homes. Tracy, capitalizing on his growing notoriety, would announce at the homes he visited, "I am Tracy." He did not have to say more. People did what he asked.

But he always talked to those whose hospitality he forced. He talked of his mother, his philosophy, the injustices he had suffered. Apparently he hoped that his hosts would paint a sympathetic picture when they were interviewed after he left. News coverage of his flight, for that day, was intense. The news was headlined across the United States and even in Europe. Eastern newspapers assigned correspondents to follow Tracy's trail.

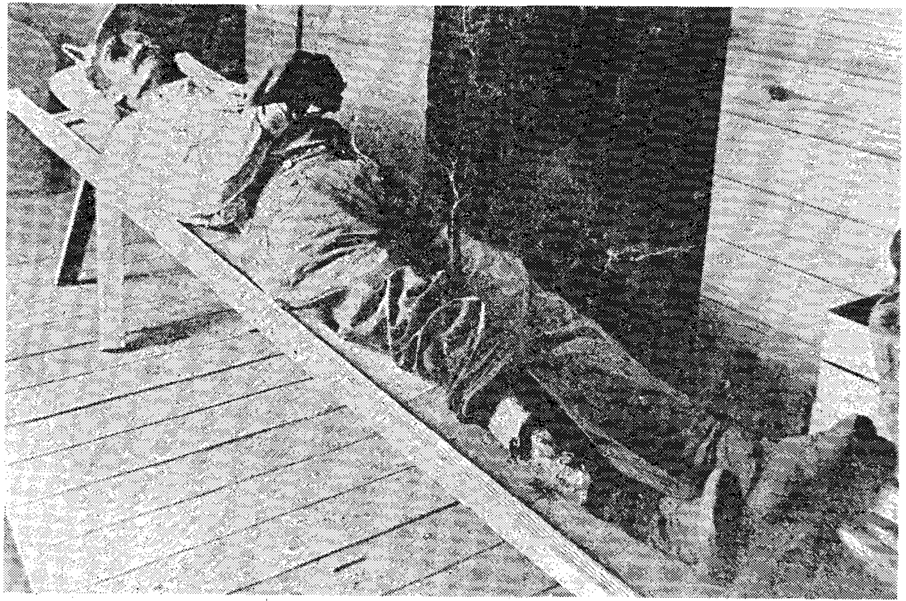
Bloodhounds were brought from the

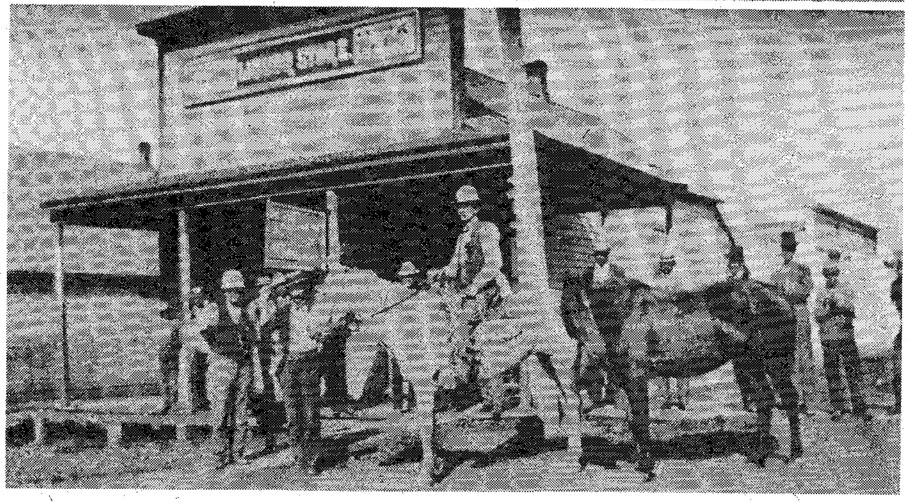


The Eddy Farm, 50 miles west of Spokane, Washington, where Tracy made his last stand. He spotted the approaching posse while near the barn in background. He ran to the haystack and line shows his path after that. The "Tracy rock" is to left of photo. Posse members stand in field near his body.



Courtesy Darrell F. Clark, Lewiston, Idaho





Top photo shows Tracy's last refuge, a grain field near Creston, Washington. In middle photo, Tracy's body is laid out on bench for public view in Davenport, Washington. Bottom photo shows local sheriff with the last horse Tracy rode before his death.

Washington prison at Walla Walla but they proved useless. The National Guard in Oregon and Washington did no better.

From a remark Merrill made in one home, it was learned they were going to Canada. But after Merrill's death, Tracy decided to head for Hole-in-the-Wall, an outlaw hangout in Wyoming.

From Salem they went to Portland, crossed the Columbia River east of Vancouver, and cont[illegible] north through Lacenter and C[illegible] Rock. This was country familiar to [illegible]rill.

In Seattle, Tracy told one woman that after he escaped he read of Merrill's duplicity in his capture. Tracy said he determined then to even the score.

After they traversed the country known to Merrill, Tracy apparently killed him. Farmers near the little village of Napavine, north of Castle Rock, said they heard shots in the woods about 6 p.m. on June 28.

Two weeks later, Mary A. Waggoner of Napavine and her 12-year-old son, George, were on the road between Napavine and Chehalis picking blackberries when George detected an odor coming from the bushes in the distance.

He investigated and found what was said to be Merrill's body. It had three bullet holes in the back. It was so badly decomposed, identification was difficult. But Mrs. Waggoner suspected the body to be Merrill's — so the story goes — and knew a reward was offered. She told George to tell everyone that she had found the body so that she could claim the reward.

But the whole thing may have been a fraud. What role each of the participants played or how Mrs. Waggoner became involved is difficult to determine.

AFTER Tracy left Napavine, he continued north, alone, to Olympia. There he commandeered a launch and made the crew take him over Puget Sound to Seattle. On the way, he boasted of killing Merrill. The newspapers reported this but discounted it as a ploy to help Merrill escape.

When the body was found, the newspapers accepted the prevailing view that Tracy had, indeed, killed Merrill. A coroner's jury ruled that the body was Merrill's. But all the testimony came from Merrill's friends and relatives.

A relative of Merrill's now living in Silver Lake, Washington, says members of her family received letters from Dave Merrill over the years and the family believes he lived out his life in an eastern Washington town. She did not know where.

Oregon Prison Warden J. T. Lee refused to believe the body was Merrill's and never paid Mrs. Waggoner the reward. Of course, he had reason to be skeptical. To accept her story would have cost the state $1,500.

The body Mrs. Waggoner found had four false upper teeth. There was no prison record that Merrill had any false teeth. One report said officials sent to the Montana state prison for Merrill's dental charts. But it was never reported if the charts were sent. Montana prison authorities have not responded to repeated requests for information on whether Merrill was incarcerated there.

A convict who wrote a book about his years in the Oregon penitentiary said other prisoners handled Merrill's body when it was shipped to the prison for burial. They knew of a particular scar on his ankle. The body they handled did not have the scar. The convicts did not believe the body was Merrill's.

The Merrills may have devised an elaborate scheme to allow Merrill to slip away and live a peaceful life. Tracy had reason to kill his partner. But to do so would have violated a major practice of his life: He never killed unless someone interferred with his liberty. Of course, by his duplicity Merrill had interferred with Tracy's liberty — he got Tracy sent to prison.

The Merrill conspiracy theory is given added credence by what happened next: Soon after the "discovery" of the body, Mrs. Waggoner began a love affair with Ben Merrill of Chehalis, the outlaw's brother. Ben insisted the body was that of his brother at the inquest.

Mrs. Waggoner then abandoned her husband and ten children and on Aug. 31, 1905, at Winlock, Washington, she married Ben Merrill. They lived thereafter in Tacoma and Seattle. He died in 1923; she in 1931.

ON JULY 2, 1902, Tracy reached Seattle and proceeded to terrorize that city for two weeks. He fought several gun battles with lawmen and won them all. Four lawmen were killed and a newsman, who got too close to the action, was wounded.

By Aug. 1, he had crossed the Cascade Mountains and reached Wenatchee. There, he took two horses from a farmer, crossed the Columbia River, and continued eastward.

On Aug. 3, he rode his jaded horse into a ranch, owned by Lou and Gene Eddy, south of Creston, about 50 miles west of Spokane. Tracy decided to rest a few days. He had with him George Goldfinch, a neighbor boy whom Tracy had forced to accompany him.

At first, Tracy would not allow Goldfinch to leave. But on Aug. 5, he relented and Goldfinch went to town promising to return immediately. He did return but not before he stopped at a nearby rail station and telegraphed the sheriff in Davenport, the county seat.

But a railroad section foreman overheard the telegraph operator sending Goldfinch's message and alerted four of his friends in Creston. Together the five rode out to the Eddy ranch, well ahead of the official posse from Davenport.

Tracy spotted the Creston posse approaching on the bluffs to the west above the ranch. Grabbing his rifle, he fired as he ran toward a haystack in an open field. He then ran to a large rock in the middle of a grain field, from where he continued the battle.

The sun was setting behind the posse, making it difficult for Tracy to see his targets. Sharpshooter though he was, he never scratched his adversaries. During the fight, he was hit twice in the leg. He made a tourniquet to stop the bleeding but he knew he was doomed.

After night settled on the desperate battle scene, Tracy limped out into the grain field. By now the large Davenport posse had arrived and fired a few shots. But Tracy fired the last one — into his head. The next morning two posse members waded into the stalks of grain and found the body.

Tracy's body was sent to Salem to be buried next to the body said to be Merrill's. The gravesites later were cemented over and today no one knows where they are.

By the time Tracy took his own life he already was a legend.

But Tracy's misdeeds had a profound effect on his family in Wisconsin. His mother sorely grieved for her son. But it most affected Tracy's grandfather. During Tracy's escape and flight, the family tried to keep the news from the elder Severns. But he learned of it and, on July 17, at the height of Tracy's murderous rampage, James Severns, 71, died of a broken heart.

Tracy's brother, Ervie, by 1914 was living in Priest River, Idaho. He was a logger, gambler, bootlegger and sports entrepreneur. Some thought he was crooked, but he always kept one foot on the right side of the law. He died in Sandpoint, Idaho, in December 1930.

Tracy's mother, Mrs. Sarah Severns Goodwin, died in Minong on July 22, 1927.

Harry Tracy was not "King of the Bandits," as one biography was titled, nor was he "the mad dog of the Wild Bunch," as several authors describe him. He was simply, a good boy who went bad.

Trails Grown Dim

Grandfather Knew Billy the Kid

I am looking for information concerning my grandfather, Billy Wilson (later changed to Robert Levi Martin).

Born October, 1859, in Arkansas, he left home around age seventeen. He went to work in a sawmill near Wild Horse Creek. While hunting with a friend there, Grandpa accidentally shot the friend in the arm. The friend got gangrene and died. Grandpa was cleared of any charges but left that part of the country. He knew Billy the Kid and how the Lincoln County War began.

Escaping to Mexico, he stopped in a small town in Texas, outdrew and shot a sheriff nicknamed "Bull." But Grandpa rode away with no one in pursuit. He was put in jail for two years in Mexico. Then a man supposedly named Warren bribed a guard to let him out.

Grandpa spoke often of Demming, New Mexico and even went back to visit. He died in 1935 in Missouri. — **J.R. Martin, 2918 S. Hawthorne, Independence, MO 64052.**

Touzel

I am the second daughter of Thomas Charles Touzel. He rode and worked around Bozeman and Ennis, Montana, where my sister and I were born.

If anyone who knew him in those early days of 1910 or before is still around, I would like to hear and correspond. He knew and worked with Charlie Russell. — **Mr. and Mrs. Anton Goss, 1339 Ponderosa Rd., Kelowna, BC V1Z 1MB Canada.**

Clemmons-Carter

William Garrett Clemmons, born in October 1889, was the son of Mary Magdalene Pickett Clemmons, a widow, who married Elbert Carter in Ellis County, Texas, September 24, 1896.

He stayed in the Wichita Falls area, until the late 1940s. He married Viola and had two boys and a girl.

I would like information on them, and his sister Ida Belle Carter Greathouse Clemmons. — **Lenore Carter Stober, 8906 Cordova Ave. NE, Albuquerque, NM 87112.**

Ramsey-Daniels

I am searching for any information on the family of Hattie/Hariett Ramsey, who was born in St. Catharines, Ontario in 1841.

Hattie's father was from Scotland and her mother from England. Hattie was a seamstress in Council Bluffs, Iowa in 1860, and soon after married Alvin Bronson Daniels, a Denver pioneer, grocer, banker and cattleman who came west in the 1859 Pike's Peak Gold Rush. — **Mrs. John R. Russell, 3383 Wellesly Ave., San Diego, CA 92122.**

Holmdahl

A colleague, Allan Levine of Ottawa, Ontario, and I are assembling a detailed list of soldiers of fortune and other volunteers who fought in the Mexican Revolution, 1910-1920. We are undertaking this project for the Revolutionary Mexican Historical Society, Sunset Ridge Road, Ozawkie, Kansas 66070.

We are looking for information about Emil Holmdahl. Holmdahl was born in Fort Dodge in 1883, served in the United States Army in the Philippines, was a soldier of fortune in Honduras and Mexico, and was a guide on Pershing's Punitive Expedition against Villa in 1916.

We would like to hear from anyone who has knowledge of any soldier of fortune who took part in the Mexican Revolution. — **John O. Hardman, 5219 Kuszmaul Ave., N.W., Warren, OH 44483.**

Ferguson-Hawk-McDowell Atchison-Chenoweth

I am seeking information on the parents and descendants of my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Ferguson, born 1770 (where?). She died in 1813 in southern Illinois.

She married Richard Hawk and they had four children. She later married James McDowell and they had two children, Nelson and Rachel.

I would also like to know the parents of Chloe Atchison who married Jonathan Chenoweth in 1779 in Hampshire County, West Virginia. They were in Nelson County, Kentucky by 1800. — **Mrs. John R. Padden, 4323 So. 9th St., Tacoma, WA 98405.**

Carrington-Dick-Forster

My husband and I are trying to find the missing link of information regarding his American Indian heritage.

We are seeking information regarding my husband's great-grandparents, especially his great-grandmother. His great-grandfather, William Franklin Carrington married Margaret Elizzabeth Dick on February 7, 1865.

They were probably married in either Tennessee or North Carolina. They had the following children; Sarah Elizzabeth, John, Bunk Gardner, Jesse, William and Coy. Margaret Elizzabeth Dick Carrington died sometime between

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. If possible, please type your query; if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places. Please limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

November 9, 1878 and January 1, 1882 because her husband remarried after her death on January 1, 1882, to Jane Forster. They had the following children: Clarence Efton and Sophia Elizzabeth.

Of the first marriage, Sarah Elizzabeth is my husband's grandmother.

On the Cherokee rolls we found a Margaret Dick, but she was born after the death of my husband's great-grandmother. She was listed as residing in Oklahoma, but we were unable to locate her. — **Gaylon Ray Doran, 322 West Main, Sterling, KS 67579.**

Nelson - Widergren Finney - Light

I am searching for information on my grandfather's sister, Pernilla Nelson, who was born on October 9, 1837 in Sweden. She married J.P. Widergren on August 29, 1870 in Junction City, Kansas. It is recorded that they went West.

I am also seeking information on grandmother Nelson's sister, Anna Lovisa Finney, who was born on September 20, 1860 in Sweden. About 1878 she married Henry S. Light who was born in 1855 in Pennsylvania. They lived in Cloud County, Kansas in 1880 and 1885, then moved to Marquette, Kansas about 1887. Four children are recorded: Lillie, John, Anna and another son. John is buried in Wichita, Kansas. — **James C. Youngquist, 121 N. Cedar Street, Lindsborg, KS 67456.**

Campbell-Gregory

I am seeking information on descendants of my great-grandfather, Eli H. (Hayden) Campbell and my great-grandmother, Martha Ann (Gregory) Campbell.

Eli was born in Scotland in 1845 and came to America in 1848 with his parents of whom we have no record. Eli settled in Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, where he married Martha Ann Gregory approximately 1876.

Eli had a brother named Billy who lived with the couple. He also had a brother named Dave. — **Mike Campbell, Box 37, Cone, TX 79321.**

Gosling-LeGrander

I am seeking information about my great-grandmother, Mary Gosling, born in Ohio in 1851. She died in Minneapolis, Minnesota in 1925. She married Joseph LeGrander in Dayton, Minnesota in 1866.

They had four sons and three daughters: Joseph, Neal, Michael, George,

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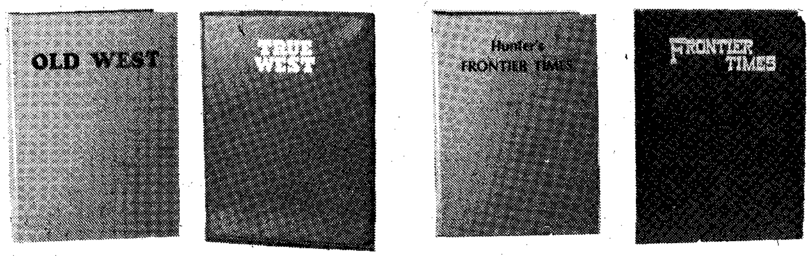

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Victoria, Hattie, and Julia. I will refund all postage. — **Mrs. Betty LeGrande Carter, 6508 Northwest 19th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73127.**

Clark

I am looking for information on my father, Ora Wade Clark or any of his descendants.

He was born around 1894 or 1895 in Michigan and was last heard of in Seattle, Washington in 1934 or 1935. He was selling barber supplies. — **Wade Baxter Clark, P.O. Box 634, Wallula, WA 99363.**

Knox-Ewart-Reid Price-Lucas-Stewart

I am seeking information on descendants of Robert Knox who married Mary Ewart according to early records of Mecklenburg and Lincoln Counties, North Carolina.

In the book, *Lost Tribes in North Carolina and Index to Mecklenburg County, North Carolina Records* by Worth Ray, it lists the parents of Robert as John and Hannah Reid Knox. John's parents were John and Jean Gracey Knox. Were Thomas Reid and Mary McKean Reid parents of Hannah Reid who married John Knox?

I also desire information on Mary Price, born circa 1797 in North Carolina. Was she the Mary Duckworth who married Thomas Price in North Carolina? Was Mary's husband a brother to James Price?

Was Hugh Lucas the grandfather of Robert E. Lucas? Hugh Lucas was listed in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina census of 1790.

I am a descendant of John Stewart and would like to locate other descendants. John went from South Carolina to Monroe and LaFayette County, Mississippi. — **E. Covington, 408 Camelot Street, De Soto, IL 62924.**

Collins-Burch

I would like to hear from the Collins or Burch families. My great-grandfather, Floyd Collins, married Martha Burch in 1839.

Martha was born in what is now West Virginia. They had 12 children, all born in Greene County (Illinois or Iowa, we are not sure) except for my grandmother, the youngest child. Her birthplace is recorded as being in Clarinda, Iowa.

The family then moved to northern Missouri where Floyd and Martha Collins are buried. My grandmother's name was Laura Alice and she married George Nelson in 1885 in Nodaway County, Missouri. Any help I could get on my great-grandparents will be appreciated. — **Mrs. H.L. Yates, 5297 Cascade Road, Emmett, ID 83617.**

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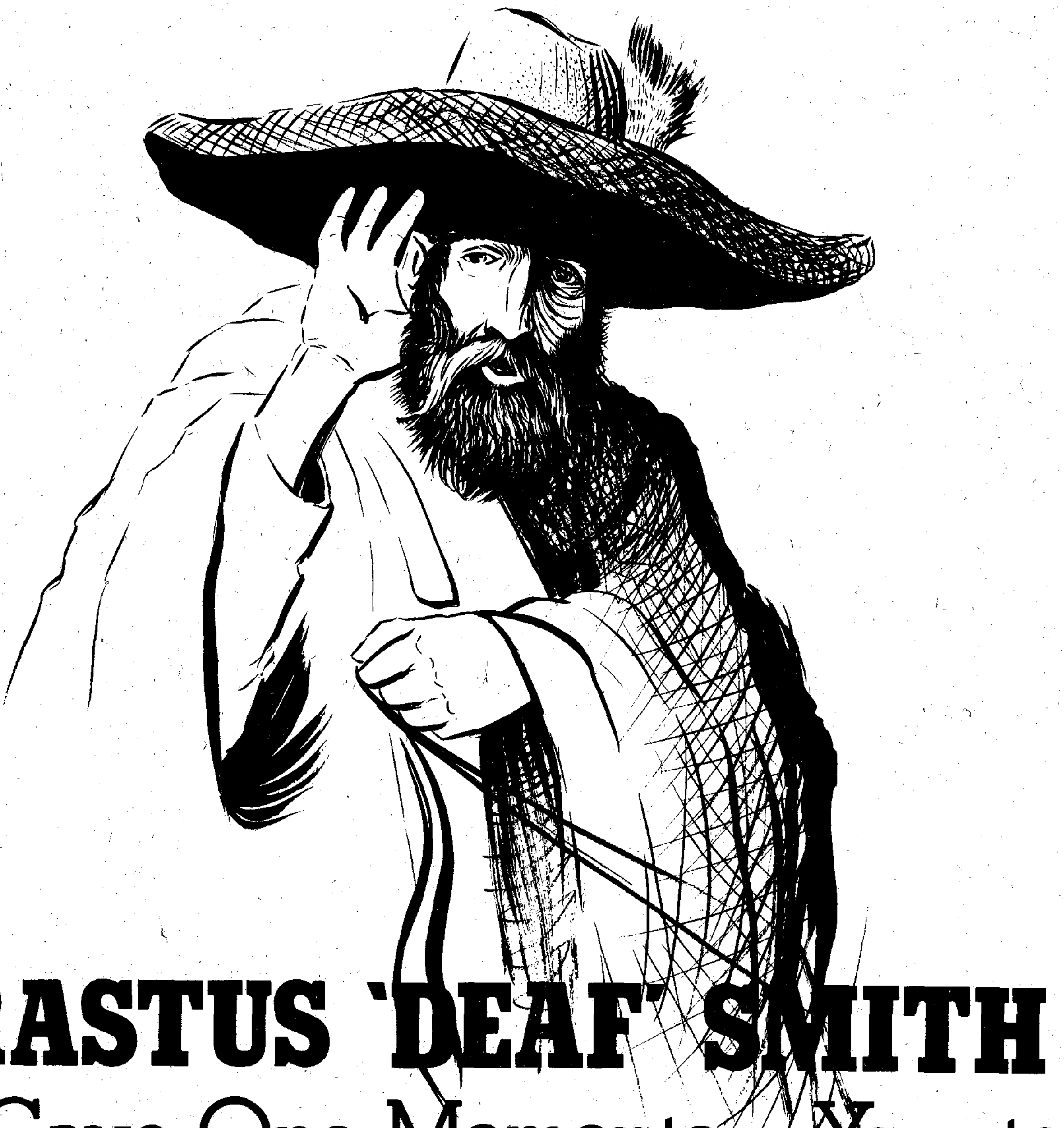


ERASTUS 'DEAF' SMITH

He Gave One Momentous Year to the Texas Revolution

By EBBA M. KINGSTROM

Illustrations by B.E. BRADSHAW

IT WAS on the foggy morning of Oct. 28, 1835, that four hundred Mexican cavalry and infantry surrounded a group of ninety reconnoitering Texans, guided by Erastus "Deaf" Smith, at the Mission Concepcion. Smith fired the first shot of the Battle of Concepcion.

D.G. Wooten in *History of Texas* describes the hand-to-hand fighting as "general and fierce along the whole line.... The enemy began firing grape and cannister from a six-pounder about 80 yards from the Texas right flank. It was silenced by the Texas rifles in a few minutes, and by a brilliant movement the cannon was captured and turned on the Mexicans. The battle lasted thirty minutes.... Mexican loss was about sixty men killed.... Texas loss was one man."

Although intending to remain neutral in the simmering conflict between Texas and Mexico, Erastus Smith was catapulted into it and forced to take sides. Returning from a long buffalo hunt, he sought to cross picket lines set up around San Antonio by General Stephen F. Austin and his volunteer army.

Explaining his neutral intentions and receiving a pass to cross the Texas pickets, he attempted to enter San Antonio to visit his family. The following day, he returned hatless and excited to the Texas camp and General Austin's tent.

"General," he said, "I told you yesterday I wouldn't take sides in this war, but now I tender my services to fight those rascally Mexicans!"

He told how, after making him wait overnight at the Mexican picket lines to see Mexican General Cos, the Mexican soldiers attempted to take him prisoner; but Smith, seeing his would-be captors approaching him, turned his horse and fled, with the Mexican cavalry in hot pursuit.

The Texas militiamen returned the fire and Smith escaped back into the Texas lines. Proud Smith, angry and humiliated, swore to kill General Cos if he ever got the chance.

General Austin, glad to have Smith on his side and needing a scout to guide his rugged but ragged army to the Mission de Espada on the San Antonio River below San Antonio, asked him if he knew the lay of the land well enough to guide the Texans there without going by the road where they would be seen.

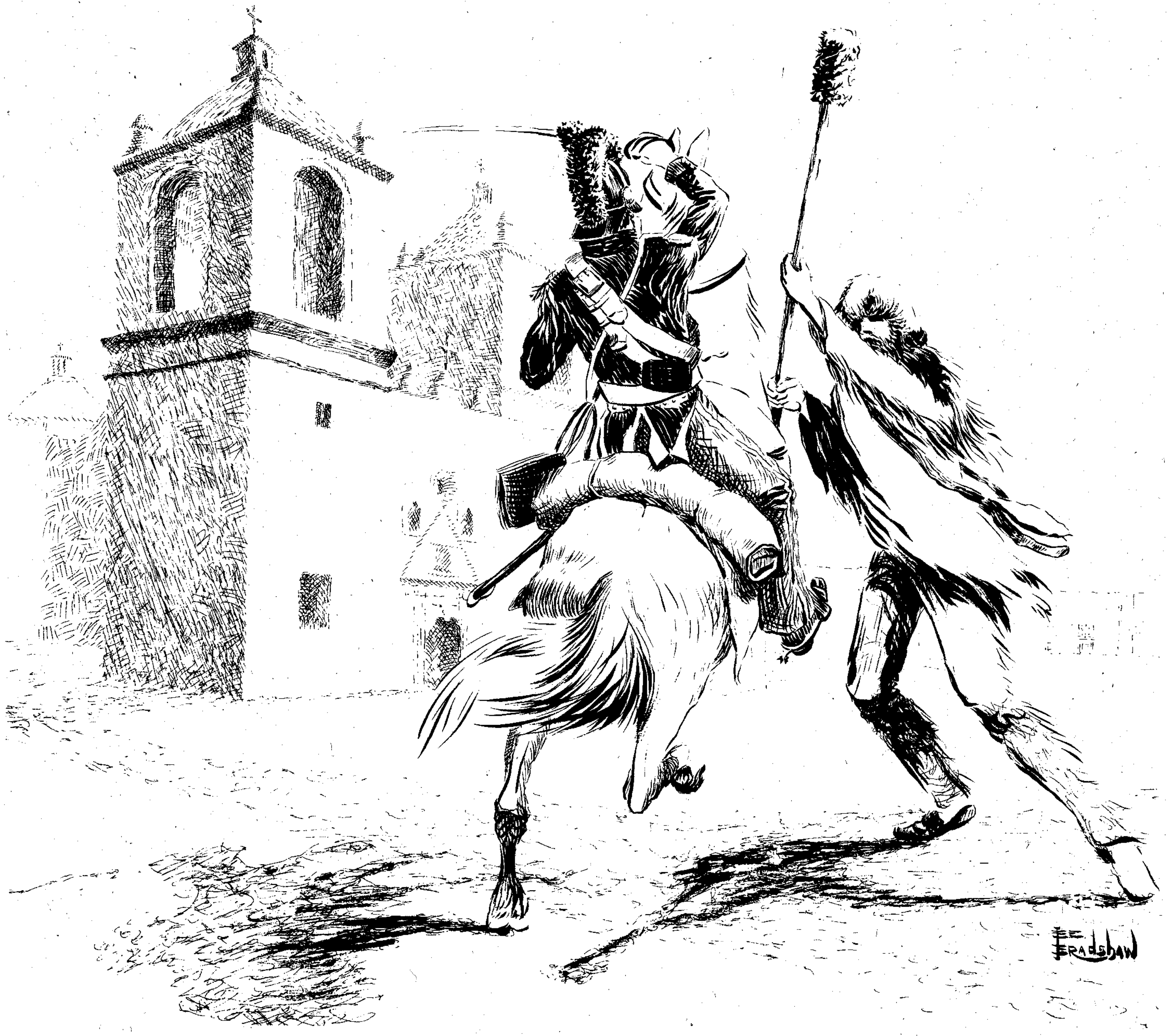
"Know it like a book," replied Deaf Smith. "I can take you straight through the woods."

Arriving safely at the Mission de Espada on the San Antonio River, the six or seven hundred Texas settler-soldiers set up camp. At this point Smith was reunited with his wife and children, who had been spirited out of San Antonio.

Erastus Smith was born in New York in 1787, and was eleven years old when his family moved to Mississippi near Natchez. Feeling alienated because of his deafness, he preferred to wander alone through the open country. He grew to love the solitude of the wilderness and became as adept at picking up signs as any Indian. Growing up in this area, he spent much time hunting and exploring the unpopulated countryside.

His adventurous spirit and love of wild, unknown places took him to unsettled Texas in 1817, at the age of thirty. Five years later he met a young Mexican widow, Mrs. Guadalupe Duran, and they were married in an old parish church in San Antonio.

Living with her people, lanky, big-boned Erastus wore Mexican clothes, adopted Mexican ways, and learned to speak Spanish. He looked much like a Mexican hombre with his black hair and nut-brown tan. An outdoorsman, he was scornful of non-manual occupations. He once said he would be ashamed to be seen in a white shirt. In a conversation, he had a habit of putting his finger to



his lips, his way of showing he was hard of hearing. So he became known as "Deaf" Smith, some settlers pronouncing it "Deef" Smith.

Texas at this time was a vast, unsettled land under the rule of Mexico. The Mexican government invited settlers from the United States to establish colonies. Smith helped lay out a site near present Gonzales for such a colony.

Trouble erupted between the Texans and Mexicans over land settlements and laws imposed on the colonists by Mexican authorities. The Mexican government, suspicious of every activity of the settlers, stationed soldiers throughout Texas. Mexico irritated the Texas settlers further by forbidding further settlement by Americans. Mexican convicts were sent to Texas to serve their terms and settle and Mexico imposed custom taxes on all goods not purchased in Mexico.

Stephen F. Austin, leader of an established colony on the Brazos River, went to Mexico with a petition asking for separation from Coahuila, a Mexican state to which Texas was joined. He hoped this separation would lead to independence.

After several months of attempted negotiation and being assured by President Santa Anna that reforms would be granted, Austin departed for home. But before he arrived in Texas, he was overtaken by Mexican soldiers, arrested and thrown into prison.

He was confined for fifteen months, some of the time in solitary confinement. He was released in September, 1835, and returned to his colony with no assurance that any reforms would be made.

Believing there was no alternative but war, Austin called for volunteers throughout Texas to serve in the Texas army.

"War is our only recourse," he said. "There is no other remedy but to defend our rights, ourselves and our country by force of arms."

The colonists responded by collecting arms and ammunition, forming military companies, and drilling. After winning a skirmish with the Mexicans at Gonzales, Texas, Austin planned an attack on San Antonio.

Because of Deaf Smith's alertness and courage, General Austin placed him in command of scouting and spying activities. And because of his Mexican appearance and ability to speak Spanish, Smith was able to mingle with the Mexicans without arousing suspicion, thereby gaining valuable knowledge of troop movements and plans. The fact that he had a known hearing loss threw the Mexicans off guard when they talked near him.

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, Library, Univ. of Oklahoma

Sam Highsmith wearing Santa Anna's uniform after Santa Anna was captured.

Besides being partially deaf, Smith also was short-sighted and this short-sightedness caused the battle called the "Grass Fight." Smith came galloping into camp on the morning of November 26.

"Mexican reinforcements from the west are coming to San Antonio by the Laredo road!" he shouted. The Texas army sprang into action, rode out to meet the enemy and routed the Mexicans a mile west of San Antonio.

Although the "reinforcements" turned out to be troops sent to gather forage for Mexican army stock and were returning to town, the ensuing battle was a victory for Texas.

Ten days later, Smith led a division in the storming of Bexar (San Antonio). Colonel Ben Milam, another famous Texan, was killed in this battle. After recovering from his wounds, Smith moved his family to Columbia, near the mouth of the Brazos River.

Smith and his family were so destitute that on Jan. 4, 1836, a petition was presented to the Texas General Council at San Felipe for assistance. It is not known whether help was granted, but Erastus Smith soon resumed service to Texas. Learning that General Santa Anna was leading an invasion of Texas, Smith hurried to join General Sam Houston of Gonzales.

From Gonzales, Smith and another scout were sent to check the activities of the invading Mexican army. Between Gonzales and San Antonio, they met the terrified wife of Lieutenant Almon Dickinson.

"They've slaughtered Colonel Travis and all his men, including my husband!" she cried. "Next they'll sweep over the country and kill every American they find!" Thus the Texas patriots learned of the fall of the Alamo in San Antonio on March 6, 1836, and the loss of one hundred and eighty men. Mrs. Dickinson, two small children, and several Mexican women were the only ones to escape.

General Houston ordered all settlers of that region to evacuate toward the Sabine River, the eastern boundary of Texas. His army also moved in that direction. The settlers burned Gonzales and San Felipe, as they fled with horses and cattle, loaded wagons, carts and carriages. This stampede of Texas citizens across rain-soaked Texas became known as the "Runaway Scrape."

Deaf Smith and his scouts remained at the rear of the retreat, protecting straggling colonists from the pursuing Mexican army, watching the enemy troop movements, fighting and capturing enemy scouts at every opportunity, and sending reports to General Houston, who was marching the main army up the Brazos River.

With the battle of San Jacinto only a few days away, the Texan and Mexican troops positioned themselves practically within sight of each other near the San Jacinto River. Deaf Smith and his company of spies continued to scout the area.

About April 18th, Smith and his companions captured three unsuspecting Mexican soldiers. Smith was jubilant: "Say, boys, we've made a real catch! These are dispatchers to Santa Anna! Take these hombres to General Houston pronto."

Smith found Texas papers taken from the Alamo raid in one prisoner's saddle bags. "So you're one of the Alamo murderers, are you?" snorted Smith. "I've a mind to blow your head off here and now!"

"Me no Alamo," cried the prisoner, and poured out a frenzied flow of Spanish as he pleaded for his life.

"I'm not going to kill you," said Smith, "but they'll want to ask you some questions back at camp."

Then Smith ordered the courier to

exchange clothes with him. "I haven't had time to change clothes in a month; guess I'll trade with you," he said. Their arrival back at camp caused laughter as the downcast Mexican courier was wearing Smith's dirty, oversized clothes and Smith was attired in the courier's fine leather, braided uniform and broad-brimmed sombrero with trinkets.

The capture of Santa Anna's papers gave Houston his first definite information that the general, so called "Napoleon of the West," was with the Mexican army. Houston also discovered Santa Anna's troop plans which helped him to determine his own course of action.

On the afternoon of April 21, 1836, the Texas army attacked the Mexican encampment near San Antonio. Spurred on by a one-instrument band which played "Will You Come Into My Bower," the motley crew of Texas soldiers stormed the Mexican camp by surprise amid blood-curdling yells of "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" (Goliad was the scene of a massacre of Texas prisoners by Mexican soldiers on March 27.)

Deaf Smith helped destroy the bridge at Vince's Bayou, cutting off escape for Santa Anna's army. The Houston Post described Deaf Smith's actions:

"As the Texans advanced to attack the Mexicans that afternoon, Deaf Smith and his companions came galloping across the prairie to join them. Waving his ax, Smith shouted at the top of his voice, 'Vince's bridge is down! Fight! Fight for your lives! And remember the Alamo!'

"Deaf Smith fell in with the cavalry and was a conspicuous figure in the battle. He had a gun and two heavy pistols and after emptying them at the Mexicans with deadly aim, he hurled the weapons at the heads of his enemies. Then he drew his saber and broke it off at the hilt in the short but bloody melee."

After the fight, Smith asked a captive Mexican officer he was escorting back to camp if he had seen General Cos. The captive officer replied, "No...why?" Smith replied, "Well, I'm looking for him. He is one scoundrel I want to kill personally."

The Mexican officer squirmed in his saddle. "Have you something against him particularly, senor?"

"Yes, I have. He tried to get me killed when I told his men at San Antonio that I was neutral and wanted to get into town to see my wife and children. Then he offered $1,000 for Deaf Smith's head, and Deaf Smith's head is my head. If I can find him, I'll cut off his head and send it to Mexico!"

Upon their arrival at the battleground, Deaf Smith learned to his dismay that his prisoner was none other than General Cos. But the Mexican officer had surrendered fairly as a prisoner of war, and Deaf Smith turned him over safely to General Houston.

During the course of the battle, Santa Anna had escaped but was captured the following day. After his surrender, he ordered the Mexican troops withdrawn from Texas. Smith delivered the surrender and withdrawl orders to the retreating Mexican General Filisola and told the fleeing settlers along the way that they could return to their homes, the war was over.

A famous painting by W.H. Huddle, illustrating the surrender of General Santa Anna to the wounded General Sam Houston, now hangs in the Senate Chamber in Austin, Texas. General Houston lies on a pallet on the ground near the San Jacinto River and Deaf Smith by his side. The city of Houston is located on the site of this famous San Jacinto battleground.

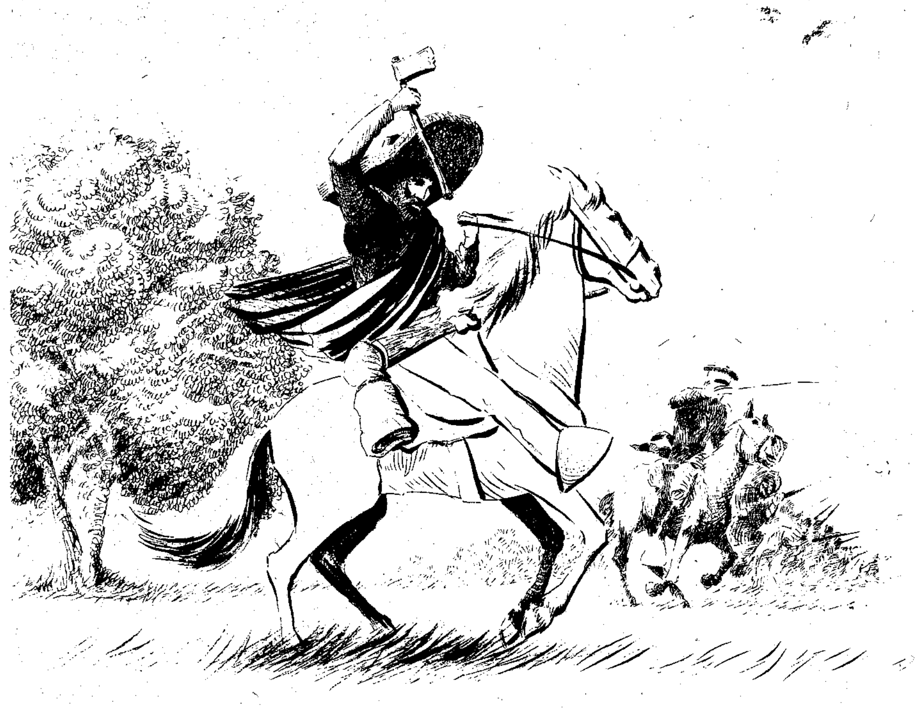
On the following day, April 22, 1836, Deaf Smith left camp before daylight, and as far as is known, this ended his participation in the revolution of 1836.

On November 11, 1836, Sam Houston, now president of the Republic of Texas, signed an act providing that the Republic give to Erastus Smith any house and lot of his choosing in San Antonio. Smith chose a house on the Main Plaza and lived there until the following spring.

Then, restless and eager to be roaming again, he headed a company of twenty rangers to patrol the Texas-Mexico border near Laredo, Texas, to protect the settlers from Indians and bandits and to keep a lookout for a possible new Mexican invasion. Two weeks later, he and his men fought and routed an attacking group of Mexican soldiers. After this skirmish, Deaf Smith and his men returned to San Antonio.

During the following fall, his restless spirit somewhat subdued, Smith and a John Borden established a land agency, hoping to reap some wealth from the onrush of settlers into Texas. But Smith became ill shortly thereafter and died on November 30, 1837, at fifty years of age. He was buried at Richmond. A monument was placed there by the Texas Daughters of the Republic. Deaf Smith's wife died in May, 1849. Three children survived her: Susan Concepsion, Gertrude and Simona.

Erastus "Deaf" Smith, grizzled master craftsman of the Western plains, gave one year of monumental service to the cause of Texas independence.



HORSE & BUGGY DOCTOR

He Served the Wilds of Wyoming

By VERA D. SABAN and ALICE K. CORNELIUS

A MAN galloped into the small settlement called Basin City, looking for a doctor. He was Jim Gould, a well-known settler living up Wyoming's Greybull River. His small daughter was very ill and he soon found help. Young Dr. C. Dana Carter, newly arrived to the area, was on his way in his buckboard, demanding of his team all they could give. And the young doctor excelled, for he performed what is claimed to be the first appendectomy in the State of Wyoming.

When Carter reached the Gould home, a small dirt-roofed log cabin, he found the little girl in critical condition. He decided she had a newly diagnosed sickness, called McBurney's disease. He explained that a small organ attached to the intestine, called the appendix, was badly infected. Without an operation the child would die.

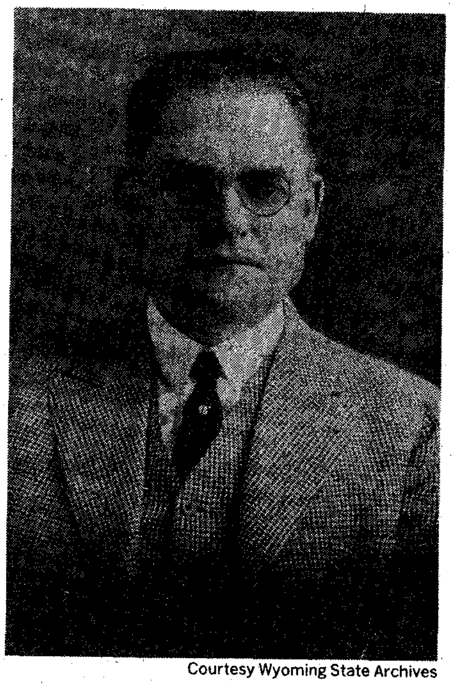
The doctor was honest. He admitted that he had never performed or even seen this operation — he had only read about it in a late medical journal. But the parents trusted him. They gave their consent for the surgery.

Carter hurried back to Basin City to get someone to help with the operation. Gould quickly built a strong table of rough lumber. Sheets were tacked to the ceiling to keep dirt from falling on the operating table. A large kettle of water was soon boiling on the wood stove to sterilize the instruments. The doctor returned with help and the operation was performed under the crudest conditions. The girl recovered and lived out her life in the Basin area.

LIFE in those early days wasn't easy but it would have been even harder had it not been for a few dedicated doctors who answered calls for help no matter the hardships they entailed.

In a sparsely settled land of rough trails and unbridged streams, in winter blizzards and summer heat, no place was too distant, no person too unimportant to receive the ministrations of the local doctor.

Dr. Carter was one of that hardy breed and his memory still lives in the Big Horn Basin of northern Wyoming.



Courtesy Wyoming State Archives

Dr. C. Dana Carter

Carter was born on May 24, 1874, in Washington, Iowa, the son of John W. and Allie Perkins Carter. His father was a minister and moved to Oregon where Dana grew up in the backwoods lumber camps. He attended school in Tacoma, Washington, and in 1895, he graduated from the Missouri Medical College of Washington University of St. Louis. He was alerted to the need for a doctor in that last frontier, the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming. Just 22, he was determined to practice medicine in this newly settled land.

In the spring of 1896, the young doctor, leaving his new bride in Tacoma, arrived in Red Lodge, Montana, the end of the rail line. He caught a ride with a freighter headed for Wyoming. It took more than three weeks to cover the 125 miles to Otto, Wyoming, a little settlement with a saloon, a store and a hotel.

The next day, on a newly purchased horse, he rode ten miles east to Basin City, situated on the Big Horn River. Carter had endured a long trip and his first sight of Basin City hardly promised the lucratice practice he visualized.

Basin City, later called simply Basin, had been elected county seat of newly organized Big Horn County, including all the valley, over one hundred miles square. There were only twelve families in the town living in dugouts, tents, and a few log cabins.

In the outlying areas, settlers were taking up land, starting farm and stock raising operations. The population was bound to increase and there was a scarcity of doctors. Carter resolved to stay.

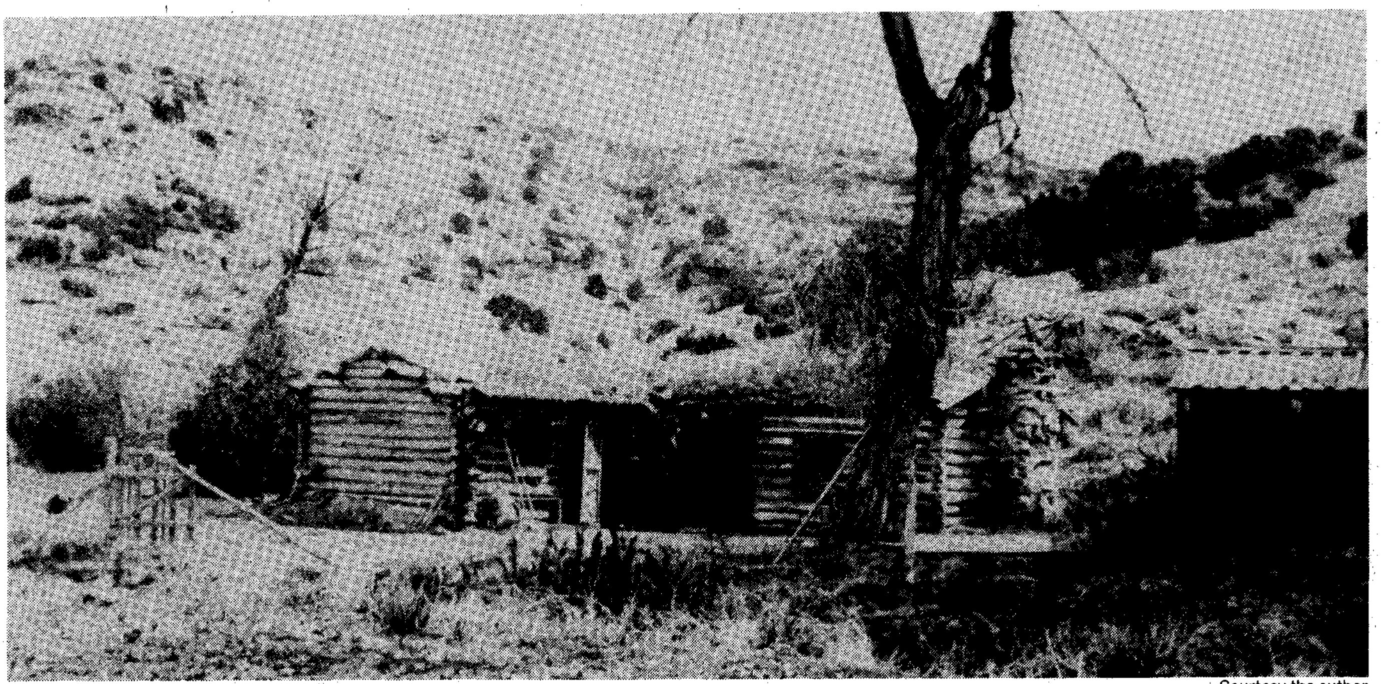
WITH a few items brought from Lander over the mountains to the south, James I. Patton opened a drug store in a cabin. He offered a small back room to the doctor and, for the first year, it served as office and living quarters. In the fall of 1897, his wife and baby son, Lester, joined him.

Carter's first call after reaching Basin was in the little settlement of Shell, 25 miles away at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. He traveled there horseback and delivered a healthy baby to Mrs. Jake Rech.

His first surgical case may have also involved the first mortgage ever recorded in Big Horn County. Early one morning a man rode into Basin from the mouth of Owl Creek, fifty miles to the south. The doctor was badly needed, he said. Mrs. Jack Kirkendall, wife of a homesteader, was critically ill. Carter started immediately, driving a team on his buckboard.

After thirty miles over a road that was little more than a trail, the horses gave out. Following a rest of several hours, the doctor continued on but it was soon evident that he might have to spend the night in the open.

A sheepman, Dave Dickie, happened along and offered him the hospitality of his sheep wagon for the night. The next morning, riding a borrowed saddle on one of his rested horses, Carter went on



In pioneer log cabins such as this Carter performed surgery.

Courtesy the author

his way.

He found his patient dangerously ill with an abdominal obstruction. Surgery was imperative and would have to take place under the most adverse conditions. The Kirkendall home was a dugout. Carter nailed a blanket to the ceiling above an operating table made of the sideboards from a wagon. There were no clean sheets or linens. He boiled his instruments in a dishpan on the stove. Since he was out of suture thread, he also boiled some linen thread.

With the help of two neighboring women who administered the chloroform, he performed the operation. Mrs. Kirkendall, weakened from her long illness, didn't react favorably following the surgery. After using hot packs directly on the operated area, however, her color improved. Soon she was out of danger. But Carter stayed four days to be sure his patient would survive.

As the doctor prepared to leave, Jack Kirkendall asked him what his charges were and a fee was agreed upon. The homesteader had no money but offered to give Carter a mortgage to his homestead. He said there was a lawyer camped at The Springs, six miles away. He would drive Carter there and he could see the big medicinal springs as well as take care of their business.

The lawyer at The Springs had no writing paper with him. Finally he found a crumpled piece of brown wrapping paper in his wagon and the mortgage agreement was written on that.

It was no doubt illegal since Kirkendall had not yet proved up on his land. But Carter had no need to foreclose on the mortgage. Kirkendall sent him the money before the expiration date with a letter of thanks for saving his wife's life. And every Christmas for many years, Carter received a card from Mrs. Kirkendall expressing her appreciation.

There weren't many surgical cases but Carter soon proved his skill with the scalpel. One evening a man, camped with his family near the river, hurried into town looking for a doctor. Going with him, Carter found a girl of twelve lying in the wagon, violently ill. Examining her, Carter was sure this was another case of appendicitis. Explaining the problem to the parents he said an operation was imperative.

Since the patient could not be safely moved, an operating table of planks was set up outside the wagon, and a big fire was built to add to the light of the kerosene lantern the father held. Following the doctor's instructions the mother gave the girl chloroform. Under the stars, by the light of the lantern, Carter performed an appendectomy. The child lived and forty years later a woman came into Carter's office in Thermopolis, Wyoming, and introduced herself as the little girl whose life he had saved.

In those early days the site of present day Thermopolis was simply called The Springs. One time when Carter was camped there, a member of the sheriff's posse was hunting an outlaw. A man rushed up saying that a young couple camped nearby had a dying baby.

Although he was without his medical bag, Carter hurried to the child and found her turning blue and near death. She had diphtheria and was strangling.

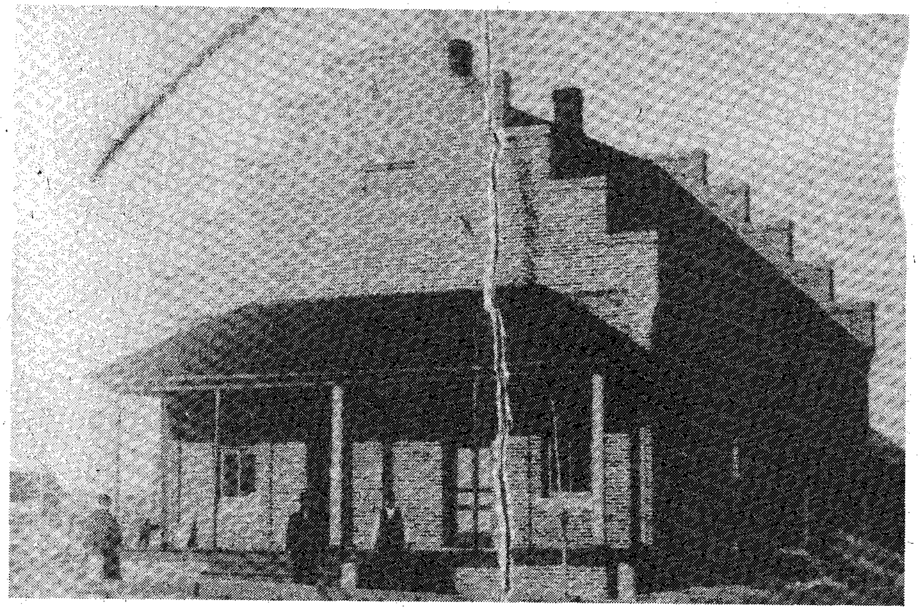
With his pocket knife, the doctor cut the baby's trachea and used a bent hairpin to hold the wind-pipe open. He then rode sixty miles to Basin and returned with his medical bag and a trachea tube. The baby lived. His makeshift operation was a success.

Diphtheria was a dreaded, often fatal, disease among children in those days. An early call to Otto sent Carter, with Joe Denny as driver, to see Millie Hopkin, a child of five or six. She was dangerously ill and the doctor diagnosed diphtheria.

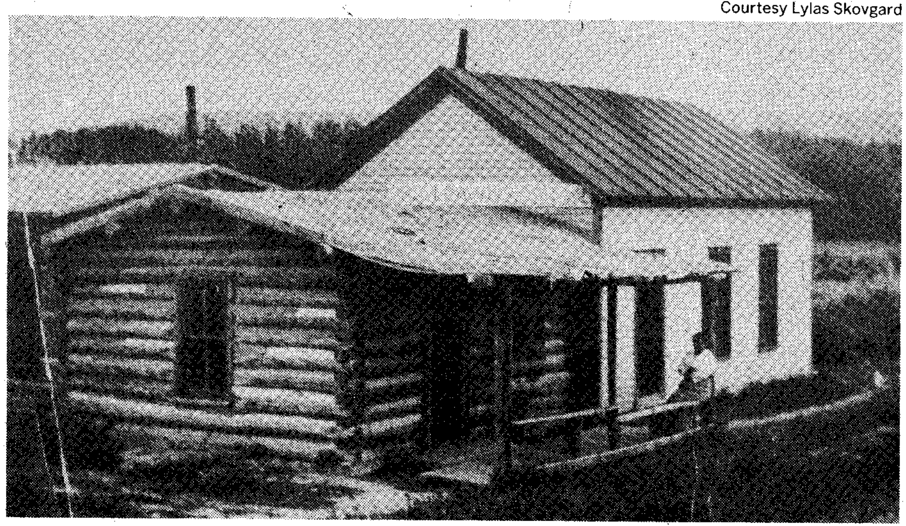
Carter sent Denny back to Basin for

Courtesy Lylas Skovgard

Little Millie Hopkin, who survived a bout with diptheria.



Courtesy Lylas Skovgard



Courtesy Greybull Standard

the equipment needed for an operation including a trachea tube. When Denny returned the doctor performed the operation, with Denny as anesthetist. Denny, who served the doctor in numerous capacities, stayed several days to watch the child and to keep the tube free of obstructions.

Many years later a relative of Carter was in the Otto store and asked Mrs. Millie Olsen, the attendant, if she had ever known Dr. Carter.

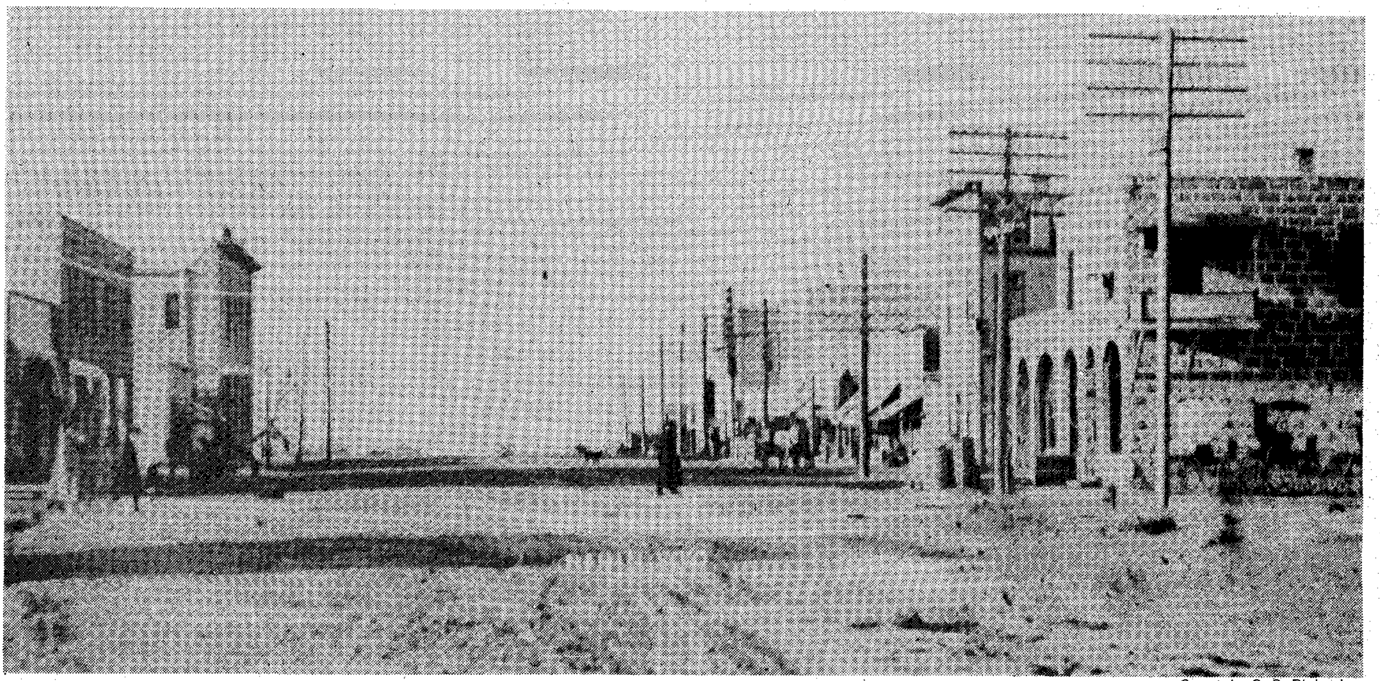
"Do you see this nasty scar on my neck?" asked Mrs. Olsen. "He did that to me and I've never been sorry for he saved my life."

In 1900, Carter accomplished the first Caesarean operation in the state of Wyoming, in a log cabin in Basin.

CARTER'S calls often were the result of accidents. Cowboys were kicked in the head quite regularly and Carter, with no special training in brain surgery, lost all count of the number of men who were riding the range with silver plates in their heads — all put there by Carter.

The young doctor's first call to attend an accident victim was to the little cowtown called Hyattville. Mrs. Dave Mathew had been kicked by a horse and, the messenger was sure, had a broken leg.

Hitching his team to the buckboard, the doctor followed the Big Horn River for almost ten miles to the ferry at Alamo. Hyattville was nestled in the Paintrock Valley more than twenty miles to the east. He had to leave the



Courtesy C. O. Blakesley

Top photo shows the Basin courthouse and jail which was raided by vigilantes in 1903. Middle photo shows Shell, Wyoming, where Dr. Carter made his first call. It even had a hotel. Bottom photo shows Basin, Wyoming, in the early 1900s. Telephone poles and native stone buildings lined main street.

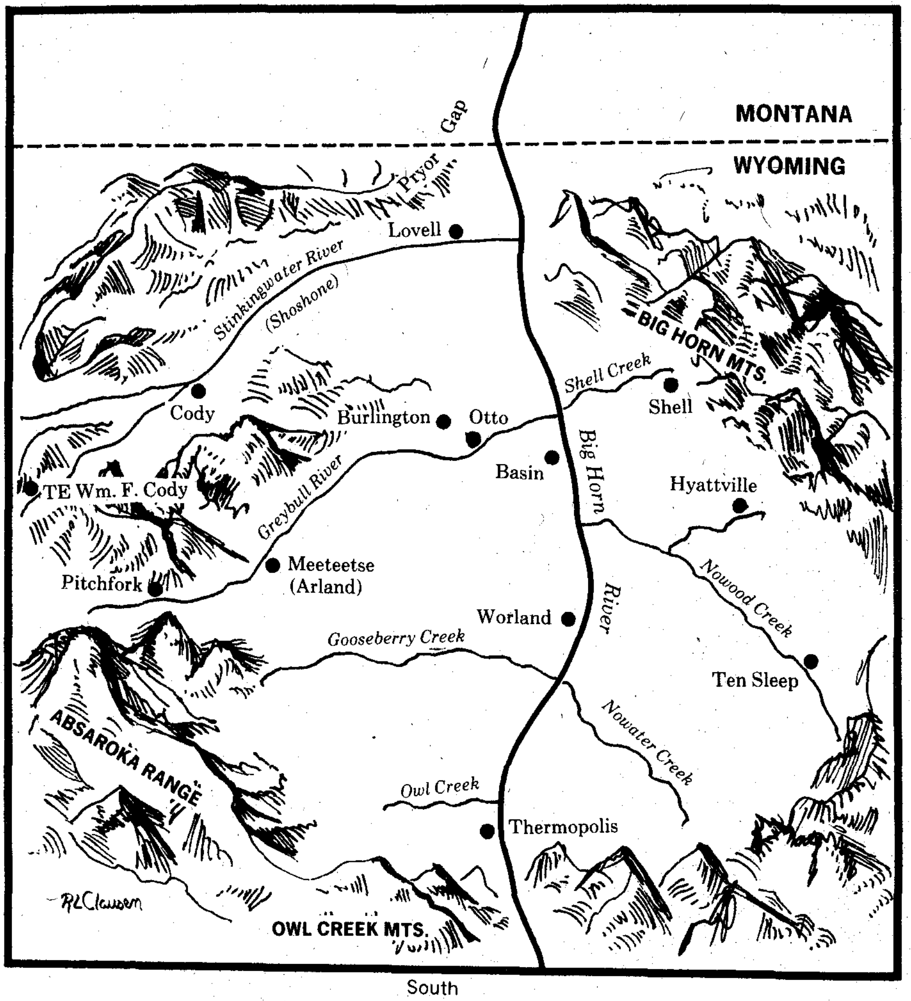
river but the ferry wasn't running for it was March and the stream was still frozen. It was mid-afternoon but Shafer, the ferryman, assured the doctor it was safe. A freight outfit had just crossed over, he said.

As Carter drove onto the ice it gave way and the team, buckboard, and driver were all dunked into the icy water. All the doctor could see of the horses were their ears. Quick work was needed to save his outfit.

Reaching deep into the water he unfastened the tugs, then getting in front, he dropped the wagon tongue. One of the horses reared and pushed the other under the ice where it drowned. By cutting the reins the doctor saved the one horse and managed to pull the buckboard out.

Borrowing a horse from Shafer, he drove back to Basin. The next morning he crossed a few miles below town. Not chancing the full weight of the team and buckboard on the weakening ice, he led each horse alone across the river, then with a long rope he towed the buckboard across. Hitching up he proceeded on his way to Hyattville and his patient.

After setting the leg, Carter stayed at Hyattville for three days to be certain Mrs. Mathew would be all right. But he didn't waste the time. While there he broke a range horse to replace the one he lost.


MONTANA
WYOMING
Gap
Pryor
Lovell
Stinkingwater River
(Shoshone)
BIG HORN MTS.
Shell Creek
Shell
Cody
Burlington
Otto
Basin
Big Horn River
TE Wm. F. Cody
Greybull River
Hyattville
Meeteetse
(Arland)
Pitchfork
Worland
Nowood Creek
Gooseberry Creek
Ten Sleep
ABSAROKA RANGE
Nowater Creek
Owl Creek
Thermopolis
RLClausen
OWL CREEK MTS.
South

THE BIG HORN BASIN
of North Central Wyo.
1900

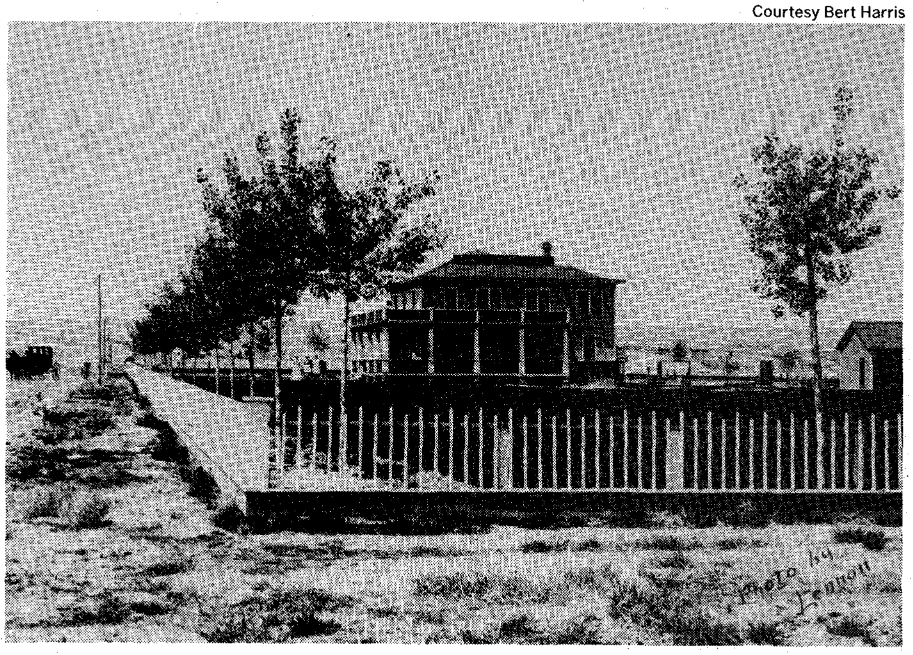
DURING those first years in Basin, the young doctor's practice was hardly flourishing. The population was sparse and since pioneers were a sturdy lot, sickness was a rarity.

Virgil Rice, sheriff of Big Horn County, received word that a horse thief was heading through the basin. As he left town, hoping to waylay the outlaw, he jokingly told the doctor, "I'll go and get some business for you, Doc."

Catching his thief on Owl Creek, Rice headed for Basin. On that lonely trail the prisoner made a break for freedom. Rice fired, the bullet went through the outlaw's shoulder and also wounded the horse so it could travel no further. They rode double to a ranch where another horse was procured. When they arrived in Basin, Rice hunted up Dr. Carter to tend his wounded prisoner. Rice had kept his promise.

One day in early June the doctor had a call to the north, to the Stinkingwater River (now the Shoshone). When he reached the Greybull River, he found the stream a broiling mass of muddy water and debris — it looked a mile wide. He encountered a cowboy who

Courtesy Bert Harris



The Basin, Wyoming, hospital, in 1913. The first hospital in the basin, it was built by Dr. Carter.

told him, "You can't make it, Doc."

Carter was driving a pair of matched blacks, the best team in the country, he believed. He would make a try. After loading the buckboard full of rocks, he removed his clothing which, with his medicine case, he attached to his shoulders.

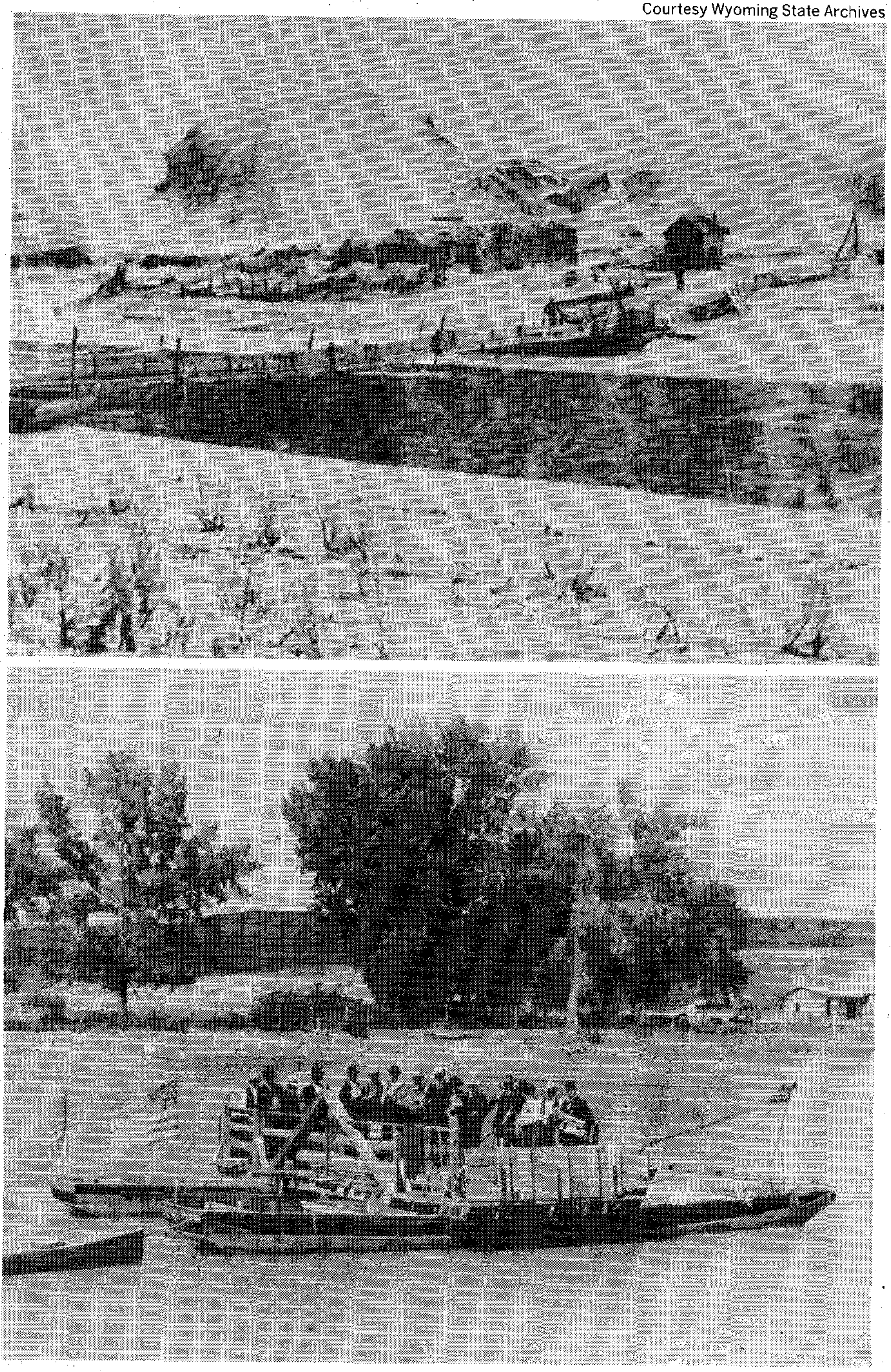
He headed the team into the torrent but at mid-point the current began carrying them straight downstream.

With the buckboard bouncing about like a rubber ball, Carter kept urging the team forward. Finally, they came out under a high bank. Carter jumped to the bank and led the horses to a lower place. He unhitched them and led them out, one at a time.

Then he dressed, got the buckboard out, hitched the team and continued on his way. It was a chilly day and the doctor was half frozen by the time he reached the Stinkingwater and his patient.

Top photo shows The Springs in Wyoming, site of the world's largest medicinal hot springs, it was claimed in 1897. Bottom photo shows the ferry for crossing the Big Horn River which vigilantes commandeered the night of the raid on the Basin, Wyoming, jail. This photo of the Tillard Crossing ferry, operated east of Basin, was taken in the early 1900s.

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives



Courtesy Greybull Standard

CARTER served the far-flung valley as county coroner from 1898 until 1911. In that capacity he was the first one called in case of accidental death. Accidents often involved lawbreakers.

He had a room in the Mountain View Hotel, across the street from the newly built courthouse and jail, when the raid on the Basin jail took place in 1903.

Two convicted murderers, Jimmie Gorman and Joseph P. Walters, were in jail. Vigilantes, fearful that the two would be freed, stormed the jail one night in July. From his room across the street, the doctor heard the activity, the breaking down of the jail door and the shots that were fired.

The raiders marched out of town, crossed the river by the commandeered ferry, and raced away on their horses.

Carter dressed, ready for the call which he knew would come. He found two dead men, Walters and a young deputy, Earl Price. Jimmie Gorman lived two hours and said his last words to the doctor. Some months before, as coroner, Carter had helped find the body of Tom Gorman, murdered by his brother, Jimmie.

Carter built the first hospital in Basin in 1911. It was a welcomed addition to the town. The following year he sold the hospital and his practice to three doctors — G.A. Harris, H.T. Harris, and C.E. Harris — and moved to Thermopolis, soon to be county seat of newly organized Hot Springs County.

In March 1917, the Carter Hotel and Sanitarium, which Carter built, opened in Hot Springs Park. It cost $100,000 and was the finest building of its kind in the state.

But due to financial problems, Carter sold the building in late 1918, to a man who operated it as a hotel. For many years, the name "Carter Hotel" was mounted atop the huge white building. Carter went to California, then returned to Thermopolis in 1925. He established another hospital with the latest equipment and continued to practice until his death.

After almost fifty years of treating the ailments of the people of Big Horn Basin, Carter retired in January 1944. He died in March of that year, at age 70. It is told that he wrote a prescription for one of his old-time patients on the day of his death.

Foods of Early California

By GERALDINE DUNCANN

BY THE MIDDLE of the 16th century, Spain, already sitting on the rim of the known world, had pushed the horizons beyond the furthest dream of Medieval thought. Carried over the sea by their passion for gold and the blessings of the Pope, they laid claim to vast reaches of the new world. What was not theirs belonged to Portugal.

However, the intellectuality of Elizabeth's court and the capability of her ministers were soon to prove a very painful thorn in the Papal side.

When in the summer of 1579, Captain Francis Drake of England careened the Golden Hind for repairs some place in the vicinity of San Francisco Bay (authorities argue passionately as to just where), neither he nor anyone else realized that the real treasure he had discovered was not gold bullion in the hold of the ship, but the very land on which he stood. He claimed the land (New Albion he christened it) for his queen and continued on to circumnavigate the globe. He was the second man to achieve this feat.

Perhaps Drake sensed the value of his discovery, but little things like the Spanish Armada fill his next few years. California was left to her isolation for yet a while longer.

Logistics and a bureaucratic system based halfway around the world in Madrid stifled Spanish colonization of California. For nearly 200 years, California slept until Spain became aware of Russian fur trappers along the northern coast.

This threat of "outside" interests inspired the Spanish to act and in 1769, Don Gaspar de Portola and Father Junipero Serra led a joint military and ecclesiastical expedition that was to mark the beginning of the end of life in California as it had been since some time after the past ice age.

The raising of the cross on a hill overlooking San Diego bay ushered in nearly 70 years of the Mission Era in California. That was on July 16, 1769. Between then and the order for secularization in 1833, twenty-one productive and self-contained mission communities were built in California. These missions, stretching along the El Camino Real from San Diego to Sonoma, produced all their own needs and often exported such goods as tallow and hides.

By the time of the order for secularization, the productivity of the missions was staggering. For example, Mission San Luis Rey had 27,000 cattle, 26,000 sheep, 1,300 goats, 300 swine, 1,950 horses, 180 mules as well as vast flocks of geese and other poultry, bees, olives, vineyards, 2,645,200 pounds of wheat and 6,620,400 pounds of barley, corn, beans, lentils and garbanzos. La Purisima and Santa Inez, although producing somewhat fewer head of livestock, produced prodigious amounts of grain.

The last built link in the mission chain was Mission San Fransisco Solano. It stands on the edge of the plaza in Sonoma.

Although Solano was not founded until 1823, its production was significant with its major emphasis on olives, orchards, and vineyards. The California wine industry was born in the Sonoma Valley.

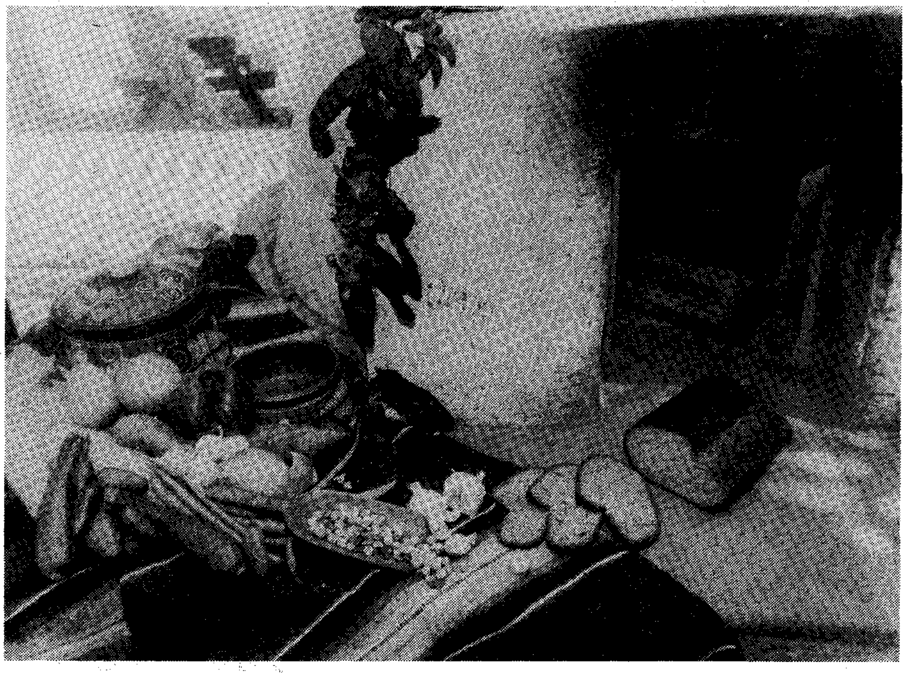
All this production was grown, processed and to a great degree used in the mission community by the padres and their converts.

We know very little about the contributions of the native populace. Since the mild climate made life easy, the Spanish, Mexicans and later the American, took a superficial view of Native American lifestyles which were mistakenly considered sloth.

But the Indians contributed to mission life in many ways including the art of preparing the prodigious crop of acorns from the California live-oak, and the art of cooking in woven baskets using stones instead of direct heat.

In the first years, the Spanish fathers must have yearned for the fragrant wheaten loaves that emerged daily from the bake ovens of the monasteries of Spain. By the eighteenth century, baking in Europe was a highly refined art.

In the New World, maize or corn,



A reconstructed adobe oven in Sonoma Mission was used for this photo of a sliced loaf of mission bread and some of the ingredients of El Puchero. Also shown are two pieces of antique pottery and a wooden scoop of the mission period. Taken with cooperation from California State Parks Department.

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which could be ground into a paste and cooked on flat stones into rounds (tortillas), became the staple bread. These tortillas made tasty implements with which to scoop up a zesty pottage of beans, rice, and fresh or dried corn.

Maize could be made into Indian mush or even baked into heavy loaves. Later, as the fields became productive and the grists began to turn, other grains were added. The result was a wholesome, multi-grained loaf cooked in beehive ovens near the mission cookhouse.

RECIPES

MISSION LOAVES

Into a large glass, pottery or wooden bowl put 2 cups of stone ground whole wheat flour, 3 cups water, 1/2 cup oil or other fat, 1 cup honey, 2 tablespoons dry active yeast, 1/2 teaspoon salt. Stir well and let sit until spongy. The time will vary depending on the weather. Yeast acts more slowly in cool weather.

When the mixture is spongy and bubbling, add approximately 1 cup yellow corn meal, 1 cup partially cooked cracked wheat and about 1 cup grated yam, pumpkin, yellow squash or carrot. Stir well. Add whole wheat flour as needed to prevent sticking. (If the mixture looks like it will be too stiff to knead readily, do not add so much corn meal and cracked wheat.)

When well-kneaded, form into one large or two smaller loaves and put onto oiled baking sheets. Make diagonal slits in the top to prevent cracking. Leave until almost double in bulk and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees, for about 1 hour, depending on the size of the loaf. It will sound hollow when tapped on the top if done.

When done, paint all the surfaces with butter or margarine and wrap in a clean cloth and leave until cool. This makes a tender crust that will slice well. This bread will keep at least a week and it freezes well.

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EL PUCHERO

1 split knuckle-bone, sheep shank, or pigs foot
2 to 3 pounds of larger than bite size pieces of beef or pork
1/2 cup each partially cooked red, white and garbanzo beans
2 ears fresh corn - broken into pieces
2 medium size yams
3 whole onions or 2 dozen whole boiling onions
2 or 3 whole sweet chilis
2 whole bell peppers
1 small hot chili
1/2 pound broad beans or string beans
1/2 pound raw pumpkin, peeled and cut in chunks
1 or 2 whole tart apples
1 hard pear
6 to 8 whole teeth of garlic
1 or 2 leeks, if available, cut into 4 inch lengths, including most of the greens.

In a heavy cast iron or earthenware pot with a tight fitting lid, lay all the ingredients in the order given. Pour over enough liquid (I use a mixture of 2/3 stock and 1/3 sherry) to come only about 1/3 of the way up the pot. Add a bouquet garnish and a sprinkling of salt and cracked black pepper to the top. Cover and cook slowly, about 325, in the oven for about 4 hours.

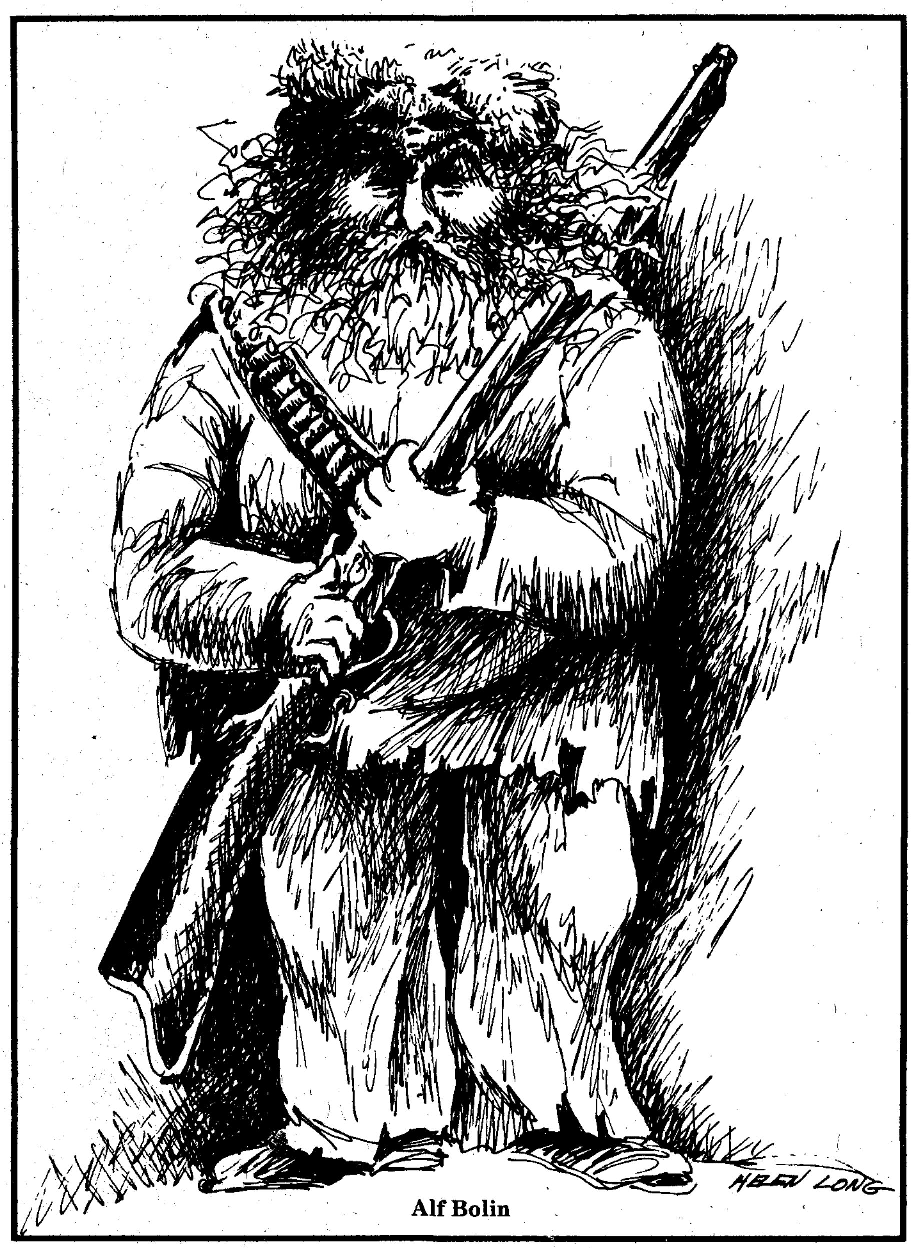
To serve, carefully lift out all vegetables and lay in a pleasing arrangement on a heated dish. Then lift out all the meat and place in a tureen; strain broth and pour over the meat. Sprinkle liberally with chopped parsley. Serve hot with fresh steamy tortillas or:

MISSION CORN PUDDING

1 cup corn meal
1 cup boiling water
1 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons drippings
4 eggs, separated
2 cups milk
1 can of whole kernel corn or the equivalent in fresh corn cut from the cob.

Heat the oven to 375. Put the corn meal in a large mixing bowl and add the boiling water, stirring until all the meal is thoroughly blended. Add remaining ingredients except egg whites and beat well. Beat egg whites until stiff and gently fold into batter. Pour into a well oiled casserole and bake for about 45 minutes to one hour or until it is firm and a delicate brown. Serve immediately, spooned right out of the casserole. It will fall some as it cools.

Alf Bolin's
REIGN OF TERROR



Alf Bolin

By VIOLA R. HARTMAN

Illustrated by Helen Long

A MAN had joined the gang determined to kill its vicious leader, Alf Bolin. The gang members were camped in the hills, rolled in their blankets around the fire.

When the newcomer felt they were all slumbering, he drew his knife and crawled to the side of Bolin. Just as he raised his arm to plunge the blade into what he thought was the sleeping form, Bolin suddenly moved to action. His reaction, because his reflexes were always alert, was instantaneous. He kicked a heavy boot directly in the man's face, knocking him powerless.

This brought the gang awake and Bolin, deciding to make the most of the situation, proceeded to hold a trial, letting the man plead his case before a jury of the gang members. The story the new recruit told was that he had come to the area with the intention of trying to kill Bolin for the reward money being offered. He said he needed the money for his wife and three children in St. Louis, Missouri.

The verdict was quick and unanimous but the followers left the penalty to the intended victim. Bolin said he had been moved by the man's sad tale and his plea for mercy. Therefore, he would not kill him but would give him a mount and head him back in the right direction to find his needy family.

He added, however, he felt there might be others who would try the same thing and he wanted to pass the message on to them. He then ordered the man stripped and, taking a iron rod, placed it in the red coals of the fire.

He had his men hold the stranger and Bolin himself branded the man's chest with the words: "I found Alf Bolin." Then he had the man's hands bound behind him and put him stark naked on a burro. He tied the man's feet beneath the burro's belly and sent the man and animal on their way.

THUS is told one of the many stories which grew up around Alf Bolin, the most notorious outlaw to inhabit the hill country of southern Missouri during the Civil War era. The crimes Bolin committed were so outrageous, especially against the federal army, the government put a $5,000 price tag on his head, dead or alive.

The number of his crimes make it appear that he was a long-time outlaw. Actually, the infamy spanned less than three years, ending with his murder in 1863, when he was eighteen!

Born in eastern Tennessee in 1845, Bolin was the youngest of five children of Matilda and Jenks Bolin. The family came to Stone County, Missouri, shortly thereafter. The father and older brothers were pro-Southern, holding extreme political views and made themselves obnoxious by their continuous and abrasive references to the superiority of the South and their ridicule of the North.

Finally, the father was killed in a drunken brawl and the neighbors set fire to their cabin and ran the brothers out of the community. The mother deserted the two remaining children who were taken into settler's homes, Alf going with Calvin and Jane Cloud.

Young Bolin was a quiet boy who caused no trouble. He attended school, was a good student and often hired out to neighbors by the day, working as hard and as steadily as a grown man.

From the accounts of Cloud's descendants, the arrangement was amiable. Alf was allowed plenty of freedom and he spent his spare time becoming an excellent horseman and absorbing the lore of the hills. He was a crack shot with a rifle, fond of hunting and skilled in trapping. He was a woodsman who knew the location of every trail, stream, river ford and cave in the area.

He was more comfortable in the open by himself than sharing the home and family of Calvin Cloud. Still, he was an unobtrusive lad who, his foster father said, was an obedient, well-behaved boy. Whatever Cloud may have thought, Alf Bolin had other ideas. When he was fifteen he stole one of Cloud's horses and left.

Courtesy of the author

Thomas and Julia Layton. Julia helped Alf Bolin.

Then the great conflict began and Calvin Cloud joined the Union side. He was stationed close to his home and frequently was able to ride by to see his family. During this period news came that Alf had joined the Confederate Army. Then came more disturbing information that he had become a guerrilla with a gang of his own.

It was on October 10, 1862, that Cloud rode home to enjoy a meal with his wife and as he entered the yard, noted several masked riders milling about. One demanded his rifle and Cloud, recognizing the voice as that of his foster son, ordered him to remove his mask and ask for what he wanted like a man.

Bolin immediately shot him dead and, whirling around, led the gang in a fast getaway. Jane Cloud, rushing out at the sound of angry voices, saw her husband fall and recognized the killer. While that was by no means his first murder, it was to be Bolin's most memorable crime.

Bolin was commissioned a captain in the guerrilla army that waged warfare throughout the hills simultaneously with the regulars of both Rebel and Union forces, turning bushwhacker with a vengenace. Rape, torture and killing was the theme. Merely shooting his victims — usually in the back — was the milder of his actions. He seemed to enjoy ripping open their abdomens, cutting out their tongues, slicing off their ears, and scalping them while they were alive and conscious.

He was merciless to his victims but to his men he was scrupulously fair. He was their captain, demanding absolute obedience and receiving complete loyalty. He never took more than his proportionate share of the spoils, dividing immediately after a robbery took place.

No doubt it was this fact that left the men willing to follow him and to tolerate his insane cruelties. Even so, he did not fully trust them and, following a division of captured booty, would order the men to take their shares and ride out, waiting until they had gone before leaving for his private hideout.

The sanctuary was said to be a cave which he alone used, its location a secret from the gang members. Since he was never known to spend money, it was a safe assumption that he amassed quite a fortune.

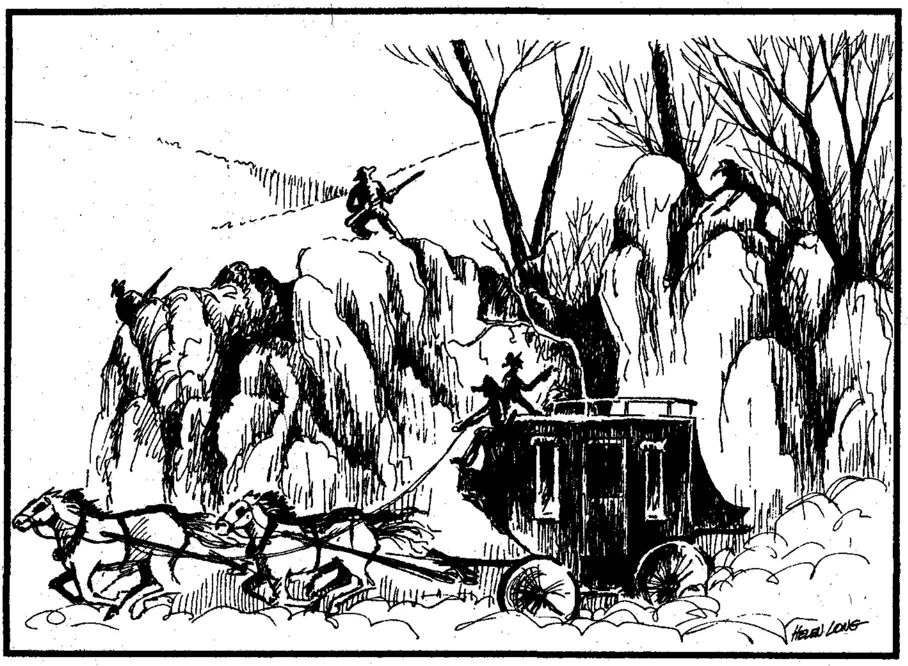
One of his followers, a man named Clinter, decided to follow him and find his cache. So, when the division of the loot was completed one day, Clinter rode off as usual with the other men but he left them a short distance down the trail, hiding in the brush until finally Bolin came by. How the chief discovered his spying was never told, but a few days later Clinter's body was found dangling from the limb of a tree where the gang would be certain to pass. Clinter was hanged by his own belt.

WHEN the war erupted and the lines were drawn, the hill country became the corridor between the North and South, particularly the passage that angled through th counties of Taney and Christian known as the Harrison-Springfield Road.

Here soldiers of both persuasions traveled, singly or in platoons and companies. Army equipment, supplies and payrolls shared the narrow, rutted mountain passes with civilian travelers who walked, rode mule or horseback or alternately sweltered and shivered in the dubious comfort and safety of the best transportation of the day, the Butterfield Stagecoach.

The route was a tortuous single lane that climbed and dipped through the rough valleys and wound around the mountain's steep sides on hairpin curves testing the nerves and skill of the best drivers. It was a typical road of more than a century ago but it was an important link with trade centers at either end. It was a direct route north and south and the only one in that vicinity connecting with the other traffic arteries.

The worst part of it lay in wild country a few miles north of the Missouri-Arkansas border. In either direction the driver, or rider, faced a sharp curve and a hill with a flat, narrow space between that ran along the ledge jutting out above a deep gorge below. There was barely enough room for one vehicle to negotiate the pass and no guard rail or protection should there be the slightest mistake in maneuvering. Above the spot loomed a monstrous clump of rocks with numerous cavities, each large enough to shelter a man.



The rocks formed an ideal lookout tower from which to observe travelers going both ways. Attackers could leap down onto the wagon or stagecoach without warning.

It was the favorite ambush spot of Alf Bolin's gang. It was also a final destination for those persons who came under their merciless assaults. Neutrals and Northern sympathizers avoided it at all costs but it was their blood that christened it "Murder Rocks." The remnants of vehicles and the bones of horses and humans found in the ravine below in the years following this carnage are mute testimony to what happened.

Just beyond the lookout tower to the south was a huge forest known as the Pinery. It housed a sawmill owned by T.F. Layton and it was here that Bolin and his guerrillas were said to hang out.

Ben Layton, descendant of the Foster-Layton family, disclosed that Bolin had indeed used the Pinery for his hideout and a large cave nearby for his personal use.

Furthermore, he had access to the home of at least one member of that family, Cordelia Foster Richards. He frequently took his meals there. Her sister, Julia Ann Layton, lived nearby and both husbands were away fighting for Jefferson Davis.

In an area of war-torn devastation, the highly respectable families of Layton and Foster with their slaves and well cared-for property were not prey to the raids of the guerrillas. Their lands were not disturbed.

The Foster girls, young, gentle and cultured, with strong ties to their Virginia aristocratic heritage, traveled with complete safety through the countryside that literally crawled with mercenaries, bushwhackers and guerrillas.

They ran the blockade at Forsyth on numerous occasions during the Yankee occupation bringing from Springfield badly needed medical supplies. Also hidden in wagonloads of straw, and important to the Southern cause, were pre-cut strips of metal to be converted into arms.

Only once was there a slip-up when they were halted by a lieutenant in charge of the garrison. He courteously but firmly insisted they remain overnight. Having sisters of his own, he said, his conscience wouldn't permit him to allow them on the road at night, infested as it was by men who would not hesitate to dishonor them. The ladies spent a sleepless night in the lieutenant's personal tent, guarded by well-armed sentries, their wagon with its straw-covered contraband just outside.

Regardless of the terror Bolin's presence involved in most people, the Foster-Layton families were not intimidated by him. Their land was his sanctuary; their table his convenience. Obviously, there was an arrangement, a pact between the Virginians and the guerrilla chief that was beneficial to both. The common bond was their Southern heritage and the Confederate cause, the only things that Alf Bolin respected.

BUT time was running out for the wild outlaw. Rufus Richards, Cordelia's husband, was taken prisoner and interned at Springfield, Missouri. His captors, knowledgeable of Bolin's attacks on federal soldiers and supply trains, and the location of his lair, realized the prize they had snared. Here at last was the means by which they could eliminate the scourge of the hills.

They approached Cordelia, his wife, with a proposition. It was a dangerous ploy, one that depended on consummate acting and iron nerve but had an even chance of success. Cooperate, they told her, and her husband was a free man; refuse and he would hang. Whatever agreement lay between the diabolical Alf Bolin and the Foster-Layton families was severed at this point.

When Bolin next appeared at the Richards home, ready for a Southern-style home-cooked meal, he found another visitor already there. The man was introduced as a Rebel soldier who had escaped and Cordelia had been sheltering him, nursing him and trying to help him get back to the Confederate lines. The man wore the tattered uniform of Lee's finest and the look of a man still suffering the effects of a long and debilitating illness.

The table was set beside the open fireplace with its hanging cranes on which the hostess prepared the meal. The wide hearth held a short broom and what passed for a poker.

Bolin, suspicious as always, questioned the newcomer thoroughly and watched warily throughout the meal. Still, things went well and at last, the guerrilla chief began to relax. Taking a pipe from somewhere in his shaggy clothing, he filled it from a poke of tobacco.

The soldier stepped to the fireplace, apparently to absorb more of its rosy warmth and picking up the poker, examined it carefully — curiously. Bolin looked at it and stated it was a plow coulter, then leaned over to dip his pipe into the coals for a light.

Quick as the blink of an eye, the soldier brought the iron piece down on the head of the stooping man, causing a gush of blood to spurt as the force of the blow knocked him into the ashes. Bolin lay still, his body sprawled in a weird angle, deathly quiet.

Carefully, the soldier touched the form, shook it, and pronounced it dead. He dragged Bolin's body to a lean-to where he covered it with a rug before hurrying out to saddle his horse. He was in that process when Mrs. Richards came to the door, calling softly. The corpse was moving. He rushed back into the cabin and struck the figure repeatedly until no doubt remained that death had, at last, claimed its victory.

For hours Mrs. Richards waited anxiously, knowing that a short distance away a band of desperadoes waited for the return of their chief. What went on in her mind as she gathered her belongings and readied for moving could be anyone's guess but she did as she had been told, knowing only too well that her life and the lives of her husband and children lay in the balance.

Finally, Major McDernuitt of the First Iowa Cavalry arrived with a detail of about thirty men as escort. They were to take Cordelia, her children and possessions and the despicable hulk that would never again swagger in roughshod brutality over the residents of the hill country.

When they arrived at Forsyth, soldier Colbert Hayes was asked to remove the body from the wagon. As he did so and saw the dead man's features, he exclaimed, "That S.O.B. murdered my pa!" Before anyone could stop him he grabbed an ax and in a wild rage, decapitated the head. It was not the normal act of a good soldier and yet, none among those present condemned him. He had expressed the wishes of all.

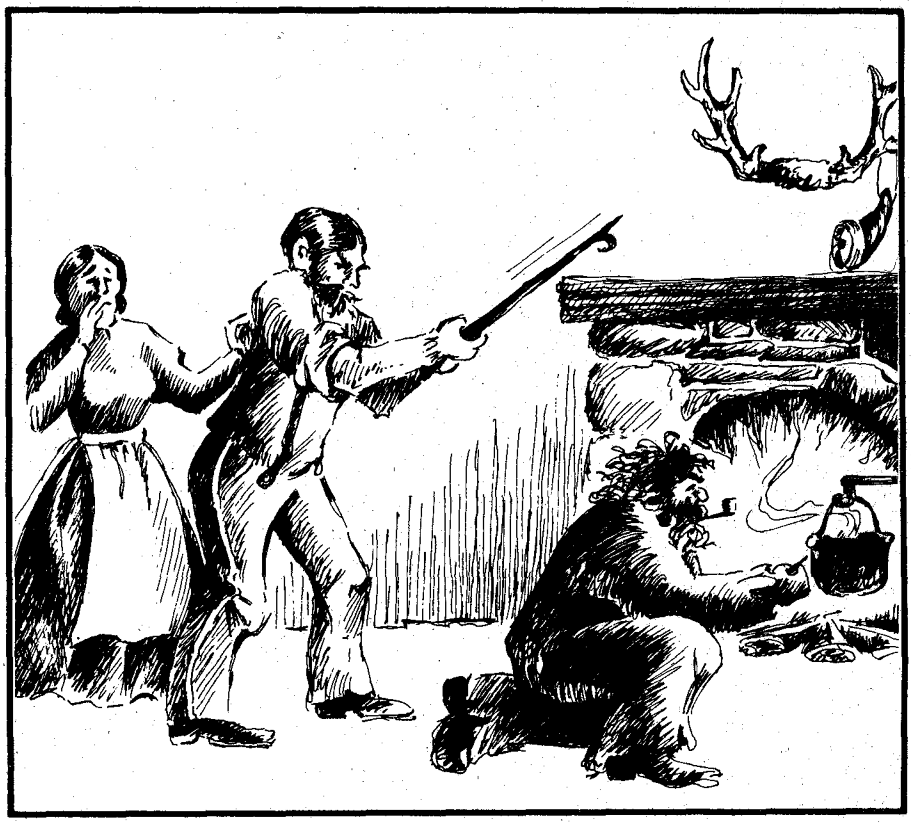
Even without a body, the head could be the means of identification, certainly much less trouble to move than the bulk of Bolin. The torso was stuffed unceremoniously into a crackerbox and buried less than a mile north of Forsyth.

The head was sent to the Union Army Headquarters at Ozark and Jane Cloud, now nearing the delivery date of an expected child, was summoned to identify the head. She rode horseback thirty miles through a snowstorm to be the army's indisputable witness. After asking that the head be washed, she gave her deposition. Then went into labor and gave birth to her last child.

The postscript to this was found in the semi-official statements of Sergeant Wellington Allen of Co. B, First Iowa Cavalry, stationed at Forsyth at the time of Bolin's death. He stated that the reward of $5,000 was paid to the soldier who killed the outlaw, a man named Zach Thomas, and that Thomas had told him he gave $3,000 to "Mrs. Nelson," the name given to the Richards family in the army's coverup story to protect them.

Among the Layton records was a letter from historian Quintus Richards briefly summarizing the early days of his parents' residence in Taney County as recounted by his mother, Cordelia. She told of the "band of bushwhackers, really just plain robbers or highwaymen that had no respect for either side of the war, led by a man named Alf Bolin...."

"Where mother and father lived was on one of the direct roads on which this band of outlaws carried on their holdups and robberies. The government offered a reward for Bolin, dead or alive. Bolin sometimes came to mother's house alone and other times with his gang. When they took the body to Forsyth, they also loaded up all that father and mother had and took it to Springfield for fear that the gang would take revenge for Bolin being killed in their home." He finished, "All that I have written in regard to the family was related to me by my mother."



Although they were staunch Confederates, the Richards took no further role in the war. In addition to the two young children born in Taney County, six more came to the family, the youngest being Quintus Richards, born February 8, 1881. Cordelia Foster Richards died April 19, 1925, one of the last survivors of the Taney County terror, Alf Bolin.

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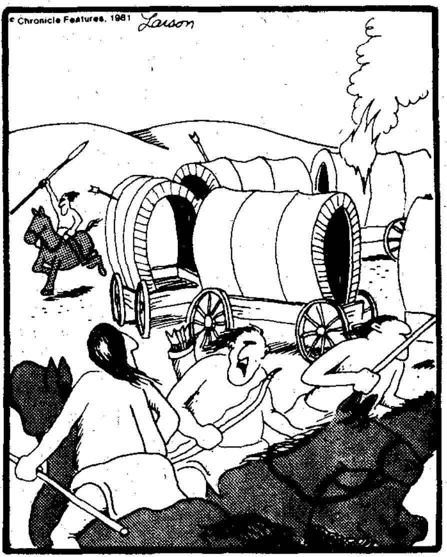

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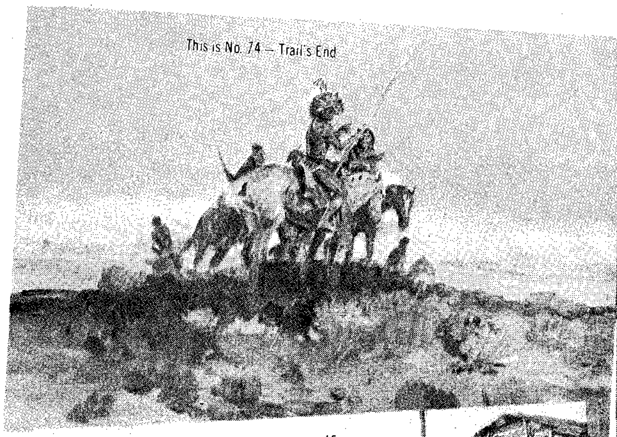
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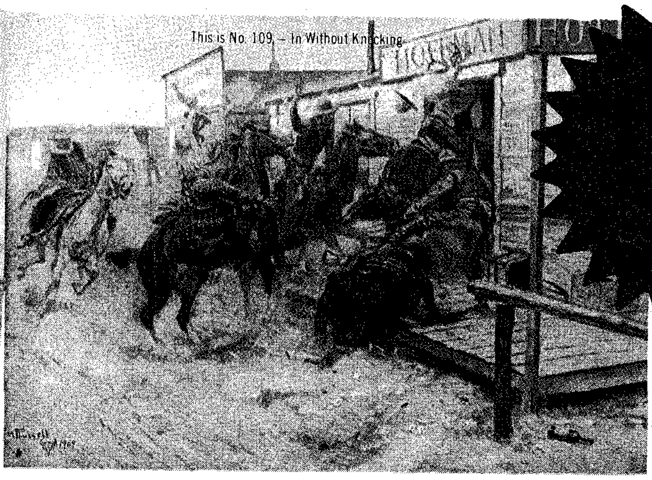
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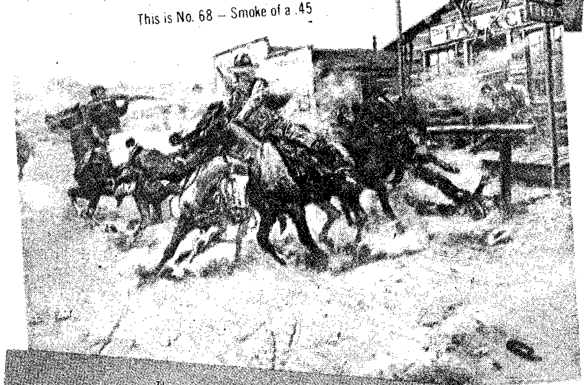
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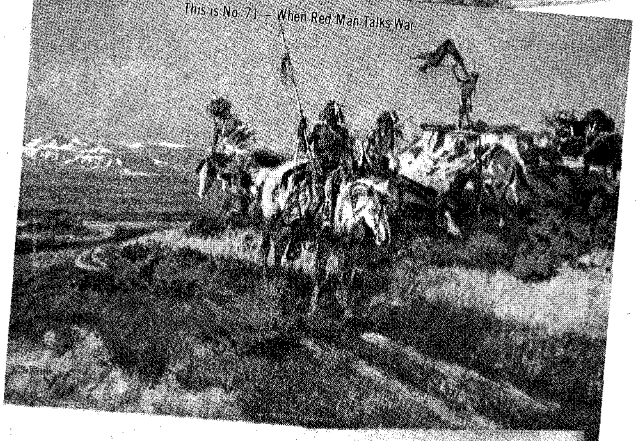
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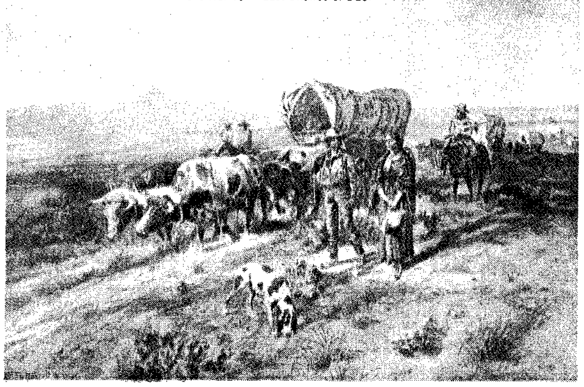
This is No. 45 – Last Chance or Bust



——PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH——

1— Ambushed, 11 x 14
2— A Tight Daily & Loose Latigo, 13½ x 9½
3— A Loose Cinch, 11 x 8
4— A Wounded Grizzly, 8½ x 11
5— Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11 x 7½
6— Boss of the Trail Herd, 8 x 10½
7— Bronc to Breakfast, 13½ x 9½
8— Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½ x 8
9— Bucking Bronco, 8 x 11½
10— Better Than Bacon, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
11— On the Move, 13½ x 9½
12— Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½ x 8½ (color)
13— On the Trail, 11 x 7½
14— The Pony Raid, 10½ x 8
15— At Close Quarters, 11 x 8½
16— Capturing the Grizzly, 15 x 8½
17— Cinch Ring, 15 x 8½
18— Caught with the Goods, 14 x 9½
19— Cowboy Life, 11 x 14
20— Call of the Law, 13½ x 9½
21— Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14 x 9½
22— Return of the Warriors, 13½ x 9½
23— The Water Girl, 9 x 10½ (watercolor)
24— Renegades Return, 13½ x 9½
25— Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8 x 11 (watercolor)
26— Deadline on the Range, 14 x 9½
27— Disputed Trail, 9½ x 13½
28— Dangerous Cripples, 14 x 9½
29— In the Wake of the Buffalo Runners, 10 x 8
30— Early American, 13½ x 9½
31— Elk in Lake McDonald, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
32— First Furrow, 8 x 12 (watercolor)
33— First Wagon Tracks, 15 x 8½
34— Finding the Trail, 13½ x 9½
35— Heads or Tails, 15 x 8½
36— Heading the Right Way, 13½ x 9½
37— The Cattle Drive, 13½ x 9½
38— Women of the Plains, 8 x 6
39— Invocation to the Sun, 13½ x 9½
40— Indian Love Call, 13½ x 9½
41— Jerked Down, 15 x 8½
42— The Jerkline, 14 x 9½
43— Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½ x 7
45— Last Chance or Bust, 12½ x 9
46— Mad Cow, 12 x 8 (watercolor)
47— Wagons Westward, 10½ x 8 (watercolor)
48— The Challenge, 10½ x 6½
49— When Arrows Spell Death, 9 x 7
50— Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10 x 7 (watercolor)
51— At the End of the Rope, 10½ x 7
52— Prospectors, 10½ x 8
53— Planning the Attack, 14 x 10
54— Pipe of Peace, 14 x 7
55— Who Killed the Bear? 10½ x 7
56— Queens's War Hounds, 14 x 9½
57— Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11 x 8½
58— Roping a Grizzly, 11 x 8½
59— Red Man's Wireless, 14 x 7
60— Roping a Wolf, 11 x 8
61— Smoking Them Out, 11 x 10½
62— Scattering The Riders, 11½ x 8
63— Strenuous Life, 14 x 9½
64— Sun Worshipers, 16 x 10½
65— Serious Predicament, 15 x 8½
66— Single Handed, 14 x 9½
67— Slick Ear, 11½ x 9
68— Smoke of a .45, 12 x 9
69— Sage Brush Sport, 13½ x 8½
70— Signal Fire, 11 x 14
71— When Red Man Talks War, 13½ x 9½
72— In Enemy Country, 13½ x 9½
73— The Medicine Man, 11 x 8½
74— Trail's End, 13½ x 9½
75— The Holdup, 13 x 8
76— The Bolter, 9½ x 13½
77— The Attack, 12 x 8
78— The Drifter, 13½ x 9½
79— The Tenderfoot, 11 x 8
80— Two of a Kind Win, 13½ x 9½
81— Last of 5,000, 8 x 9½ (watercolor)
83— When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½ x 9½
84— Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½ x 9½
86— Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½ x 8 (watercolor)
87— Whose Meat? 13½ x 9½
88— Wagon Boss, 16 x 10½
89— When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½ x 9½
90— A Crow Chief, 7 x 9 (watercolor)
91— Innocent Allies, 13½ x 9½
92— Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½ x 6 (watercolor)
93— When Siou x & Blackfeet Meet, 15 x 8½
94— Warning Shadows, 10½ x 7
95— When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15 x 8½
96— Wound Up, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
97— The Scouts (Indians) 9½ x 7
98— Winter Packet, 9½ x 5 (watercolor)
99— Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11 x 8½
101— The Buffalo Hunt (1898) 13½ x 9½
102— Cowboy Sport, 13½ x 9½
103— A Desperate Stand, 13½ x 9½
104— Rider of the Rough String, 13½ x 9½
105— Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½ x 9½
106— The Fire Boat, 10½ x 8
107— Our Warriors Return, 13½ x 9½
108— When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½ x 9½
109— In Without Knocking, 14 x 10
110— Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8 x 6
111— Land of Good Hungint, 13½ x 9½
112— Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½ x 9½
113— Trapper's Last Stand, 14 x 9½
114— When Meat Was Plentiful, 11 x 7½
115— Buffalo on the Move, 13½ x 9
116— Red Skin Raiders, 13½ x 9
117— Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks) 13½ x 9½
118— Breaking Camp (Indian Women), 13½ x 9½
119— Riding Line, 13½ x 9½
120— Indian Trading Post, 9½ x 13½
121— Stalking the Herd, 9½ x 13½
122— Death of a Gambler, 9½ x 13½
123— Piegan Indian, 9 x 12
124— Russell Letter to a Friend (black and white), 8½ x 11

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